

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

APRIL, 1868.

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(CONCLUDED.)

THE scientific character of M. Cousin's philosophy has been disputed. Nothing can be more unjust than such an accusation. Our object here, however, is not to combat or to discuss. Let us be contented with saying that Hamilton and Schelling have discussed his theory, and this is guarantee for the power of his doctrine, which I consider sufficient.

At all events, we do not fear to say that M. Cousin's philosophy has been above all a philosophy of opinion and of contest, mingled with the movement of the century, sometimes drawing it with it, sometimes following, always combating it. And, to tell the truth, it was especially in this form that M. Cousin understood and loved philosophy. In that he was truly of his country and his age, for in France, since Voltaire, philosophy has always been more or less militant. For Voltaire himself, for Rousseau, for Diderot, in our own day for Lamennais, and for Joseph le Maistre, and, in another field, for Saint Simon and Proudhon, philosophy has always been a cause—a banner. She rushed to the assault, here of Catholicism, there of atheism; now of democracy, now of society and property. All the thinkers of these times have been soldiers. Even to-day I see around me, in the most brilliant of our young innovators, only chiefs of opinion. Some abstract and austere thinkers mingle with them, but their name is invoked much oftener than their books are read or their demonstrations meditated upon. The doctrines put forth formerly by M. Cousin appear again, very little rejuvenated, propagated by passion rather than reason. They seize in their turn upon all the expedients of a worn-out and enervated opinion all ready to receive them, and youth, to use the expression of Kant, in order to prove that it

has emerged from the dominion of the nurse, drinks with intoxication and without reflection the poison which it finds pleasant and believes to be new.

M. Cousin, more than any other, was a soldier, or rather a captain, for, from the very first, he commanded and never obeyed. Philosophy was for him a warfare, the war of good principles with evil ones, of the true with the false, of good taste with bad, of temperate liberty with the excesses of despotism and demagogism. It was the defense of the immortal truths which are the heritage of mankind. He was not a man to spend, like Kant, forty years in the elaboration of a system, and to publish his first book at sixty years of age. These slow Germanic scaffoldings were repugnant to his lively, alert, and passionate nature. He carried a problem by assault, and did not like the minings and counter-minings of logicians. Detail wearied him, except in knowledge. In philosophy he wished only for the sum total of things, and aimed only at grand results. That is why, in spite of his original and imaginative character, he rested willingly in philosophy in the common sense. His last admiration, his last enthusiasm were for Socrates and for Dr. Reid; that is, for a philosophy of good sense, wise and familiar, believing and reserved, respectful to dogmas without being bound by them, working for the good of men through the development of healthy ideas and noble sentiments.

The preceding considerations explain, again, one of the most important points of M. Cousin's philosophical position. I mean his attitude as regards religion. As that is a point which has been, and will continue to be, the subject of animated controversy, it would be better, perhaps, to avoid it in a work where we wish to advance nothing that can lead to argument, yet in silence itself there would be something

prejudicial. I will say, then, that some of M. Cousin's most faithful friends have not always themselves entirely approved the position which he has taken. It seems to them that this position lacked clearness and precision, and furnished too many pretexts for incessant attacks. Nevertheless, all things considered, if we except certain intemperances of words and conduct, I do not think that, either in his conversation or writings, any doctrine but this has been discovered, that spiritual philosophy should ally itself to Christianity in its struggle against atheism. I know that, from an absolutely scientific point of view, this doctrine is open to criticism, for in pure science there is neither alliance nor coalition, there is simply examination and discussion. Its object is to demonstrate and not to conquer. But few persons in France, whether in the ranks of the innovators or among their opponents, consider philosophy from this purely abstract point of view, and M. Cousin has never had a taste for cabinet metaphysics.

Now, philosophy being considered as a battlefield, and the philosophic contest being more or less assimilated in our country to political struggles, it is not surprising to see the adversaries of the evening become the allies of the next day. They form an alliance on the topics which they have in common, the differences they keep for another time. M. Cousin, in the last fifteen years of his life, believed that a great movement was in process of preparation and development in Europe, and his vivid imagination, which augmented every thing, represented the future of religious and moral ideas in modern society under the blackest aspect. He thought that all the mental force of society ought to unite against this increasing wave of atheism. Now, in the present day, there is none greater than the Church, and thence sprang his attempts at reconciliation, which have been so criticised and represented in the most malicious manner. For the rest, at all times, even when he was most strongly suspected of Catholic opinions, M. Cousin always believed religion to be an essential and indestructible element of humanity, that Christianity is the highest and deepest form of religion. He believed that philosophy, being incapable of exercising on the mind the deep and powerful influence of Christianity, it was not proper for it to attack what it could not replace. He wished, however, the respective independence of the two powers, and in the last pages he wrote, which were the conclusion of his *General History of Philosophy*, he still firmly maintains the liberty of philosophy as concerns

religion. For the rest, this problem, so easily cut by so many vulgar minds, is among the most complicated and difficult which is presented to the actual consideration of the world. Happy are those who authoritatively solve it by an absolute affirmation or negation, and who, from their refuge of proud security, prescribe pitilessly the weakness of their equals.

I will touch briefly on another delicate point which has been, and is still, the object of the most animated discussion, but which has occupied so important a place in the philosophical life of M. Cousin that it is necessary to say one word about it. I mean the organization and government of philosophical teaching in the University. That, in my opinion, is one of the finest and most solid points of his fame. He has established and rendered possible in France a thing almost or entirely new—the teaching of philosophy by the laity. It is he who, by his personal impulse, by the brilliancy given to the concurrence of aggregate, by his taste and passion for talent, by the excitement to labor, of which we have already spoken, peopled France with young professor's who shed around them upon all their pupils the warmth of their soul and their convictions. Of these professors distinguished by the choice of M. Cousin, how many have made themselves a name in letters, and still to-day occupy and deserve, in different fields, the public attention! This school, which has been represented as obedient to the word of command, and bent under a tyrannical yoke, is that which has given the most examples of firm courage; and those who have not believed their consciences enlisted in the same sacrifices, who preferred their beloved instruction to political contests, are no more disposed to servility than others. What this pretended word of command is I have never heard. We choose philosophical teaching because it is flattering to our independence of thought. Never has a word of submission to unaccustomed dogmas been demanded of any one. I call to witness this fact those whom politics, and not philosophy, have driven from our ranks. M. Vacherot will be quoted to us, but his desertion was the work of the reaction of 1850. In the whole course of his long University career, has a single word or act been imposed upon him contrary to his convictions? No, impossible; for he would never have consented to it. In 1848, M. Cousin being still President of the *Bureau d'Aggregation*, who was the first to be received at the session? It was M. Renan. In 1851 M. Taine, who deserved the first place, was set aside on account of his opinions. Who presided at this Bureau? M. Portalis. M.

Cousin had been set aside by the reaction. As to the spiritual doctrines with which we have been reproached, and which are to-day called in a vulgar and low sense official doctrines, we teach them because we believe them true, and those of our comrades of the Normal School who have not the same convictions choose another system of instruction. We were, then, entirely persuaded that materialism has had its day; that it will henceforth be seen no more among us; that Pantheism is an Eastern dream, resuscitated by the shadowy and subtle mind of Germany, irreconcilable according to our idea, with liberality, for without personality there is no liberty, and how can personality be preserved in a substance which swallows up every thing? Such were the ideas of most of us. That they were crude, subsequent experience has well demonstrated. Such as they were they came from the depth of our souls, and not from our note-books. We left for the department with a somewhat meager supply of ideas and knowledge, but we labored to instruct and enlighten. Little was invented, I confess, but much was considered. We drew our nourishment from the reading of the great masters, and our teaching was drawn from them without stopping to consult Paris as to what we ought to teach. Such has been the instruction founded by M. Cousin, nothing has done him more honor. It is here that he has developed the most system and strength of will in an excellent and truly useful design. If, since then, by the care of an enlightened ministry, teaching again includes philosophy, it is by renewing an idea which was never entirely lost, that it has been possible for him to reinstate himself with as much ease as success.

One word more as to the personal impulse of M. Cousin. He started from a principle very little relished by practical administrators, that the professor ought not to confine himself to his class or his course, but ought to labor elsewhere, to keep his mind fresh by elevated and varied works which will prevent him from being stifled by the mechanical routine of monotonous instruction. In a word, he wished professors to be not only professors, but also writers and *savants*. It is thus that he has founded a school whose merits it is not for me to exaggerate, but which certainly occupies a distinguished place in contemporaneous literature. Now, in this direction his influence was every moment and always wakeful. Was any one disposed, in the languor of a provincial life, idly to forget himself, a word from M. Cousin aroused him and recalled him to himself. Did any come to see him at Paris for the pleasure

of talking with him, he carried back a feeling of remorse for not having worked harder, and plans, at once ardent and definite, which he hastened to execute. His eternal *sursum corda* was a goad which left you not an instant of rest. If he did not thus create great works it was the fault of those who produced them, for he forbade genius to no one. He produced, however, useful works and solid labors, and it is this which, in general, constitutes the head of a school, for genius must be self-inspired, and has no need of being aroused.

III.

This energetic need of action, this bellicose activity which is manifested in M. Cousin's philosophy, gives us also the secret of his genius as a writer. He had a theory in regard to style which accords well with the temper of his mind. "Style," he said, "is motion." What he appreciated most highly in great writers was the turn of the phrase, its gait, rather than perfection of detail. He wished the impetuosity of the thought, the inward torrent expressed in the words. His style was a complete illustration of this theory—continuous strength and motion, a grand and proud measure being its most striking characteristics. He wrote like an orator, like one who has constantly before him an adversary to convince or to overcome. I am able to give a few details in regard to his manner of composing. He almost always wrote by dictation, and he dictated while walking about, so much was the art of writing identical to him with that of talking. He dictated copiously and without correction, solely attentive to preserve the connection and flow of his thought. Then, by a second labor, made with a cool brain, he took up again what he had dictated, cut off the useless, the superfluous, the timid, the uncertain. In this second work he was extremely severe, and recoiled before no sacrifice. By this double process of composition he attained a style which was at once impetuous and precise, which had the rush of improvisation and the firmness of reflection, a style at once ardent and grave, sometimes of rather too elevated a tone and somewhat lacking in shading, but of a solid and brilliant beauty.

Nothing was more interesting than to assist at the inward labor of this celebrated artist. Others await inspiration, he commanded it. How many times does it not happen to us humble writers, when the pen will not move to our taste, when the spirit is lacking to leave the work and wait for a happier time! Not thus was it with M. Cousin. He would not be the

slave of his muse, he would command her. Often I have seen him seeking with pain and labor, groping, exasperated, but finding nothing. Never has he given up the struggle, never has he put it off till another day. He never left the field except as conqueror. His principle was never to leave his work till he was satisfied. It is especially in the art of detail that we must admire this wonderful pen. No one among us, among the writers of our day, understands the use of long phrases, one of the greatest beauties, but also one of the greatest difficulties, of our prose. He understood how to shoot it forth, prolong, suspend, take it up again, and at last let it drop in a measured, solemn, and harmonious fall. Later he tried the short prose, another difficulty, another obstacle, and with it he succeeded perfectly. He was too fine a critic not to be conscious that there was too much art in his style of writing, and, therefore, his last endeavor in his historical writings was to attain perfect simplicity and even barrenness, while avoiding dryness. The grave, severe, rapid recital, with few figures, few reflections, no oratory, yet always animated, such was his latest ideal of historical style. He attempted it successfully in his work on Mazarin.

As a critic his taste was high. He was especially sensitive to strong and energetic beauties. His favorite among poets was Corneille, and among prose writers Pascal. He greatly preferred the former to Racine, and in every thing his taste was for the frank, bold style of the first half of the seventeenth century, rather than the entirely classic art of the last half. This elevation and firmness of taste, which he applied to the great writers of our language, he applied also to himself. He judged himself clearly and without flattery. To those who praised his style as a faithful imitation of the seventeenth century, "No," said he, "I am not of that date. I am of the school of Jean Jacques Rousseau." Evidently it was from Rousseau that he learned to write, although he afterward dipped his pen in the language of Pascal and Bossuet.

Among M. Cousin's greatest passions must be counted the pleasure of retouching, remodeling, and completing his works. How many endeavors in each new edition to improve and perfect the details of the style, to give more relief, more brilliance to the turn of the phrase, more light to the thought! Having long since exhausted all that he had to say of philosophy, he occupied himself in little besides correcting his works and presenting them to posterity under the most perfect form. There were two which he had specially selected as calculated to

give the best idea of himself to those who should come after him. These were "The True, the Beautiful, and the Good," an admirable *résumé* in a popular and oratorical form of mental philosophy; and the "General History of Philosophy," a broad and general description of all systems. He was particularly fond of the latter book, and with reason. Before setting out on the last voyage, from which he never returned alive, he had issued a seventh edition of this book, and yet he had hardly arrived at Cannes before he began to think of preparing an eighth. He wrote several new pages on the philosophy of the Fathers of the Church, which will be added to the next edition, and, assisted by his faithful friend, M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, he commenced the revision of the first chapters. The very morning of his death he was still at work on it, and his lessons on scholasticism and on Locke bear the traces of his last corrections.

It only remains for me, before finishing, after having spoken of the Professor, the philosopher, the writer, to describe the man in the varied aspects of his powerful organization; but this is too difficult a work for my pen, and one which it may not essay. I will confine myself to one word, the expression of my own feelings in all their sincerity.

It has been said that M. Cousin's friends began with enthusiasm and ended with deception. There is not a single friend of M. Cousin's who would not protest against such an imputation. As far as concerns me I must say that just the contrary has occurred, and it is for this reason that I take the liberty, which is not to my taste, of introducing myself personally. When, however, the question is of the character of a celebrated man, mere vague accusations will not suffice. Only accurate and personal testimony has any value. Now, so far from my beginning with any enthusiasm for M. Cousin, it was quite the reverse. When I had the honor of knowing him first, in 1844, public enthusiasm had long grown cold and was replaced by very opposite sentiments. I shared these feelings as keenly as any young man of my age. The most decided enemies of M. Cousin have to-day no more inveterate prejudices against him than I had when I entered the department of the Sorbonne, now depopulated, which an irrepressible and luring vice has so long animated. Our intercourse was at first constrained, and, for myself, I acknowledge now that there was very little sympathy between us. From constrained he became cool, which was the first step. Little by little the charm grew; benevolence, interest, affection for one another, a daily increasing

confidence drew us nearer and nearer. My former prejudices either grew weaker or fell one after the other, and through the eccentricities, and, if I may use the expression, the caprices of this complicated character, I no longer saw any thing but its grandeur. I was too often warned against illusion for this entrancing charm and this victorious ascendancy to be pure illusions. There was in him an instinct of grandeur, a fire, a real enthusiasm which can not be imitated, whatever the incredulous may say, who, in struggling against deceptions, end by becoming the dupes of their own skepticism. This enthusiasm I saw perfectly was not always exempt from a shade of theatrical solemnity, and imagination bore a large share in it, but the fire was stronger than imagination itself. It burned in a soul always ardent in the pursuit of the noble and the beautiful. Besides the imagination is always grand, and the breath from on high is always divine, whatever may be the faculties which it excites. The strength and energy of his impetuous nature have given ground for the belief that he lacked sensibility, and I myself, for a long time, only perceived in him the hard and severe side; but experience taught me the mild, cordial, and confiding one. It is not my place to enter here upon details which can interest nobody, but permit me to say that in an intercourse of twenty-two years I have always found in him a faithful, delicate, and vigilant attachment, without any thing being asked in return. One more trait will be sufficient to do honor to his memory—he has been beloved to the last by such a man as M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire.

M. Cousin, as every one knows, died at Cannes not very long ago. Till the last, we learn from a faithful witness of his death, one of his physicians, he preserved the fullness, the power, the vigor of his mind. He died while asleep. No struggle, no pain, no effort marked his last moments. Death itself has not altered the proud, strong beauty of his features. No one could have any communication or conversation with him. No one gathered up his last thoughts, no one learned the last secrets of this man who played so great a part in the philosophical history of our age. As friends we ought to be thankful that he has died unconsciously and without pain; but as philosophers we must regret that he had not his senses. It would have been grand to see this great translator of the Phedon face to face with Death. We may be sure that he would have looked on him with serenity and strength, and for us our conviction is that he remained faithful to the end to the two great causes, spirituality and philosophy.

HAREM AND HOME LIFE IN THE EAST.

WE wanderers, drifting up and down the world, seeing its sights and "doing" its pleasures after the programme laid down for us in some infallible guide-book, are often able to tell better the differences in hotels and conveyances of the various countries than the political, social, and moral differences. Happy indeed are they who, after long experience of travel, do not become so wearied as to find all desire for novelties stranded on the shores of indifference. It is comparatively easy to get at a country's *past*, but very hard to get below the surface-life of its present; very easy to see the works of art, antiquities, churches, and streets, and so difficult to get at homes and people that when an occasional light does fall upon these latter we follow, grateful for even imperfect revelations. And as contrasts deepen interest, so a life that has so many features utterly unlike our own as has that of the East, and that has, moreover, about it a veil of mystery, is specially quickening to curiosity.

With something like this view of the matter, we brightened up not a little at the prospect of inspecting Oriental homes and harems, of enjoying all that minutiae of what the people eat and drink, what they wear and how they tend their babies, that is far more entertaining, if of less importance, than the knowledge of the date of a Pasha's death or the name of the founder of a mosque. We began our inspection with a little observation of the women we saw in the streets of Cairo.

No woman in Egyptian costume with an unveiled face but lives a life that is a shame to her sex. That was our first item. So all these young girls, erect as arrows, with features after which the sphinx might have been modeled, with rows of coins about their glossy black hair, these were the women of the street. This will partly account for the fact that Orientals can not become accustomed to seeing the English and French ladies with uncovered faces. They know perfectly that it is the custom of the country, but the custom is one so intimately associated in their minds with only vilest practices as to occasion sneers, curses, and hisses in the streets. Often, too, small boys spit upon the passing carriage.

The next higher class of people seen in the street are the burden-bearers, clad in one long, loose garment of blue cotton reaching to the naked feet, a strip of cloth over the head and falling below the arms, a little black rag, usually dirty enough, fastened below the eyes by a

spiral wire that passes over the head in the middle. Lines of blue paint stripe the forehead and the back of the hands and wrists, while henna vies with dirt to see which shall stain deepest the finger-nails.

This is the class of people who live in the suburbs, in the little huts built of dried manure or of mud, who perform for a piaster or two—about five cents a day—any work they can find to do, whose furniture consists of a few earthen pots and pans, whose bed is a mat on the ground, whose food is a stew of lentils and olive oil, around which gather the whole family, each dipping his bread into the sop and taking with his fingers whatever morsel may suit his palate. These are the women who, in the street, may be seen carrying a naked child, seated like a clothes-pin astride the shoulder, having at the same time a jar upon the head, a basket in one hand, and a bundle in the other. It may be hard to tell whether the child be black or white, so covered is it with dirt, and its eyes will have passed into the possession of a swarm of flies, who are allowed to riot upon them because the mother's superstition makes her believe that flies protect her baby from that very undefined horror, the Evil Eye. I heard an English sea-captain, who had been much in Alexandria, say that an Egyptian baby is never washed till it is five years old, and my observation did not incline me to think the report an exaggeration. These are the women whose daughters are married at eight years of age, or freely sold as slaves to any man able and willing to pay a pittance for them. The class is a large but not a pleasant one to contemplate. Perhaps, however, in most particulars, they will compare favorably with the very poor of London or New York.

A step higher in the social scale are those veiled creatures waddling up and down the street, followed by a black slave-girl, or seated on a little stool before a bazar, pulling over the goods and "shopping" with a very business-like air. The mantle they wear is of white cotton cloth, and it is large enough to envelop the whole figure. A white cloth is bound across the forehead like a man's kerchief, and the veil is of white. If the mantle falls apart you may see a robe of gay print, neither long nor wide, but ample for comfort, and made as if regard had been paid only to the saving of time and stitches. Turkish trowsers and red or yellow slippers complete the dress.

These women are the wives of a respectable, well-to-do-class of men, each of whom has his home and his wife or wives, rarely more than one, however, whom he purposes to keep as

much as is possible from all contact with the outer world. She is only permitted a walk once a week, perhaps once in several weeks. The higher her husband rises in position or wealth the more is she restricted. His growing fortunes require that he conform in this respect to the customs of his superiors. She must not go out unattended unless her husband is too poor to own slaves. Her husband never accompanies her, and if he can rise high enough she will not be permitted to walk, but must ride a donkey, followed now by a manservant, where before it was quite sufficient if a female slave was her companion. Toward this latter dignity was verging our dragoman, a one-eyed Arab of forty-five years, whose knowledge of a little English and a good deal of Arabic helped to balance a slight amount of Arabic and a good deal of English on our part, and so entitled him to take charge of our persons and purses and to regulate our movements, and installed him as one of those *masterly* servants, those *indispensable* nuisances that are at once a blessing and a bane.

Mohammed invited us home with him one day after the feast of Bairam had fairly commenced. This feast, lasting three days, is the Mussulman's Easter, following the fast of Ranizan, which lasts for forty days, during which time no good Mohammedan eats, drinks, or smokes from sunrise to sunset. Of course, the feast is a time of general rejoicing, and has this one pleasant feature, that at this season every man, woman, or child appears in new garments of brightest hues that can be procured. If the owner knows he shall have no more garments for another year he rejoices all the more in these.

Now, Mohammed revealed to us in confidence as we threaded the narrow streets that had all at once blossomed in butterfly gorgeousness, that the wife to whom we were to be introduced was the second who had graced his home; that the first had died a year ago; that after nine months of lonely living with no companion except three female slaves, he had taken the second wife. He added that as the time of mourning for the first had not yet expired, he could not wear the festive garments of the occasion. He said, moreover, that the new wife was so unreasonable as to be jealous of the old, and that as he had on this morning refused to array himself in gay clothes, she had informed him that neither should *she* attire herself gayly to meet *his* guests. He thought she would, but if she *should* appear to us unhand-somely attired, he begged we would not think her unprovided with magnificent robes. After

permitting the Arab to go on till he had fully established his claim of relationship to the head of the family who had long ago abode in Eden, we expressed surprise at an instance like this of conjugal rebellion in a land where we supposed the question of disobedience or opposition never arose, and rallied him a little on his lack of government by way of getting at the true state of the case. Ah, he said mournfully, he "had not had time." She was a willful child of fourteen when he married her, and she was not yet trained; but she would learn, he would soon have her where she would know no questioning of his will. A side-long glance revealed that in the gleam of the one eye, that made me shudder for the child of fourteen who should dare to oppose him. Nevertheless, we ventured to question if the happiness of the living were not of greater importance than this show of respect for the dead, or if a man had not better wait till his time of mourning should expire before he took another wife? But the man grew indignant, and gave his invariable answer. "My book"—meaning the Koran—"it say so and so. It say me wear mourning so long time, and I wear it. And moreover," went on the old heathen, "my wife die, and my best slave she die too. My book give me *four* wives; I take but *one*, and *she* shall mind me."

It was useless arguing the woman question with this representative of the Oriental ideas of matrimony, who believed himself to be a model husband; so we went climbing the stairs in his court-yard, repressing the feeling that would have impelled us to run away. Yet this was the same cringing, obsequious Mohammed who would on every possible occasion insist upon kissing our hands.

A slender, woolly-haired Nubian girl opened her master's door, showing two shining rows of snowy teeth when she gave her smile of welcome. She conducted us through several rooms, each of which had a mattress on the stone floor, paper on the walls, and, except the bed, no articles of furniture whatever. At last we were ushered into the grand salon of the house and into the presence of the wife of three months and several of her female friends, who, making a morning call, had doubtless been persuaded to await our arrival.

The ceremony of reception seems to be the same throughout the East. In this instance the slave came no farther than the lower end of the room, separated from the upper by a *daïs*, and before the master of the house stepped upon the latter he removed his shoes. The Cairene guests, three women, all closely

veiled, sat upon the carpet, and there, too, Mohammed found *his* seat. His wife occupied a chair before the divan on which we were begged to seat ourselves. Veiled as, of course, was the "willful child" of fourteen, because her husband was present, we could judge at first only from her voice, as she replied to her husband's interpretations, how much of *heart* was in her words of welcome. The conclusion was not flatteringly complimentary, but her coolness wore away under the influence of a few kind inquiries after her health and the manifestation of interest in her welfare. Mohammed left the room for a moment. Instantly all the veils were withdrawn, and an animated conversation began among themselves, evidently comments upon the dress and general impression made upon them by their guests.

The young wife's rebellion had not been carried to the extent of appearing to us in shabby attire—trowsers of purple brocade covered with a pattern of gay flowers, a loose sack of velvet embroidered with gold thread, gold bracelets on her arms, and a string of gold coins about her neck. The hair alone was uncared for. She had evidently held to her resolution too long to plait the glossy locks, and so had twisted around them a silk handkerchief, under which her dark eyes glowed with strange brilliancy. We were shocked to find her neck wasted, her cheeks hollow, her lips pale, and her slender hand almost transparent. Poor child! Mohammed said to our remarks that she had pined ever since she was married, and he did not know for what; her lips and cheeks were bright and red when she came to him, but now she was always "tired, and silent, and cross." We asked about her mother, and found she lived not many squares away. "Did she visit her daughter often?" No, that would not be in accordance with Eastern custom. A little questioning brought out the fact that this child had not been to her father's house, or seen her mother, since her marriage; that she had not taken one walk or ride, or been out of the house since then. Moreover, she never saw this husband of hers till she was married. He bargained with her father for her, and went with her father before the priest and promised to take the man's daughter for his wife. Then she was brought to his home, and his friends made merry for a night, and there she was left to a life of perfect inaction. Custom does not permit her to go to her mother till after the birth of her first child, a custom which, happily, is not enforced in every case.

Probably, under the discipline of a first year of marriage like this, the majority of young

girls come to know their places, and make obedient and patient wives in the fulfillment of their one duty to please the son of humanity to whom it is their lot to fall.

The sadder heritage is for the few girls cursed with qualities that, under culture, would develop into mental or spiritual vitality. For such there is the slow fire of jealousy, and the flames of all evil passions to keep life at fever heat and burn it swiftly to ashes.

A little controversy went on between husband and wife during this interview, and when it was over he seemed unwilling to repeat what she had asked. But when urged, answered with a smile, "She feel all times tired, and think she sick, and ask if you have not some medicine for her." Fresh air and exercise were recommended, and he promised to take her up the Nile in his own boat, an excursion which he could well afford, for Hassan is not poor. But she smiled hopelessly at the prospect, knowing, as well as we, that there was no probability of its fulfillment.

In this home there is a little daughter of the former wife, a child of four years of age, and the father told us his expectations for her future. For a year she has been placed in a boarding school at Alexandria, where she is to remain till she is seven years of age. "Then," said Mohammed, "I will betroth her to some officer of the Pasha, for they are great men and will not take uneducated wives." "And how much will she know then?" we asked. "She will speak French a little, and read and write Arabic," was the reply. "But what if, after all this expense, no great man should come for her?" "Well, then, I not poor, so I give her good chance; she may stay in my house till she be eleven years old, then I find her a husband." With her own hands the wife brought us the tiny cups of coffee, and one of the other women rose to bring to us the embroidered napkin. After that the same thin hands brought Mohammed his chibouk, and then we came away, feeling that they would make a new grave under the sands ere long, and that Mohammed would have to pass many holidays before he could resume his gay attire.

There is, in Cairo, a very large Coptic population. The Copts claim to be the descendants of the ancient Egyptians, and have preserved the Coptic language till within one hundred and fifty years. Their Church service is still in the Coptic tongue. Their religion is one of the variations of the Christian; they believe in the intercession of the Virgin and the saints, and in many of the Papal doctrines, but they deny the authority of the Pope. Nearly all the

schools of Egypt are Coptic, yet among them even the grossest ignorance is very common. The Coptic women are unveiled in the house, but would not venture into the street with uncovered faces.

Through a Coptic lady, whose husband held some high office under the Pasha, and who had free access to the harem, we were permitted to be present at one of the receptions of the mother of the Ismail Pasha, and so to get a peep at the home life in the Pasha's harem. Ismail Pasha has four wives, for each of whom he has a separate palace and separate attendants. One of the four, the youngest, dwells in the beautiful Summer retreat of Shoobra, where neither labor nor money has been spared to render the spot delightful. Once or twice a year they are all together at one or the other residence, and at this Feast of Bairam they take up their abode for a season with the mother of the Pasha, who occupies the palace in the citadel near the mosque of Mohammed Ali. This, then, was an opportunity such as would rarely occur of seeing the family all together.

Early in the morning we called on the wife of the Coptic Bey. Her own carriage was in attendance, and one of the party drove with her. A curious sensation, riding through the streets of Cairo, seated beside this bundle of black silk, answering questions that came from behind a white veil, following a runner whose white sleeves flapped like wings in the wind, and who waved his silver wand before him to clear a way for the carriage to pass. But one gets used to novel positions, and we had not much time to ponder upon this one. We went on, past the guard of soldiers at the great gates of the citadel, entering at a door in the inner wall where one would never suppose a door could be, and met face to face by a brace of stout Nubians blacker and bigger than other Nubians are. Behind these dusky Eunuchs—the keepers of the gates of this Paradise—we walked through an outer court, and were ushered into an inner court, on three sides of which rose a palace of light, Oriental workmanship, not Alhambra like in color or grace, but delicate and beautiful, and, what is rarer, in good repair. The "jalousies," or screens that are before the windows of every apartment devoted to women, were here across every one, yet, in the garden and court before us, the women seemed to have fullest freedom from restraint. There they were in numbers, perhaps sixty in all, in holiday garb of brightest colors, playing like children among the flowers, walking arm in arm, lounging, talking, waiting by the fountains—a butterfly group, in color and gayety, all young, and nearly all fair. There

were Caucasian girls with snowy skins and measureless deeps in their eyes, side by side with the graceful Georgian, the stately Egyptian, or the languishing Nubian of dusky skin.

Whatever other caste there may be at the East, there is surely no caste of color; the black woman is quite as likely to be served by the white as the white woman by the black, and here was every complexion, from the darkest to the sunniest hue.

In dress they presented no very great contrasts in style, but an endless variety in color, each having been left apparently to her individual taste in that particular.

The Frank visit was evidently a novelty, and a source of great entertainment to them, for they crowded about with every manifestation of delight, and, were one to judge from their aspect at that time, they would say they were a happy and fortunate family. But we were forced to remember that this was a group of children, whose life was one of greatest monotony, who had but one feast, one holiday, and one new suit of clothing in a year, and that we found them in full enjoyment of all these. It was like being on a Southern plantation on Christmas eve, when the patriarchal institution was in full operation.

Here were the women of four harems, all for once thrown together, each with her little tale of gossip to exchange with every other. We were not allowed to linger here, but were ushered into the palace, passing up a long flight of marble steps, which ascended directly to a large salon, not unlike any Oriental parlor, except that the mirrors and gilding abounded, the carpets were of richest fabric, the chandeliers hardly needed more than their own crystals to give light, the divans were of costliest satin. Many guests were already present sitting on the divans at the sides of the room. Their feet were tucked under them; some had removed their veils, but all kept the heads covered. An amber-mouthed chibouk was circulating among them, and the conversation seemed carried on entirely among themselves, while the privilege of *looking* at the ruler's wives seemed to be the extent of their social intercourse. In this latter respect we were a little more favored, as chairs were brought and placed near the divan at the upper end of the hall, where sat one wife and one daughter of the Pasha, with whom, through our Coptic friend, we were permitted to exchange greetings, compliments not very sincere, I am afraid, and to answer such questions as, How did we like Cairo? Was it fine as America or as England? I do not think either of the ladies thought England and America differ-

ent countries, and if not much finer why should we have taken the trouble and fatigue of coming? Were our husbands beautiful? how many slaves had we? etc. Neither of these ladies had about her any distinguishing feature, unless exceeding corpulence be called one. The mother was a coarse, gross-looking woman in Turkish trowsers, silk robe, and white crape mantle, fastened by a diamond brooch of great beauty, with circlets of diamonds about her arms.

The daughter was a pale, inanimate lump of flesh in European dress of white, and decorated in most grotesque manner, with paper flowers of every hue, selected with no eye to any thing except profusion. She did not speak or move, but sat staring at us like an overgrown school-girl. She is much beyond the marriageable age for Eastern daughters, but must wait, I suppose, for what is termed a suitable alliance. After waiting a few moments a door opened, and, attended by several female slaves walking on either side, came two other wives, one heavy, and coarse, and common, and in gaudiest array, the other young, with an intelligent countenance and pleasing manner. Preceding these was a stately lady, of perhaps fifty years of age, wrapped in Indian shawls and dressed in trowsers of brocade, a woman who looked vastly superior in both mental and physical energy to any other member of the family. This was the Pasha's mother. They all acknowledged the presence of guests by the Eastern salutation that bows the head and touches the hand to lips and heart, and passed to seats upon the *daïs*. The mother's seat was highest, the eldest wife, who always maintains a certain place in etiquette above the others, was at the mother's right hand, the fat woman at the left, with her daughter, and at the right of the oldest wife the youngest, the intelligent one of whom I have spoken, who seemed to be regarded by the elder much as a younger sister. Her manner toward her and mode of speaking of her showed much affection.

When they were seated slaves brought the refreshments served on golden salvers. These consist of little vases of silver or of crystal, in which were different kinds of sweetmeats of about the consistency of putty. A spoon-holder contains as many spoons as there are guests, and there were an equal number of glasses of water, and the entertainment does not consist in eating a variety of good things in quantities—just one delicious morsel that is a concentration of all the delights of the palate, one melting jewel of a sweet that is gone in an instant; and however strongly you may be tempted to put in

your spoon for a second taste, it must be laid aside, and one swallow of water must cool your longing. Sherbets follow, and the pipe, the first in golden goblets, the last a diamond-decked chibouk that goes from lip to lip among the guests, then coffee ends the hospitalities in this direction. The coffee came to us in cups smaller than an egg-cup, each in its little holder of gold adorned with jewels. The napkin was heavy with embroideries of gold and fringes of tiny pearls.

To have all this service as costly and showy as may be is the ambition of the mistress of every house, and here, on occasion of these receptions, must be displayed the most beautiful things that grace the service of each wife's home. The stems of the chibouks, the long coil through which one drew the smoke from the narghileh, the holders of the cigarettes were studded with precious stones. The mother of the Pasha sipped her coffee as she talked; the younger wife played carelessly with her cigarette, displaying the diamonds and the more beautiful hand to advantage; the others smoked, as if love of tobacco were stronger within them than any other feeling.

After a little the doors at the lower end of the hall parted, and a company of slaves came in with downcast eyes and low salaam. For an hour they waved and writhed through Egyptian dances similar to those performed by the dancing girls of the Nile, and by the Gipsy girls, whose huts are on the slopes of Granada's hills; one moment charming and surprising by their sinuous grace, the next disgusting by the boldness and freedom of their movements. The veiled guests uncovered their faces now, and seemed most delighted with what seemed to us most reprehensible. When it was over the lady mother, through an interpreter, expressed her wish that we might return in peace to our homes, that our children might prove comforts, and that all of Allah's choicest blessings might attend us, and then, with real queenly dignity, she swept from the room. After her walked as gracefully as her stiff trowsers would permit the youngest wife, smiling her good-byes, and last waddled away the fat woman and the beflowered daughter, and all four disappeared from sight. All decorum was now over, and the Oriental ladies thronged about us, feeling of our clothing, patting us on the cheek, smoothing our hair, and otherwise manifesting their curiosity and gratification, held in restraint during the presence of the Pasha's ladies. After a period of indulgence in this, to them, very pleasant occupation, Madame Bey nodded to a slave and instantly

she summoned a troop of girls, who were not content with leading the way to the garden, or with accompanying us in any approved fashion, but they danced about and before, took our hands, and behaved in all respects like so many children delighted with a novelty.

I have lingered too long upon this pleasant surface scene, so strongly impressed upon my own mind, to permit me to dwell upon the darker side, whose existence I would gladly ignore. Yet when one is spared a sight of the cruelties of this system, practiced in a land that requires at the hands of its men no account for even the *life* of his slave or his wife, the knowledge of the sort of women the system makes, and the reflection of what the land must be while such women are the mothers, is enough to shadow darkly all holiday pictures.

WASHINGTON'S PLAN OF THE CONQUEST OF PITTSBURG.

IN the latter part of the administration of Mr. Buchanan, it was my good fortune to spend a few hours, one pleasant Summer-like day of December, in the parlors of the then Secretary of State, General Cass.

There was not at that time, to my knowledge, a collection of antiquities in America equal in interest and value to those the General weekly opened to the public. The most of them were sculptures of olden time, whose heroes gave cast and shape to war, and peace, and art, in ages long gone by. But there was, in a frame hanging upon the wall, a good-sized sheet of paper, which for a time withdrew me from all other considerations. Before me, in his own handwriting, was *Washington's Plan of his First Successful Campaign*. What an interest gathered around that paper! what a history! The first plan of a young, enthusiastic warrior—twice submitted to superior British officers, only to be contemptuously disdained, but at last compelling adoption by the British, and the evacuation of the Ohio Valley by the French.

Years before I had read, in Irving's *Life of Washington*, that this "plan for the march of the army, [to Pittsburg,] and an order of battle," were still in existence, and here, in a most unlooked-for moment, it was before my eyes.

In order to understand the peculiar interest as well as merit which attaches to this paper more than to almost any other of Washington's, it is necessary to advert to the condition of affairs a hundred years ago, and the peculiar circumstances under which the paper was written.

What the Rocky Mountains are to the present

century, the Alleghanies were to the last. Civilization hovered along their eastern slopes, and only hardy pioneers threaded their lone way through the rocky wilderness. Westward, beyond these confines of the slowly advancing English, where begins the great valley of the Ohio, now the luxuriant home of millions, slept the unbroken "forest primeval," the domain and prospective abode of a great nation of Franks.

In the ceaseless conflicts of the rival home powers, which ever involved their American possessions, every military post which might serve either to protect or annoy was early perceived and appropriated. Of these, Louisburg in the north-east, Ticonderoga and Oswego in the center, and the forks of the Ohio in the west, were the most important.

Louisburg, as a naval station, was the theater of transatlantic prowess, but approaching the dense wilds of the Mohawks, the Ontarios, and the Iroquois, every maneuver of the contending powers was coupled with the intrigues and barbarities of the warfare peculiar to these uncivilized sons of the forest. The valley of the Mohawk, of the Wyoming, and of the Shenandoah, had but too severely and too sadly learned of the nature of the struggle for the supremacy of the great West.

The French, already in possession of the St. Lawrence, the great lakes, and the Mississippi Valley to the Gulf, were resolved to confine the English to the narrow strip of territory lying between the Alleghany crest and the Atlantic. The English, on the other hand, had chartered their colonies with territories reaching from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Chiefly, therefore, where these disputed jurisdictions confronted, would the question of supremacy take definite shape and open antagonism.

In 1753, the French having proceeded along the Niagara River and Lake Erie, establishing military posts at every commanding position, thus securing the Ohio Valley, the Governor of the colony of Virginia found it necessary to send a commissioner to protest against these aggressions, and to secure an alliance with the various Indian tribes in the disputed territory. Captain Trent having been selected for the mission, the expedition was undertaken without delay; but so powerful did he find the influence of the French, even among those tribes which had hitherto been regarded as friendly to the English, that, despairing of reinstating English ascendancy, he abandoned the enterprise and returned home.

Governor Dinwiddie now perceiving the importance as well as the difficulty of the mission, appointed Washington for its renewal. Wash-

ington immediately entered upon the hazardous expedition, and by the 15th of November had penetrated the Alleghanies as far as Cumberland on the Potomac. Here completing his arrangements, adding an interpreter and a guide, he struck forth into the forests amid the early Winter snows to attempt to reach the French forts on or near Lake Erie. Having passed through the mountains and down the Monongahela, as he came to its junction with the Alleghany, he writes in his journal that he thinks the fork "extremely well situated for a fort, as it has absolute command of both rivers."

A council of chiefs having been invited by Washington at Logstown some distance beyond, he found that the Indians were not altogether pleased with the constant inroads of the French, and were desirous of disenthraling themselves from their obligations to them, and of entering into alliance with the English.

Accompanied by several of the chiefs, Washington arrived at the French fort about the middle of December—skillful diplomacy is seldom in haste—and while the French commander was duly deliberating upon his reply to the governor's letter, what with wine, and presents, and professions of friendship, and promises, the shrewd Frenchman so won upon his old allies, that Washington had no little perplexity in counteracting the strategies of his wily antagonists. In the end, however, the most of the chiefs proved true to their English pledges. The return of Washington through the snows of midwinter, his leaving his horses and attendants to make his way on foot, his betrayal and attempted assassination by his perfidious Indian guide, his passage across the river on a raft amid the floating ice, and his narrow escape from drowning on being thrown into the rapid current, and his ultimate success, all combined to invest the young hero with special honor throughout his native colony. The energy and discretion with which this difficult and perilous enterprise had been concluded, directed the attention of all who occupied the South-West to Washington as a young man promising much for the future.

The import of the French officer's communication to Governor Dinwiddie was such as to leave little doubt that the valley of the Ohio was to them too rich a prize to relinquish without an earnest struggle. After saying that he did not feel disposed to comply with the Governor's polite hint to withdraw from the disputed territory, he added, "I am here by virtue of the orders of my general, and I entreat you not to doubt one moment but that I am determined to conform myself to them with all the

exactness and resolution which can be expected from the best officer."

Being thus convinced of the fixed purpose of the French to possess and hold the Ohio country by force, the Governor, early in the Spring, dispatched Captain Trent with a hundred men to proceed without delay to the fork of the Ohio and erect a fort. Additional forces under the command of Washington were also to be raised to follow and occupy the position. Early in the month of April, with less than two hundred men, Washington left Alexandria for the new fort—artillery and other forces were to follow. On arriving at Cumberland a rumor came of the massacre of Captain Trent and his men while at work upon the fort, but the timely arrival of Trent restored quiet and inspired the soldiers for the toilsome march over the mountains. About the 1st of May, however, while they were awaiting the preparation of wagons for the baggage, Trent's men made their appearance with all their implements of labor, stating that the French had suddenly come upon them while at work, demanding an instant surrender; and as they had no means of defense they were compelled to yield, and had been permitted to withdraw and take with them their working implements. Thus the French became possessors of the key to the whole Ohio Valley.

Washington now found himself in a dilemma. A thousand Frenchmen were already in the fort, others were advancing from below, and Indian allies were gathering from the land of the Sciotos. He had but a few hundred undisciplined yeomanry. To attempt the recovery of the fort would be simple folly, to retreat would be to relinquish the territory and to leave the border without protection. He resolved, therefore, to advance to a place on the Monongahela called Redstone Creek, about half-way from Cumberland to the fork, and there fortify and await the movements of the enemy. Sixty men were therefore sent forward to prepare the road, and Washington, with one hundred and sixty more, followed soon after. In ten days they had advanced twenty miles through the forest and mountain wilderness. On the 23d his Indian allies brought intelligence of the advance of a considerable body of French against the English. Taking position at a place called Great Meadows, well suited for defense, Washington sent out scouts to observe the approach or position of the enemy, but no information was gained of their whereabouts. Two days after the French were tracked to their lurking place, surprised, and, after a short engagement, overcome and made prisoners. This was Wash-

ington's first engagement and his first success. But this gleam of good fortune did not diminish the perils of his little group of soldiers. The French, already three to one, and well supplied with every munition, were rapidly collecting. Sending back for reinforcements to be hastened forward, and having fortified the station at the Great Meadows as strongly as possible, on the 11th of June the construction of the X road and the march toward Redstone Creek were resumed. When about thirteen miles from the Great Meadows, now called Fort Necessity, he learned that the French were about to detach a heavy body of forces from their station at the fork, now called Fort Du Quesne, against the English. Knowing that it was impossible to sustain himself against such a body, Washington commenced a retreat; but on arriving at Fort Necessity, on the 1st of July, the heated and exhausted soldiers declaring themselves unable to take the baggage further over the rough and unmade roads, he was unwillingly compelled to make a stand at that place. The French appeared before the fort on the 3d, and made an immediate attack. After continuous fighting throughout the day Washington was compelled to capitulate. Accordingly, the next morning, July 4, 1754, Washington turned his back upon the scene of his first humiliation, and led his retreating army homeward. Thus closed the first campaign for the recovery of the great valley of the West.

These continued successes of the French, and their no longer unperceived designs, having awakened the attention of the British Government, it was resolved to enter upon more decisive and extensive measures. A campaign was planned for the next year, having in view the expulsion of the French from all their strongholds, from Nova Scotia to the Mississippi. Major-General Braddock was appointed to the supreme command, and would lead in person the Southern Division for the recovery of the Ohio; Governor Sherly the expedition against Niagara, Colonel Johnson against the Champlain fortifications, and Colonel Lawrence against Nova Scotia. Why Washington was altogether omitted in these arrangements will be readily understood by recollecting that these were measures entered upon by the home Government, while those prior had been by the colonial. Besides such invidious and humiliating distinctions between provincial and royal officers had been made, that Washington, at the close of the previous year, had thrown up his commission and returned to Mt. Vernon. But the din and preparation of battle, with increased forces and experienced generals, and an opportunity of

retrieving in some measure the failures of the past, fired him with a desire of entering again upon the stirring scenes of a campaign. He purposed entering as a volunteer, but General Braddock having learned of Washington's wish, and knowing his merits, invited him to join his staff. As this did not involve the question of rank Washington readily accepted, and thus again entered upon the campaign for the recovery of the Ohio country.

Braddock set out from Alexandria on the 20th of April, 1755, but such was the cumbrous amount of baggage and superfluities wholly unsuited to transportation through a mountain wilderness, that Washington was utterly dismayed at the thought of such an undertaking. Braddock smiled at the simplicity of the young provincial. By the middle of May the forces, now numbering 1,500 men, had reached Fort Cumberland, and were awaiting the completion of preparations for crossing the mountains. The difficulties which now began to beset the Commander-in-chief were such as leading armies across the cultivated plains of Europe had but poorly prepared him for.

Finally, setting the army in motion, and with incredible labor getting into the midst of the mountains, Braddock became fully convinced of the nature of the enterprise and the likelihood of its complete failure, and in his perplexity was constrained to solicit the counsel of Washington, whose advice hitherto had been regarded as impertinence. Washington's plan, which the haughty British general saw fit to adopt, was to divide the force, and, leaving one division in charge of the baggage, press on with the other, disincumbered of every useless appendage, and make a descent upon the French before they could gather reinforcements. Accordingly, on the 17th of June, the first division, consisting of twelve hundred men, was set in motion for a rapid march; but it very soon became apparent that General Braddock's idea of a rapid march was not Washington's. On one occasion they were four days in making twelve miles. Meantime, evidences began to thicken that the enemy were not only fully apprised of their approach, but were constantly hovering near. Sentinels, scouts, and stragglers from the camp were continually shot and scalped, while upon the trees along the way were frequent inscriptions designed to taunt and insult the English. On the 25th they passed Fort Necessity, the scene of Washington's capitulation a year previous.

Washington, who had been detained in the rear for some days by sickness, on coming up with the troops was so impressed with the

danger of a surprise, or ambuscade, or sudden attack in the forests and mountain passes without the perpetual vigilance of scouting parties to watch the enemy, that he ventured to suggest that a party of Virginia men should be sent in advance for this purpose. This advice brought back a very mortifying rebuke from the self-sufficient royal general, and Washington had nothing more to do but await the issue. By the 9th of July they had approached within one day's march of the fork, or Fort Du Quesne. They were near the end of their long, slow, and toilsome journey. Only eight or ten miles more remained, when in an unexpected moment the rapid discharge of musketry convinced them that what Washington had so much and so properly feared had occurred—that they had fallen into an ambuscade. It was in vain that they attempted to stand against the sure aim of their unseen but deadly foes. Regulars and provincials were swept away with such a fatality that the contest soon ended in a most disastrous rout. Braddock himself was mortally wounded; sixty-six out of eighty-six officers and nearly seven hundred men were killed or wounded. Every thing was lost—the rout complete. Braddock, borne by his soldiers, survived till they reached Fort Necessity, on the 13th, where he expired and was buried. Thus, one year and nine days from the disastrous close of the first campaign, more disastrously terminated the second, and the sad and disheartened troops, with their long train of wounded and dying companions, homeward made their inglorious retreat.

The probable effect of this unlooked-for success of the enemy, both upon the French themselves and the Indians, and the unprotected condition of the frontier, so awakened apprehension and alarm throughout the colonies that Governor Dinwiddie immediately convened the Assembly to consult for the public safety. Four thousand pounds and one thousand men were voted, and Washington appointed to the command. The remaining part of the season was occupied in establishing and strengthening military defenses in the upper parts of Virginia. As for the other expeditions which formed a part of the plan of the campaign of this year, the fate of this so dispirited them as to lead to their failure or abandonment.

During the next year, 1756, Washington was mostly engaged on the frontier of Virginia, attempting little more than its protection. In 1757, however, active measures were again determined upon for resisting French aggression, but they had reference more especially to the north and the reduction of Louisburg. But

with the incoming of 1758 began the energetic administration of Pitt, who resolved to put a period to this long list of failures and disgraces in the affairs of the colonies.

The outline of the campaign of this year was much the same as that of Braddock's. General Amherst was to proceed against Louisburg, Abercrombie, the Commander-in-chief, against the Champlain fortresses, and Forbes against Fort Du Quesne. Pitt, from the wise policy of heartily uniting the provincial and royal forces, having set aside all distinctions in officers or men, Washington had the double pleasure of knowing that measures were to be taken for the accomplishment of the object for which he had so long and so fruitlessly labored, and also that the way was now open for him to engage honorably in the enterprise. We can well imagine that it was with no ordinary feelings that he once more entered upon the prosecution of a scheme which had hitherto ended only in defeat and mortification. It will not appear incredible that if there was a reasonable prospect of success, Washington desired to be a participant. Nor, on the other hand, may we suppose that General Forbes would enter upon the expedition without some just conception of its perils, and a desire to save his name, if possible, from being forever after, like that of his predecessor, coupled with misfortune.

The Summer slowly passed away in the sluggish preparations of gathering troops and equipments. About two thousand men were to be furnished by Virginia, and the same number by Pennsylvania. On the 2d of May Washington arrived at Fort Cumberland, and proceeded to open a road to Roystown, in Pennsylvania, it having been determined, much against his advice, not to follow Braddock's route. Yet, though the route was different, it was soon found that the enemy was the same, and about to pursue the tactics which had before proved so successful. Concealed parties were continually hovering near, firing upon every express, or wagoner, or straggler from the camp. Colonel Bouquet proposed to send out into the enemy's country a party of regulars, but as the movement of such a body must be regulated by the necessities of heavy baggage, Washington remonstrated against the whole plan as likely either to defeat the end in view or to be defeated by the enemy. The season, as Washington had foreseen, was consumed in the construction of the new road, and it was not till in September that he had orders to join the Commander-in-chief at Roystown. By the middle of the month the road was completed not quite half the way from Roystown to Fort

Du Quesne. Colonel Bouquet, who was in command of the division opening the road, resolved upon sending out a party into the enemy's country as before remonstrated against by Washington. With that purblind stupidity which seemed fated to the royal officers in these campaigns, Major Grant, who led the detachment, ran headlong into an ambuscade, and after a terrible slaughter from an unseen foe, was utterly routed, with the loss of twenty-six officers and nearly three hundred men, leaving behind him, not far from the first, another Braddock's Field.

Under such circumstances it will not appear incredulous that General Forbes deemed it prudent to solicit the opinions of his Colonels as to the best steps to be taken. Whether the other Colonels responded to the wish of the Commander, or whether it was understood as being merely a delicate way of soliciting Washington's advice, we are not informed, but it appears that General Forbes adopted Washington's plan in the main and appointed him to command the advance and thus insure its execution. The whole army reached Loyal Hannon, the termination of the new road, and about forty-five miles from Roystown and fifty from Fort Du Quesne, on the 5th of November. Here the whole campaign seemed about to come to an abortive end from the lateness of the season, as Washington had foreseen at the original proposal of abandoning the Braddock route and constructing a new one. General Forbes found, when too late, as his ill-starred predecessor had, that campaigning in the populated countries of the Old World and amid the savage wilds of the New were essentially different military enterprises. A council of war decided it inadvisable to proceed farther that season; but the timely arrival of some prisoners, representing the French fort as in a weakened condition, reversing the decision, Washington's plan, the same that had been discarded by both Braddock and Forbes, was at last fully acceded to. Baggage, tents, and every thing that might hinder a rapid advance were left behind, and, taking only some light artillery, the army recommenced its march, with Washington commanding the van.

The following letter contains the plan of this expedition:

"TO GENERAL FORBES,

Commanding his Majesty's Forces Employ'd on the Ohio Expedition:

"SIR,—In consequence of your request of the Colonels, assembled at your Lodgings the 5th Inst., I offer the Plans on the other side to yr consideration. They express my thoughts

on a Line of March through a country covered with wood, and how that Line of March may be formed, in an Instant, into an Order of Battle.

"The Plan of ye Line of March and Order of Battle on the other side is calculated for a Forced March with field pieces only, unincumbered with Wagons. It Represents, first, a Line of March, and secondly, how that Line of March may, in an Instant be thrown into an Order of Battle in the Woods.

"This Plan supposes 4,000 Privates, 1,000 of which—Picked Men—are to March in Front, in three Divisions, each Division hav'g yr field Officers to com'd it, besides the Commander of the whole, and is to be in readiness *always* to oppose the Enemy, whose attack, if the necessary precautions are observed, must always be in front.

"The First Division must, as the 2d and 3d ought likewise to be, sub-divided for ye Captains; these sub-divisions to be again divided for the Subalterns, and ye Subalterns again for the Sergeants and Corporals, by which means every Non Commissioned Officer will have a Party to command under the Eye of a Subaltern, as the Subalterns will have under the direction of a Captain, etc.

"N. B. I shall, tho' I believe it is unnecessary, remark here that the Captains, when *their* sub-divisions are again Divided are to take comm'd of no *particular* part of it, but to attend to the whole sub-division, as the Subalterns are to do with theirs, each Captain and Subaltern acting as Commandant of the Division he is appointed to under the field officers, visiting and encouraging all parts equally alike, keep'g ye soldrs to yr Duty.

"This being done, the first Division is, so soon as the Van-g-d is attacked—if that gives the first notice of ye Enemy's approach—to file off to the Right and left and take to Trees, gaining the enemy's flanks and surrounding of them as described in Plan 2d. The Flank Guards on the Right, which belong to ye 2d Division, are immediately to extend to the Right, followed by that Division, and to form as described in the aforesaid Plan. The Rear Grand Division is to follow the left Flankers in the same manner, in order, if possible, to Encompass the Enemy, which, being a practice *different* from every thing they have ever yet experienced from us, I think may be accomplished.

"What Indians we have should be Order'd to get round unperceived and fall upon the enemy's rear at the same time."

After some other less important observations

follow the two accurately delineated diagrams of the "Line of March" and "the Order of Battle," accompanied with full explanations.

The peculiarity of the *Line of March* is, that the outer line of men on each side is broken up into flank guards and stationed, say as follows: ten men twenty feet distant from the main body, five men twenty feet further, and two men twenty feet beyond these, thus making a triple series of flank guards from front to rear as they moved on through the woods. There were also van and rear guards distributed in the same way.

The *Order of Battle* is to show the disposition of the guards and troops on the discovery or appearance of the enemy. The second and third range of flankers are to advance to the support of the outer guards and form a continuous line; the rear guards likewise. Thus the main body would be guarded on the sides and rear by an unbroken line at the distance of fifty or sixty feet. The advanced guard were to take to the trees on the right and left of the enemy, and the main divisions to follow, closing around the sides, while the rear division came up and engaged them in front. The Indians were to be sent to get in the rear, and thus hem them in on all sides immediately. In these diagrams nothing is left at loose ends. Every man, private as well as officer, has a place and a duty assigned him, and in the estimate is accounted for.

In this order the army was again put in motion. Twenty days brought them without disaster in sight of the object of all their toil and bloodshed. The fork of the Ohio was before them—the key that held the gateway of the West. The hour had come when again was to be tried the question of the future supremacy of this vast domain. But the battle had already been fought, the conquest attained, not by sword and bayonet, but by that sagacity and foresight against which the enemy saw it was useless to contend. That power which Braddock felt in his dying hour, and Forbes, on the eve of disaster, the French commander felt, as Washington triumphantly emerged from the mountain wilderness. He felt that the conquest was won, that the dominion of France over the great Valley was gone forever. Without a blow he left to the victors the richest inheritance of earth, won by American genius.

But this campaign had another and far greater value. It could not but have assured Washington of his entire ability to cope with European generals upon American soil, and thus have laid the foundation afterward of his unflinching trust and confidence in the Revolution.

BE EARNEST.

"Travel, travel back into life and take along with you this holy earnestness, for earnestness alone makes life eternity."—*Goethe.*

Be earnest! when thy heart is sadly drifting
Adown the stream without one helping hand
To take thine own, and the dark shadow lifting
To guide thy frail bark to the beechen strand;
Be earnest, for, though clouds around thee hover,
Like those which death flings o'er a happy home,
So sure the sun of heaven is shining over,
The land *will* smile on thee and bid thee come.

Be earnest! There are times when the tried spirit
Feels hope, and strength, and earnestness all fail;
Then life's loud call for us—how we do fear it,
And wish our hearts were still, our cheeks all pale!

But while the life-blood from the warm heart courses,
There will be something still for which to live;
Then live, be earnest, though that life but forces
Thy spirit one who wronged thee to forgive.

Be earnest! If a friend thou 'st loved deceive thee,
And thy sad spirit deem the earth bereft
Of truth and fervor, though it well may grieve thee,
O, who without *one* friend has yet been left?
Deem not that none are true, though, like the flower
That blooms but once within a hundred years,
We can not see its blessed light each hour,
And oft its semblance brings us bitter tears.

Be earnest! He who leaves a shining furrow
To light to earth the glorious path he trod,
Is never one who timidly doth burrow,
Fearful and cowering, 'neath the lowly sod;
But who, with earnest confidence up-springing,
Soars with the lark to greet the morning sun,
And hears her matin-peal whose voice is ringing,
All silver-like and clear, till day is done.

O, yes, be earnest! Cease thy fruitless longing;
Work—if thy nature longs for something higher;
Are godlike aspirations 'round thee thronging?
A glorious goal to which thou dost aspire?
Then O, be earnest! strive to leave behind thee
A flame whose fire shall light some darkened soul,
Within whose "heart of hearts" he shall have shrined
thee

His beacon-light when billows round him roll.

Be earnest, ye whose lonely hearts are yearning
For one sweet echo o'er the emerald hills;
Still hope to see the heaven-sent beacon burning,
Still hope to hear the tinkling of the rills
Whose waves shall flood thy soul with rapture higher
Than dwells amid the shining stars above,
And whose bright flow a new Promethean fire
Shall kindle in thy heart the soul's deep love.

Then, O fond hearts that love and trust, be earnest!
Better the stream should flow and never meet
An answering echo—that the oil thou burnest
Should blaze aloft though none its light should greet;

Better the bird should breathe its notes of gladness
Though nothing human e'er should speak its praise;
Better to live and strive than mourn in sadness
O'er blighted hopes and sorrow-clouded days.

THE GREAT COMMISSION.

Not those alone who stood in wonder
Gazing at their Lord ascending,
Astonished at the countless number
Of angel bands the King attending
In glorious pageant, his sufferings o'er—
Not they alone commissions bore;
For "all the world and every creature"
With tidings of redemption paid—
The promised presence with the preacher,
His messages of truth to aid—
The love of souls his zeal to fire,
And love of Christ to faith inspire.
The power which, with a dazzling brightness,
Struck blind the sinner on his way,
And made to own in his contriteness
The will his life should hence obey—
Commissioned him, when sorely tried,
To preach of Jesus crucified.

The fisherman hath left the sea,
The youth hath girded armor on,
With single aim and earnest plea,
To lead the wretched and undone
Unto the streams of healing grace,
And all the stains of sin efface.
The lands by savage tribes o'errun,
With horrid rites and bloody hands,
Have been to peaceful Gospel won;
Have echoed the "good-will" to man,
As there the heralds of the Cross
Proclaim salvation to the lost.

In languages so harsh and rude,
With not a trace for thought defined,
The searching Spirit power endued,
And wrought an entrance to the mind;
The heathen mind in darkness long,
Wakened to sing Truth's matin-song.
The tenderest home-ties sever still,
As one takes up his life to go,
Unburdened with a fear of ill,
To meekly "by all waters sow"
The seed which, bearing righteousness,
The Master's reck'ning day shall bless.

And with the lab'ers in the field,
With sheaf well filled and garnered soon—
Whose patient hope may never yield,
E'en though the sweet life close at noon—
Is woman's faith, that "Christ doth save"
Her pean of triumph o'er the grave.
Until the heavens shall pass away,
The earth consume with fervid heat,
The Judge announce the final day,
And worlds assemble at his feet,
Then will the great commission cease—
The risen Lord reign Prince of Peace.

FANNY BETHEL,
THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

CHAPTER III.

THE sore trial of Fanny Bethel's young life, thus mercifully sanctified to her, effected a wonderful change, awakening a maturity which enabled her to discern what was or what was not duty. If one would imitate the example of Him who was without spot or blemish, they must obey the precept which teaches, "If any will come after me, let him take up his cross and follow me." And now to regulate her life according to his teachings, and make his example the rule of her daily course, was her supreme endeavor, and her first step on the onward path was to take an interest in little Kate. The task she imposed on herself was by no means an easy one; but it was an act of self-discipline and tended to her own improvement, and nowise suffering herself to grow weary in its exercise, found happiness in it as being the service of God, which is perfect freedom.

Mrs. Bethel, who was vain, selfish, and unprincipled, had no affection to spare for the poor child; contented to load her with tasteless finery and seek her comfort herself according to the rules of fashion, she cared little for her moral training. No mother's instinct had ever awaked in her heart; she looked upon all children as pests rather than as immortal beings—committed to a parent's charge to be brought up for eternity. She, therefore, seldom noticed the poor little girl, except to reprimand her for some trifling breach of etiquette, or carelessness of dress, and was only too glad to give her up to the companionship of Fanny.

Many were the petty acts of tyranny perpetrated by Mrs. Bethel in her new home. Domestic discord was of daily occurrence, and the discomfort at last rose to such a pitch, that Fanny had serious thoughts of leaving her father's house and going forth to face the world in the arduous and ill-paid vocation of a governess. Her education had been carefully attended to till the arrival of her step-mother, and feeling herself much in the way of that lady and her city friends, she one day asked her father if she might return to C. and resume her studies. Mr. Bethel was at this time fully under his wife's influence; he could not give an answer without first consulting her. The result was a refusal, with the remark, "Your mother thinks you have had quite enough education; you must practice self-denial and learn to be useful. The girls in the village take an active part in the housework of their families, and as we are about to reduce

the number of our servants, you must learn to be practical."

This mandate was not to be gainsayed; Fanny submitted without a word either of entreaty or remonstrance, but when she was alone many bitter tears were shed, but less for her altered lot than for the sad change which had come over her father.

Mr. Bethel had said she must practice self-denial. But what is that? Is it that one who is born generous should take the duty of charity and give his goods to feed the poor; or that one whose nature is all gentleness should endure insult and provocation with meekness; or that one who is naturally reserved and distrustful should sacrifice human affections and turn away from earthly happiness? What is that crucifixion of the will which is contained in the injunction given by the great apostle in his epistle to the early Church at Rome? Let no one say that a wide field of action is required for the performance of the duties enjoined; there is no sphere in life so circumscribed that the discipline can not be practiced; nay, in the daily round of domestic life much opportunity is afforded for self-conquest and the exercise of resigned faith.

Within this narrow limit lay our heroine's sphere of action, and here almost daily something occurred which called for a battle with self. But even amid this sore discipline, there were moments of happiness caused by the enjoyment of that promised peace which, raising her above the world, showed her how suffering itself may be made a pledge of mercy—a source of blessing.

Nine years of sore trial passed, of which scarce a day went by without bringing pain to her heart and forcing tears from her eyes. We will only mention one of these. Mrs. Bethel, not contented with degrading her husband's daughter to perform the lowest menial occupations in the household, tried also to render her moral character suspected.

Pianos, in that early day, were found but in few houses. Fanny, from her childhood, had shown a remarkable capacity for music, and her father in his days of kindness had purchased a handsome piano, which was considered exclusively her own. Mr. Bethel had frequently complained of losing small sums of money from his desk and pocket-book, but it never could be even guessed who was the purloiner. One day a twenty-dollar note, which he had intended for some especial purpose, was missing. He became furiously angry, and after questioning every member of the family concerning it, declared that if it was not given up by a certain

hour, every box, drawer, and trunk, without respect to their owners, should be searched. No note being forthcoming at the specified time, the search began. Nothing was found; Fanny's drawers and boxes were not spared any more than those of the rest, and it seemed probable that this note would share the oblivious destiny of the others, when Mrs. Bethel proposed looking inside of the piano. There lay the note nicely folded and thrust under the strings.

Every eye was now turned on Fanny; even old Aunt Rachel, who had come on some errand, seemed too much mystified to speak. Mr. Bethel turned a look of painful inquiry on his daughter, who, clothed in the panoply of innocence, strong in the integrity of truth, bore the painful scrutiny unmoved. If he doubted her, it was but for a moment; his eye softened as he gazed, for the soul shone forth in its purity too plainly to be mistaken. "Father," she said, and her voice sounded solemn to the amazed assembly, "can you for one moment suspect me of having done this deed? I played for you last night—if the note had been there then the strings would have jarred, and there has been neither time nor opportunity this morning for me to have transferred it there."

There is an earnest and impressive tone in truth, especially when spoken under circumstances of great difficulty, which produces conviction by an inherent candor which all feel without any process of reasoning or argument. There was in these few words enough to convince the little assembly, that although the money was found in Fanny's piano, Fanny had not placed it there. Mr. Bethel, in pledge of his full appreciation of her innocence, kissed her fair brow as he said, "No, my dear child, I could not suspect you for a moment, so rest quite easy on that subject," and, putting the note in his pocket-book, left the room. As the little group dispersed Aunt Rachel was overheard to say, "It was very misfortunate, but then as hides knows where to find."

Not many months after this Mrs. Bethel died rather suddenly, and no light irradiated the fearful eternity she was about to enter, and of which she had never thought. Relieved from one kind of oppression, it may be supposed that Fanny's lot grew brighter. Such, however, was not the case; her step-mother's death, attended as it was with many painful concomitants, saddened her permanently, and her father's almost constant inebriety, as well as a knowledge of the embarrassed state of his affairs, agonized her heart intensely. But always calm and quiet those around her believed she was not aware of the ruin every one saw was impending. Another

cause of anxiety to her was little Kate. Mr. Bethel had written to her mother's relatives, and stating all that had occurred, begged to be relieved from the charge of her guardianship. Months rolled on, and no answer being returned to the many letters sent, it became evident that no interest was taken in the fate of the child.

Fanny, therefore, determined to do what she could for her; she owed nothing on the score of gratitude for any kindness she had received from Mrs. Bethel, but she asked herself what was present duty, and her heart answered the question.

The task she imposed on herself was a hard one, and nothing but a deep impression of religious duty could have sustained her in its performance, for Kate was by no means a pleasant child, and she had much to bear from her fierce self-will and imperious temper. But she reasoned, not from a worldly but a spiritual point of view; and when friends represented how wrong she was to take such a burden on herself, she would say, "Some one must care for the poor child; and it is not what we have done for ourselves, but what we have done for others that we think of with most pleasure when we come to die, and the Savior tells us that 'inasmuch as ye do it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me.'"

Notwithstanding the intense pressure that rested constantly on her heart, Fanny went on bravely preparing for the coming storm. She had both aid and comfort from the presence of Maja, who had returned. Her father had sunk into a state of moody apathy from which nothing could arouse him, and every thing depended on her. Dismissing superfluous servants and reducing their household expenses to the utmost limit of genteel economy, she pursued her labor of love in that heroic spirit of self-denial which religion only can bestow. Taking a servant's place herself, she toiled all day and studied at night—for Mr. Bethel had a fine library—after all the rest were asleep, or practiced the music which a friend lent her, so as to keep up her knowledge of the science and be ready for the time when she must use it for a livelihood. That time soon came. Mr. Bethel did not live long after his wife, and his sudden death gave rise to much speculation as to what would become of the orphans, and was the subject of the conversation with which we commenced our story.

The funeral was over; the neighbors, whose sympathizing hearts bade them remain with those lonely girls as if hoping to blunt the first keen edge of sorrow by their presence, had departed, and the orphans were left alone.

None but those who have passed through such a trial can describe the feeling of utter desolation which, like the withering force of a whirlwind, sweeps over the soul at such a time. Silence fell like the shadow of death upon the empty rooms, and a dreary calmness brooded like a boding spirit throughout the house. Fanny Bethel, unprepared by the suddenness of the blow, felt the calamity that had fallen upon her in full force. The present was agony—the future darkness. It is, however, at times like these that the unostentatious magnanimity given by religious faith may be seen; as the night of sorrow and storms of life darken the path a holy fortitude is given, and shines with a luster proportioned to the gloom around. Fanny Bethel prayed for strength from the only Source from which, in moments of distress and sorrow, support can come, and the asked-for aid was vouchsafed.

CHAPTER IV.

Two or three days elapsed without any interruption to the solitude of the orphans. The weather—for it was late Autumn—was dark and threatening, adding, if possible, to the gloom that shrouded their hearts; on the third it broke into a heavy and settled rain, yet on this day Fanny had a visitor. She and Kate were sitting in a little room, which, in her childhood, had been the nursery, and was endeared to her by many fond memories. Maja had kindled a fire “to give the place an air of comfort,” as she said, and now the orphans sat near the hearth, where the bright flame crackled and blazed, as it seemed, in mocking cheerfulness, while their hearts were weighed down with fears for and uncertainty as to what would be their future lot.

Fanny tried to be firm, but as she went back to the dreams of the past, when her own mother was living and her home was bright, and thought over the dark years that had intervened since that happy time, and the uncertain prospect before her, was it wonderful that her firmness gave way, and tears could not be restrained? She must leave her home and go forth to face life in its stern realities, and learn what were to be its duties. She was to live for years, it might be, and she was to labor—that was the appointed duty of man; but her life was to be passed in loneliness. She was to labor for her own approbation only; no kind, encouraging smile from an earthly parent was to cheer her on her toilsome path. What was to become of Kate? She had already been blamed for burdening herself with such a fretful, disagreeable child, and now could she, in justice to herself, labor to maintain her? Yes; she would not desert

one so desolate. The affections of Christianity are very large, and though she might receive no gratitude from the child herself nor approbation from the community, she would labor for the eye of God alone as cheerfully and unweariedly as though she expected an earthly reward.

While thus musing an authoritative knock was heard at the front door; Maja answered the summons, and found the visitor was a young lawyer from the village, who asked if he “could see Miss Fanny on special business.” Maja ushered him into the parlor, and Fanny wondering what was the important business that brought any one out on such a day, resolved to see him.

“Very sorry for your trouble, Miss Bethel,” was his greeting, “but these things can not be helped; all must die, you know. But I dare say you wonder what brought me here through the rain in such a hurry. You have a nice piano, I hear, and Mrs. Stintem has sent me to offer you eighty dollars for it. She said she’d just take the whip hand of the creditors and buy it before the sale. She’ll take the piano right off and give you the money to put in your pocket, and nobody will know but that Mr. Bethel sold it in one of his pinches.”

The indignant blood mounted up in Fanny’s face, but she answered calmly, “I know very little of business rules, but it strikes me that this would be a dishonorable, if not a dishonest proceeding. I do not intend to part with the piano on any terms, but, if I did, the price you offer would not be half what it is worth.”

“Miss Bethel,” said Bradley, “in cases of insolvency like this any one may think themselves well off if they get one-fourth the worth of an article that is bid off. Now, as a friend, I advise you to take Mrs. Stintem’s offer; you can keep the money yourself, whereas, if the piano is put up for sale, as it surely will be—for I suppose you know that Mr. Bethel died insolvent—the creditors will add the proceeds to the general lump and you will get nothing.”

“What you have said, sir, only strengthens me in my resolution of giving up every thing. I should be glad to keep the piano, but, if my father’s creditors claim it, nothing will induce me to keep it from them. The debts shall be paid—every piece of furniture shall go. And now, sir, I have given my answer to Mrs. Stintem, and bid you good evening.” As she spoke she left the room, and a moment afterward the front door was heard to shut with an angry clang, sounding, as Maja afterward told her friend Aunt Rachel, “as if the lawyer had gone off with a flea in his ear.”

The effect of this abrupt disclosure on Fanny

may be better imagined than described. She had long known that her father's affairs were greatly embarrassed, but never dreamed of such utter destitution as the young lawyer had spoken of. She threw herself on the nursery bed, and, giving up to the full tide of sorrow, wept bitterer tears than even her father's death had called forth. Little Kate was terrified, and lying down beside her, clasped her arms around her, wept for company, although she could not guess what had caused such violent emotion. Long and fervently did she pray for mercy on her weakness, for strength and guidance in the difficult path she was for the future to tread; and, as she recalled the sweet promises of the Gospel, the heavy burden of her grief was lessened, and as calmness returned she began to consider her future course seriously.

The children of God's family can never be without duties in this world, and the trail of those duties may often be hard to find; but if the first duty is performed in a spirit such as properly belongs to the Christian, we may be quite sure that the mercy of God will so enlarge our perceptions as to enable us to encounter whatever difficulties may follow. It is necessary, therefore, that the first step should be right, for if we commit an error at the beginning we shall most undoubtedly suffer for it.

And now, dear reader, what was Fanny Bethel's first duty? Resignation. O, what a hard one! none can know how hard but those who have been called to practice it. Fanny Bethel had often read the consoling words of Holy Writ, "Commit thy ways unto the Lord," and "Cast thy burden on the Lord and he will sustain thee;" and now, when those sweet promises rose up to her memory, religion came to her aid and softened the rigor of her distress. "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right," was the language of her heart, and remembering, too, that suffering is the lot of all, she determined to receive this severe dispensation in the spirit of Him who said, "Not my will but thine be done."

A knock at the door aroused her from her sad meditation. Kate flew to obey the summons of this unbidden guest, and the burly form of Aunt Rachel presented itself in the doorway. Enveloped in an ample cloak, from which the rain was dripping, and equipped with hood and umbrella, she had come, good Samaritan as she ever was, upon an errand of mercy, and to pour the balm of sympathy on the orphan's heart. Our readers will wonder how she came so opportunely. Servants are often listeners. We can not assert that our good old Maja was always addicted to this practice, but on this

occasion she did listen. Wondering what was the important business which brought Bradley to the Locusts on such a day, she placed her ear at the key-hole, and overheard all the conversation. She might not have acted on the knowledge thus obtained but for Fanny's violent fit of grief, which, as she carried up wood for the fire, she could not fail to see, and fearing for its effect on the frame of the poor girl, she had, in spite of her "*rummatiz*," gone forth through the storm to consult with Aunt Rachel, the old friend of Fanny's family, as to what was to be done. Rachel at once declared that she would go to the Locusts herself and "stay with the poor things to keep out intruders, and till they knew what the creditors were going to do."

Great is the power of sympathy, and, in a world where all are sufferers, how strange it is that there is so little of it in a genuine form to be found! Fanny, soothed by the presence of this humble but honest-hearted friend, was able to talk over matters and plan something for her future support.

"It's very unfortunate, Miss Fanny," she said, "but keep a stout heart, and all will come right yet. It's a long lane that has no turn in it, as I often said to my old man when my children were little, and we were as poor as church mice. My Jim and me were talking last night about how matters were standing here. He's to be one of the 'praisers, and he'll take keer of you as far as he can. But what are you goin' to do with little Kate?" she asked, after the little girl had gone to bed; "folks think she'll be a terrible drag on you. Have you writ to her friends?"

Fanny replied that several applications had been made, but no answer to the letters had ever been returned. "If I can get a school," she added, "I will keep her with me. Her relatives seem to have forsaken her, but I will not send her away. We are both orphans, Aunt Rachel; we will keep together, and I do not fear but that 'bread will be given, and water shall be sure.'"

"Well, well, Miss Fanny, you know best, but you are takin' a mighty sight of trouble on yourself, for Miss Kate, poor orphan that she is, has a most awful bad temper. I won't say a word ag'in the disolute child, but her mother did not treat you so well that you need fash yourself about her, for she's nothing to you, when them as is her own kith and kin won't look after her."

"What you say is true, Aunt Rachel," replied Fanny, "but somebody must take care of the poor little girl, and I will try to do it, although I may have trouble, for our Savior has said,

'Inasmuch as ye do it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me.'

Aunt Rachel had nothing further to urge on the subject, and, taking Maja into their counsels, they sat till the night was advanced, forming plans for the future. The result was, a small house was to be taken in the village, Maja was to be the housekeeper, and Fanny to keep school if pupils were to be had. She had hoped to be able to teach music, but if the piano was sold she could not do it. There was a small white house opposite the principal hotel, which was formerly occupied as a cake shop, and was now owned by Aunt Rachel's "Jim," the landlord of the Black Bear. It was at this time vacant, and the kind-hearted old woman declared it should be "fixed up and made snug; if you can pay the rent, Miss Fanny, well and good, but it need not trouble you if you can't. Your good old grandmother did more nor that for me and mine. Yes, the little white cake shop will be just the place, and then you'll be anigh me. To be sure Becky Stintem is on the other side, but I can keep her straight."

CHAPTER V.

A fatherless family are two melancholy words, and in this case there were many words to deepen their meaning. Even the most cold-hearted, not excepting the envious money-loving Becky Stintem herself, expressed their regret for the changed condition of the Bethel girls, when it was found Mr. Bethel's estate was insolvent. The family had been of high respectability, and, seemingly belonging to a more polished class than the villagers of C., had been looked up to as something superior. Symptoms of internal sorrow and decay had now and then been visible to a few, who viewed the changing state of affairs with sadness; and even when the riotous course of living and reckless extravagance which, under the rule of the second Mrs. Bethel, tended to the ruin that ensued, and the moral delinquencies of her husband, who, fallen as he was from his high estate, had not altogether lost hold on the affections of his neighbors, became the general topic of village gossip, there were quite as many found to pity as to blame.

This feeling was by no means lessened when it became known, through Aunt Rachel, that Fanny Bethel was "goin' to keep a school in the little white cake shop for readin' and sewin', for, as the pianny had to be sold, she could not teach no music." A deep feeling of sympathy was awakened for the fair orphan who, in the days of her prosperity, had endeared herself to all, and operated so forcibly on the creditors

that they presented her with the piano and furniture for one room.

The sale was over, and the day came when the little family must leave their pleasant home for one more lowly. It was a dim, dull day, fit for parting everlastingly from a place or person tenderly beloved. There was no sun, no wind, no sound in the unechoing air, as the orphans stepped over the threshold of that which was no longer a home for them, and they wept, as was natural, but not long. Their new abode was made cheerful by the presence of kind friends who had come to help them fix up, and a bright fire which was blazing upon the hearth sent a glow of comfort throughout the lowly dwelling; and with the animated faces of Maja and Aunt Rachel, who were there in advance and had every thing in order, helped to chase away a part of the gloom which rested on Fanny Bethel's heart. She still wept, but her tears were not bitter. She could read great mercy in the past, sad as it had been, and trust in it for the future; and, although she scarcely allowed herself to think what that future might be, she was filled with a sure and loving confidence and spirit of submission which came like the peace of sleep to her worn spirit. A comfortable meal had been provided, of which all present shared, and they blessed and ate their bread in peace. At length "good-night" was spoken, and the door closed upon the Bethels in their new dwelling.

Their new life was commenced with prayer. Kneeling together they made their supplication to Him who has promised to hear; and soothed and comforted beyond what they believed possible, they went to seek their rest, and sleep did not forsake them. "He came like moonlight into the home of the fatherless," and under the shadow of his wings their souls lay in oblivion of all troubles, or were, perhaps, solaced with delightful dreams.

The world was now to begin in earnest for Fanny Bethel, and stifling her sorrow and steeling her heart, she prepared herself for a vigorous performance of her new duties. She felt that she was undertaking a task of great responsibility, but God, who had allotted this new sphere of duty, would strengthen her to fill it. Her first business, therefore, was not to question the wisdom of that Providence which had placed her where she now was, but to make the best of it, and not to look back with murmuring regret to the one which it was His will to take from her.

Fanny commenced her school, and was now fairly out upon the wide, wide world alone. She must begin in earnest the great battle of

life, and learn to stand by herself in the conflict, looking but to Heaven for aid. Would not that unerring One, whose system of education is very unlike that of man, for those he loves most he chastens most, sustain and guide her on the rugged path she was now to tread? There were times when, shrinking from the burden of her trials, she would almost exclaim, "Let this cup pass from me!" but such seasons of despondence were of short duration. Her early trials, commenced even in childhood, had produced a maturity hardly to be expected in one of her age, and she soon learned to live entirely above the world. Some, such as Mrs. Stintem, might consider her as being lowered, because, as that lady said, "she was no better nor a hireling;" but in the task of exerting an influence, either for good or evil, in the minds of those who were being trained for the conflict in which every one must engage, she considered herself as not working for man, but for God; not as a member of the human family, but as belonging to the household of faith, laboring with the one talent which it had pleased God to bestow upon her, and which, through his assisting grace, she determined should become five. So, in the sure confidence of child-like faith, she laid her cares to rest, and reposed on that infinite, untiring Love which had become the unfailing solace of her existence.

She opened her school with twelve scholars, to whom she taught the several branches of reading, writing, ciphering, sewing, and knitting. Kate, who was in some things a scholar, taught the little ones their letters and how to spell in "the rudiments," but she was of a quarrelsome and impatient temper, and proved, as Aunt Rachel predicted, a great trial to Fanny. But not once, even when Maja complained of her domineering ways and the scholars of her petulance, did Fanny regret the charge she had undertaken, or wish to shrink from her self-imposed task. True, her waywardness not only saddened her, but at times was most provoking, but she would try to love her, and bear with and take care of her, and if necessary work for her support, for she was homeless, friendless, and still almost a child, and, in spite of all that friends could urge, persisted in keeping her, although she was a hinderance rather than a help.

With such refined tastes and sentiments as she had received from nature, her present drudgery could not at times but be distasteful to her; but she never manifested any symptom of impatience either to Kate or the most perverse of her scholars. She frequently when

any complaint was made tried to impress on her that it was not only their duty to bear cheerfully the discipline which, by God's appointment, they were now undergoing, but that in their present condition they must depend greatly on the kindness and good-will of others, which were not to be gained by a display of passionate and willful tempers, and that much self-control and patience were needed in teaching a set of rude, ignorant children.

"Whatever we do, Kate, dear," she would often say, "we ought to do cheerfully, because all our lot is ordered by One who can not err, and whose dispensations 'tis sin to doubt."

All, however, was in vain, she only received some petulant answer or angry reply. One day Kate, after many little quarrels with the pupils, got into what Maja very significantly, though not very elegantly, called "a snarl," and, unknown to her sister, sent three of them home to complain that Kate Maclean had called them by some unkind or abusive name. These girls brought back the next morning messages from their parents, intimating that "they were sent to school to Fanny Bethel, and that they hoped she would teach them herself."

Poor Fanny! She scarce knew how to meet the difficulty. To comply with the request would disturb her school arrangements seriously, and not to comply with it would as certainly displease several of those on whom her support depended. She therefore tried to pacify the children and satisfy the parents, but to do this she must impose an additional burden on herself. Yet she did not altogether succeed, for Kate, altogether unmoved by Fanny's entreaties, and by no means yielding, only became more petulant, and scarce a day passed in which she did not do something to increase the dissatisfaction of the children or their parents, till, one by one, several were withdrawn.

The consequent decrease in her profits, although of serious importance to Fanny, did not affect her as did the ungrateful and perverse behavior of Kate to herself. As she grew up she gave promise of extraordinary beauty, but her temper did not improve. In her imperious arrogance she murmured at having to assist, and blamed Fanny for not sending her abroad to a school where she would have greater advantages than could be had in the poor, mean, pent-up village of C. There is nothing that cuts so deeply into the heart as ingratitude, and this was Fanny's greatest trial. None but herself could know how great were the sacrifices she had made for one who was so incapable of appreciating her unselfish services, and it caused her bitter anguish. She did not,

however, suffer herself to become impatient; she would overcome evil with good. The trials and anxieties caused by her school affairs she considered of minor importance. The teasing ways of the careless and obstinate forced her to exercises of patience which induced a steady calmness of spirit that nothing could overthrow, not even when Kate at last declared that she would not help teach, and with no thought except for herself, left the whole burden on Fanny.

But as time passed on, and the taste of the villagers improved, they shared in that rapid rise to wealth for which our country is so remarkable, and began to think that the ornamental branches of education might be taught as well as the useful. Fanny added music teaching to her other duties, and gave perfect satisfaction.

Mrs. Stintem had not been able to "buy the Bethel plate nor the *pianny* at her own price, but she was not agoin' for till be beat by any body, and so she bought a new one out and out. She was goin' to have her Betty and Cerinthey larnt to play music," and so she called on Fanny one evening and asked her if she would "larn them to play the *pianny*."

Fanny replied that she would.

"But I tell you what, miss," she continued, "times is very hard, and you 'll just have to take them both one under one."

"How is that, Mrs. Stintem? I do not know what you mean."

"I jist mean that one quarter will do both," was the reply. "You say you give three lessons a week; well, you must give Bettie for one week and then Cerinthey the next, and so make the quarter between them."

"I understand you now, Mrs. Stintem," said Fanny. "But, Mrs. Stintem, can not you see that you are imposing double labor on me while you are thus managing to save your purse? I can not do it. Perhaps Kate may; she understands the rudiments quite well enough to teach beginners."

Kate was at first very indignant at the proposition, but as she wanted, she said, "some money of her own," she at last consented, but managed it so that the burden was at last, as usual, transferred to Fanny.

THERE was a time when it was the fashion for public men to say, "Show me a proved abuse, and I will do my best to correct it." Times are changed. Men now say, "Show me a practical improvement, and that improvement I will do my best to realize."

RACINE.

CORNEILLE and Racine are the Dioscuri of French dramatic literature. The name of the one naturally suggests that of the other; not from any similarity in their genius or productions, but rather from the relation they sustained to each other and to the literature of their times. In the comparison which is generally instituted between the two poets, the best critics are either divided, or else hesitate in the allotment of superiority. Fontenelle and Madame de Sévigné give the preference to Corneille, La Harpe, Voltaire, and others to Racine. "Long live our old friend Corneille!" exclaims Madame Sévigné. "Let us pardon his bad verses, in consideration of the admirable and sublime beauties which transport us; they are the touches of an inimitable master." Fontenelle considered it as "a decision generally established, that Cornielle occupies the first place and Racine the second;" but his preference as a critic is more or less affected by his partiality as a relative. On the other hand Voltaire wished to write, "Beautiful, pathetic, harmonious, sublime," at the bottom of every page of his literary favorite. Such were the conflicting opinions of a contemporaneous age relative to the respective merits of the great rival poets. The scales of criticism have been oscillating ever since.

It is exceedingly difficult to draw a comparison between different types of beauty, and pronounce in favor of one in preference to another, when they may all be of the highest order of their kind. Corneille and Racine sustain a somewhat similar relation to the French drama that Æschylus and Euripides do to the Greek. In single passages Corneille sometimes rises superior to Racine, but no production of the former, taken as a perfect whole, can dispute the palm with the *Athalie* of the latter. Corneille excels in treating of the noble and heroic, Racine in depicting the tender and pathetic. While Cornielle addresses himself to the intellect, Racine finds his way to the heart. Racine enlists the deeper sympathy and secures our esteem, Corneille inspires the greater reverence and commands our admiration. In the former we most admire the beauty of the composition, in the latter the grandeur of the conception. Racine, calm and majestic, flows onward like a beautiful river, Corneille, bold and sublime, rushes headlong like an impetuous torrent.

The life of an author is generally devoid of variety. That of Racine is singularly so. He was born at La Ferté, Milan, December 21,

1639. Having lost his parents when a child, he was confided to the care of his maternal grandfather, and brought up in the Abbey of Port Royal. Here, amid the beautiful scenery of the surrounding country with which his poetic nature was in perfect sympathy, he received his early education, which he subsequently completed at college of Harcourt. At an early age he imbibed a passion for the old Greek dramatists, among whom Euripides was his favorite author. A Greek romance having fallen into his hands, he read it with intense interest, and after his preceptor had taken two copies away from him, he procured a third, and having committed it to memory, carried it to his master, exclaiming, "You may burn this also, as you did the others."

He commenced his poetical career by writing indifferent verses in French and Latin. His first production of any considerable merit was an ode addressed to Maria Theresa on the occasion of her marriage to Louis XIV. It was entitled *Les Nymphes de la Seine*, and was the means of procuring for him a pension of six hundred livres and a gratuity of a hundred louis d'or. He now, at the solicitation of some of his relatives, left Paris and abandoned poetry, for a time, for the study of theology with the view of becoming a priest. But the cassock and the breviary were ill suited to his poetic temperament. He soon returned to the French capital, where, encouraged by Molière, he devoted himself to dramatic composition. His first tragedy, *La Thebaïde*, which appeared in 1664, although greatly inferior to his later productions, was very favorably received, for it evidently contained the germ of the poet's dramatic genius. The *Alexandre* appeared soon after. Corneille having read it, said to Racine that he had a great talent for poetry, but none for tragedy. In *Andromaque* the genius of the rising poet is clearly visible, and henceforth he was regarded as a worthy rival of the veteran Corneille, who, for more than thirty years, had held undisputed sway upon the Parisian stage. The *Cid* constituted the first epoch in the dramatic literature of France, the *Andromaque* the second. Though the poet borrowed the subject of the piece from Virgil, and the character of Hermione from Euripides, yet, beneath the touch of his magical wand, it becomes a veritable creation.

The plot of the *Andromaque* is very simple. In the division of the female captives after the fall of Troy, Andromache falls to the lot of Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, who is inspired with an honorable passion for his beautiful captive. Andromache, faithful to the memory of her

heroic husband, the noble Hector, does not reciprocate nor encourage it, but urged by the strength of her maternal instincts, she finally consents, in order to save the life of Astyanax her son, to be led in marriage to the altar. As a counterplot, Hermione, daughter of Menelaus and Helen, promises her hand, in a fit of jealousy, to Orestes, on condition that he will prevent this anticipated union with her hated rival, even though, to accomplish it, he may find it necessary to take the life of Pyrrhus, for whom she has conceived a most violent passion. See the conflict of love and jealousy!

HERMIONE.

"Be quick, Orestes! Execute my orders!
Alas! my orders! O preposterous guilt!
Can I decree the death of him I love?"

But when she learns that Pyrrhus, with his retinue, is on his way to the temple in order to celebrate his marriage with Andromache, and that Orestes hesitates to execute his fatal promise, she is transported with jealousy and rage.

"I'll avenge myself; I'll to the temple;
I'll overturn the altar, stab the priest,
I'll hurl destruction like a whirlwind round me!
They must not wed! they must not live! they shall not!
Let me begone! I have no time to lose!
Stand off! hold me not! I am all distraction!
O Pyrrhus! tyrant! traitor! thou shalt bleed!"

Orestes now enters, and in reply to her eager inquiry,

"Is Pyrrhus slain?"

relates how the proud son of Achilles, while in the very act of placing his diadem upon the brow of the beautiful Andromache, is slain before the altar by the infuriated Greeks. He then claims her hand in the execution of her promise. But what a sudden revulsion of feeling! Her love proves stronger than her jealousy. She now launches her terrible denunciations upon the head of Orestes, who has executed, only too faithfully, her rash and bloody orders:

"Peace, monster, peace! Go tell thy horrid tale
To savages, and howl it in the deserts!
Wouldst thou impute to me thy barbarous guilt?
Me wouldst thou make the accomplice of thy crimes?
Hence to thy Greeks, and boast thy foul exploits!
My soul abhors them! I disclaim the deed!
Begone! I know thee not, thou fell barbarian!
What had he done? What could provoke thy madness
To assassinate so great, so brave a man?
Who set thee on?"

ORESTES.

O, grant me patience, Heaven!
With your own lips did you not curse the tyrant,
Pronounce his death, and urge me to destroy him?

HERMIONE.

What if, transported by my boundless passion,
I could not bear to see him wed another—
Were you to obey a jealous woman's frenzy?
You should have dived into my inmost thoughts:

My heart, though full of rage, was free from malice,
And all my anger was excess of love.
Why did you take me at my word? You saw
The struggles of my soul; you heard me rave;
You should have questioned me a thousand times,
Yet still have doubted, and still questioned on,
Before you ventured on a life so precious."

As a portion of this admirable passage is so frequently quoted, and, in the opinion of the best French critics, contains the palm of sublimity with the *Qu'il mourût* of Corneille—though it is the sublimity of passion compared with the sublimity of sentiment—we can not forbear transcribing it from the original:

"Mais parle: de son sort qui t'a rendu l'arbitre?
Pourquoi l'assassiner? Qu'a-t-il fait? A quel titre?
Qui te l'a dit?"

In 1668 Racine produced his only comedy, the *Les Plaideurs*, in imitation of the Wasps of Aristophanes. *Britannicus*, *Bérénice*, *Bajazet*, and *Mithridate* appeared in rapid succession. *Bérénice* was written at the request of Henrietta, of England, who, in order to bring the two rival poets into more direct competition, requested them to write each a tragedy founded on the same plot. The *Bérénice* of Corneille was a failure; that of Racine has been styled, with propriety, a beautiful elegy in five acts. *Iphigenia* appeared in 1674, *Phèdre* in 1677.

In 1673 he was elected a member of the Academy, and shortly after, in connection with Boileau, was appointed by Louis XIV royal historiographer. He commenced a history of the reign of this monarch which he never completed. The manuscript, with the exception of a small fragment, was destroyed by fire in 1726.

He had now reached the zenith of his literary glory. But having married a devout wife, he was induced, by considerations of a religious character, to renounce the drama, and devote himself to the education of his children. Though his marriage appears to have been an act of penance, and his wife was a woman totally devoid of sensibility, who had never even learned the titles to the tragedies which had rendered the name of her husband so illustrious, still the poet found himself happier in the retirement of home, and the affections of his family, than in the *salons* of the nobility, or amid the splendors of the court.

"He had one day returned from Versailles to enjoy this pleasure, when an equerry of the duke came to tell him that he was expected to dine at the Hotel Condé. 'I shall not have that honor,' he replied, 'it is more than eight days since I have seen my wife and children, who are anticipating a fête to-day in having me to dine with them upon a very fine carp, and I can not disappoint them.' The equerry repre-

sented to him that a numerous company had been invited to the duke's repast, who, in expectation of seeing him, looked upon the occasion as a fête also, and that the prince would be mortified if he did not come. Racine then sent for the carp, and showing it to the equerry, said, 'You can judge whether I can excuse myself from dining with these poor children who wish to entertain me to-day, and who would have no pleasure in eating this dish without me.' And the equerry was obliged to return alone."

It is said that every theater has its green-room. This, no doubt, was true of the domestic life of Racine; and yet this beautiful little episode betrays the paternal tenderness of the poet's heart. To this was superadded a spirit of true Christian devotion, which, unhappily, is too frequently found divorced from the lives and writings of those whose genius enables them to give tone and color to public sentiment. Every evening he would assemble his household for domestic worship, which he himself conducted with characteristic earnestness. The reading of a Psalm would awaken all his poetic sensibilities, when he would, not unfrequently, compose an impromptu of surpassing tenderness and beauty.

Though he had resolved never again to write for the stage, at the earnest solicitation of Madame de Maintenon he composed the Biblical drama of Esther, for the purpose of representation by the pupils of St. Cyr. On its first appearance it met with distinguished favor. The king and court applauded, and the prince of Condé wept. Though Esther may more properly be styled a sacred idyl than a drama, it is remarkable for the beauty, grace, and sublimity of its language. The choruses, which Racine now first introduced into his dramas in imitation of the Greeks, are especially beautiful, full of tenderness and sweetness. The poet appears, at times, to have caught the spirit and inspiration of the grand old Hebrew bards. Though they lose much of their exquisite melody in the process of translation, we subjoin an extract or two as a specimen of the style, taking the liberty of making a slight transposition in order to give an idea of the whole, and, at the same time, avoid the necessity of quoting at greater length.

The Israelites, in view of their approaching deliverance from captivity, hail with transport their speedy restoration to the land of their fathers, and celebrate the certain rewards of the righteous.

SOLO.

"Thy God with thee is reconciled;
Rejoice, O weeping Zion! shake thee from the dust,

Cast off thy servile robes, by tears and toils defiled,
Resume the garments which become the just,
The curse on Israel now no more remains.
O burst your chains,
Ye captured bands
In foreign lands;
Retrace your steps, o'er seas and plains,
Assemble from the most remote domains.

DUET.

O gentle peace!
Eternal light!
Beauty ever bright!
Happy the heart that will not thee release.
O gentle peace!
Eternal light!
Happy the heart from which thou shalt not cease.

THE CHOIR.

O gentle peace!
Eternal light!
Beauty ever bright!
O gentle peace!
Happy the heart from which thou shalt not cease."

Encouraged by his success Racine composed another drama similar to that of Esther on the fall of Athaliah. Though the *Athalie*, which appeared in 1691, attracted but little attention, Boileau consoled the disappointed poet by pronouncing it his most perfect work, a decision in which modern critics mostly concur.

At the instigation of Madame de Maintenon, he now composed a treatise on the unhappy condition of the people, owing to the prodigality and extravagance of the court, which incurred the displeasure of Louis XIV. "Does he believe," said the offended monarch, "because he can write verses to perfection that he knows every thing? And because he is a great poet does he wish to become minister of State?" Extreme sensibility, though it be the basis, is at the same time the penalty of genius. Racine, who was more of a poet than philosopher, was overwhelmed by the King's displeasure. To him the withdrawal of the royal smile was like the setting of the sun. Every man, says M. Guizot, falls upon the side toward which he inclines. Racine, who has not unfrequently been styled the poet of a court, had a *penchant* for royal favor, and that was the cause of his downfall. His mortification, after having fallen into disgrace with the King, aggravated a disease under which he had suffered for a number of years. He died soon after, April 22, 1699, and was buried at his own request in the cemetery of Port Royal, from whence his remains were removed, in 1711, to Paris, where they now repose.

Of his various tragedies, *Britannicus*, *Phèdre*, and *Athalie* are generally regarded as his masterpieces. In *Britannicus* he combines the beauty of Virgil with the vigor of Tacitus. In *Phèdre* the conflict of contending passions is

delineated in a manner that reminds one of his great master Euripides, while in *Athalie*, his last and most perfect work, and the flower of the French drama, he rivals the tragical dignity and grandeur of Sophocles.

As *Phèdre*, of all the productions of Racine, is, perhaps, the one of most interest to the American readers, it is entitled to more than a passing notice. We regret that our limits will not permit us to make some more extended extracts—especially the famous narrative of the death of Hippolyte, which so fitly closes this powerful tragedy.

The scene is at Trazene; the subject, the criminal passion of Phædra, wife of Theseus, for Hippolyte, his son—a passion which she contemplates with horror, and struggles, when too late, to overcome. The hidden flame, cherished in secret, has become a consuming fire, which involves not only herself, but her innocent victim in one common ruin. Having made an avowal of her passion to Hippolyte, her overtures are indignantly rejected by the virtuous youth. Maddened by disappointment, and at the same time stung with remorse, she implores death at the hand of Hippolyte, as she exclaims, with all the energy of her fiery and passionate nature,

"Here is my heart; here let thy hand the death-wound give;
Impatient its enormous sin to expiate,
This heart can scarcely for thy tardy vengeance wait.
Then strike; . . .
Or if from stain of blood so vile thou wouldst be freed,
Give me, at least, thy sword, that I may do the deed."

Hippolyte flies in terror, but in flying leaves behind his sword, which subsequently proves his ruin. On the return of Theseus, Ænone the nurse, to shield the honor of her mistress, accuses the unfortunate youth, who, in spite of his professions of innocence, is driven into exile amid the curses and imprecations of his unhappy father. To increase the violence of her passion, Phædra now learns, for the first time, that the affections of Hippolyte belong to another. The pangs of jealousy are superadded to those of unrequited love.

"What news is this my soul to madness drives!
What smother'd fire now in my heart revives!
What lightning stroke now blasts my life!"

Her fury knows no bounds. She is seized and borne onward by a whirlwind of passion to the goal of a terrible destiny. During an interval of comparative repose she contemplates the joyless past and the hopeless future.

"Alas! these dreadful crimes that now my peace destroy,
Have never brought my wretched heart one transient joy.
Still to the latest moment does my misery grow,
And from this wretched life I sink to deeper woe."

As the culmination of her misery she learns that the unhappy Hippolyte has fallen a victim to her unnatural passion, and lies a bleeding, mangled corpse upon the strand. The blood of murdered innocence is upon her stricken soul. Remorse, that terrible Nemesis, is upon her track. The measure of her crimes is full. She would seek relief in death, but shrinks back in terror from the dread alternative. She can not live, and dares not die. At length her reason reels beneath her accumulated woes, and, amid the frenzied ravings of an insane despair, she launches her guilty soul into the fearful presence of an angry God.

It remains only to speak of the style of Racine, which for beauty and perfection is, according to French critics, perhaps, only inferior to that of Virgil. "His expression," says La Harpe, "is always so happy and so natural, that it seems as if no other could have been found; and every word is placed in such a manner that we can not fancy any other place to have suited it as well. The structure of his style is such that nothing could be displaced, nothing added, nothing retrenched; it is one unalterable whole. Even his inaccuracies are often but sacrifices required by good taste, nor would any thing be more difficult than to rewrite a line of Racine."

The faults of Racine belonged not so much to himself as to his language and times. The French, as compared with the languages of Euripides and Virgil, with whom he was constantly brought into competition, is lacking in energy, flexibility, and harmony; while the national taste in the time of Louis XIV had adopted a critical code for dramatic composition that was calculated to destroy all lyrical freedom and poetical propriety. Consequently, we find in the midst of his most tragic scenes a tone of artificial sentiment and French gallantry, that would better comport with an age of chivalry, or the court of Versailles, than with the stern simplicity of the ancient Greeks and Romans. Alexander the Great, transformed into a French courtier, is very unlike the heroic Macedonian, while Pyrrhus, with his sentimental language and polite bearing in the presence of Andromache, his beautiful captive, discredits the haughty son of the noble Achilles.

But though the dramas of Racine were more or less a reflection of the court—a poetical efflorescence of the times and age in which he lived—yet his faults are inconsiderable when compared with the beauties of his style. In the ease and harmony of his versification, and the grace, beauty, and elegance of his diction, in the skillful development of the plot, and the

admirable delineation of passion, Racine is unsurpassed. Endowed by nature with a flexible fancy, a delicate taste, and a tender sensibility, under the judicious censorship of his friend Boileau, who taught him the great art of "writing with difficulty easy verses," he arrived at the perfection of art which is "to conceal art," and he became not the greatest, but the most finished poet, perhaps, of modern times.

RELIGIOUS DANCES AMONG THE HEATHEN.

IN heathen lands the only description of dance known to the earliest ages was a kind of measured movement employed in the worship of their false gods. The dances of the Egyptians are declared by Plato to have been wholly of this character. The origin of this mode of honoring the gods is now hidden in fable. Theophrastus attributes the invention of dancing to a certain Andron, who once lived near Mount Etna, in Sicily. "But Eumulus carries the art many steps higher, making Jupiter the first dancing-master. He is represented figuring in that capacity in the midst of the deities of Olympus." Lucian, on the other hand, gives to the fabled goddess Rhea the honor of having invented the dance, and of having instructed her priests in Phrygia and Crete in the proper mode of performing it. The oldest poet and the oldest historian of Greece mention dancing. In Homer the noblest and best of his characters, from the gods down, are represented as performing in the dance.

There was a time when the most noted men of Greece thought it no discredit to take part in these things. But this was before the dance was cultivated purely for amusement, but was a part of the religious ceremonies of the day. The worship of the fabulous divinities of antiquity must necessarily, at least among the masses, have been of a very low grade. It could not have been spiritual worship. It could not have been even highly intellectual worship, for the mythology commonly received furnished so little basis for rational belief that the minds which were most cultivated and given to thought charged the whole system, in secret, with folly, and rejected it as unworthy of credence. The multitude who engaged in the ceremonials of worship were rude and exceedingly ignorant, not only upon the subject of true religion, but in general. There was nothing in the character of the gods, as described in their fabulous histories, which could inspire truly devotional sentiments. Greece and Italy had their gods

of war, love, and wine. Every passion of fallen human nature was bodied forth into a fancied divinity, and man bowed down and worshiped the personification of his own vices. The modes of worship practiced in those days were molded by the action of these various influences, which all converged toward barbarism and degradation. Prayer was unheard of, seriousness was banished, and the whole multitude gave themselves up to revelry and riotous mirth.

The first regular dances in Greece appear to have been those performed in the worship of Bacchus, the god of drunkenness, and the fabled giver of the vine. The orgies of this tipsy divinity were so extremely agreeable to the Greeks that they honored him with no less than four festivals annually. As these festivals thus celebrated were the germs whence have sprung both dancing and theatrical representation, it may not be inexpedient for us to inquire into their nature and general influence. Being held in honor of the fabled donor of the vine, they were characterized by the grossest intemperance and the most unblushing debauchery. Wine was free for all, and in some places it was thought a sin to be sober. Plato states that on these occasions he has seen the whole population of Athens in a state of intoxication. One part of the observance was a procession in which both sexes took part. Men, some disguised as women, others wearing masks of wood or bark, and with only a goat-skin fastened around their loins to imitate satyrs, their bodies stained green and red, or daubed with plaster and soot, moved through the streets, singing the exploits of the god of wine, and dancing to the sound of flutes, cymbals, and drums. The women who took part in the procession were disguised as nymphs of the woods or the waters, and bore their full share of the rude and indecent merriment. The Bacchæ, or priestesses of the god, were seized with a real or simulated frenzy. Clad in doe-skins, and bearing spears bound with the leaves of the ivy, they ran up and down the hills, sending forth the wildest cries, and using the most uncouth and frantic gestures. This crazy procession went to the temple of Bacchus; there a goat was sacrificed, and the chorus, or band of regular singers, standing round the *thymele*, or altar, sang the dithyrambic hymn.

Various other performances took place at these notable festivals. One was the *Ascolia*, or the game of the goat-skin. A goat was slain, and a bag made of the skin, turned wrong side out, and well oiled, and a reward was offered to the one who could dance the

longest upon it without slipping down, a mishap which never failed to call forth rapturous shouts of merriment from the spectators. Another ceremony of these refined solemnities was a regular contest in drinking wine. The candidate for the prize was placed upon the goat-skin bag already described, and a large cup of wine was placed in his hands, and he that could drink the most in the shortest time was rewarded with a leathern bag of wine and a garland, or, according to Ælian, a golden crown.

At a very early period human sacrifices were offered at these festivals. There is a report that even as late as the battle of Salamis three Persian nobles were sacrificed by Themistocles in honor of Bacchus. But this custom was very early superseded by another, in which the women who composed the procession received pieces of the flesh of the sacrifice, which they ate warm, raw, and bloody.

These orgies and Bacchanalian mysteries were introduced into Rome, "where they were, for a time, carried on in secret, and, during the latter part of their existence, at night. The initiated, according to Livy, did not indulge in feasting and drinking, but, when their minds were heated with wine, they indulged in the coarsest excesses and the most unnatural vices." "All modesty was set aside, and every kind of vice found here its full satisfaction." But the evil was not confined to the meetings alone. Poisoning, assassination, perjury, and crimes of all descriptions spread in every direction from this radiating point of wickedness. At last the Senate of Rome considered the case so alarming as to justify the passage of a law prohibiting these assemblages, and inflicting imprisonment and, in some cases, death upon all who should be found engaged in them. Multitudes were apprehended; some were imprisoned and others executed; some put an end to their lives, and many fled from Rome. Thus the rites in which the modern dance had its origin were suppressed as immoral and ruinous to the state by a heathen legislature, 186 years before the Christian era.

But while these ceremonies were in comparatively good repute, much thought and attention were bestowed upon them, and they began to assume some appearance of method. The term *komos*, which was at first applied to the irregular festal procession, common in the village of Bacchanalia, was appropriated to a regular band of Bacchic revelers, and the extempore gesticulations and extempore jests, mingled with the wild shout of *Io Bacche*, were succeeded by systematic songs and dances.

But the moral character of the festival was in no wise improved by the change. The dances were of the most indecent description, and the dress and gestures of the performers were such as to brand the entire affair with infamy. So debased was this worship of Bacchus, and the dances borrowed from it, that Aristophanes, himself not by any means the most modest of men, takes great credit to himself for increasing the dress and lessening the performance of the dancers introduced in his plays.

Those Bacchic revels have furnished names in many languages for revels of a more private character. Juvenal stigmatizes a dissolute and licentious life by applying to it the name of these orgies. St. Paul, in writing to the Romans, warns them against certain immoralities, to which he applies a word which was the common name of a band of Bacchic singers and dancers. He exhorts them to "cast off the works of darkness," and "walk honestly, as in the day, not in rioting [Gr. *komois*] and drunkenness." In his Epistle to the Galatians he mentions *revelings*, which, in the original, is the same word, (*komois*) before translated "rioting." St. Peter also speaks of "*revelings*," (*komois*) classing them with "lasciviousness, lusts, excess of wine," and "excess of riot," and intimating that they abound in the heathen world. Heyschius explains the same word to mean "shameless songs, lewd wine-suppers," and similar excesses.

In ancient times the dance was an invariable element of public worship of the gods. At first the *chorus*, "which is the name applied to a band of singers and dancers performing in honor of some divinity," was composed of the whole population of a town or village. They met in the public place of assemblage and offered thanksgiving to the particular god who was supposed to be the patron of their country. Thanks were rendered in the singing of hymns, which were accompanied with corresponding dances. The music, however, was furnished by the poet or the musician alone, and the multitude merely danced, governing their movements by the hymn and the instruments. In the lapse of years dancing became as much of an art as music, and as the simple manners of the early ages wore away, and as vice and effeminacy gathered influence, it became a profession, the grand object of which was to afford pleasure and amusement. Still the *chorus* long retained traces of its religious origin, and in performing in the theater the dancers arranged themselves round the *thymele* or altar of Bacchus.

The *Hyporchema*, or the song and dance in honor of Apollo, was performed by males and

females together, and in some of its characteristics, was similar to the worst dances of Bacchus. Juno and Venus, and several others of the fabulous deities of mythology, had their festivals, in which fitting hymns were sung and dances performed. There were also festivals originating in incidental occurrences, and the song and the dance were always present. Among the less objectional of these was the *Anthesphoria*, or the Procession of Flowers, a festival held in high estimation by the Athenians, and often celebrated at Athens. The actors in this festival were females alone. Maidens, crowned with garlands of flowers and bearing baskets of roses, moved in procession to the music of flutes to the temple of Anthea, and laid their fragrant offerings upon her altar.

Among the most debased of these was the Roman *Floralia*, or Festival of Blossoms. This is said to have originated in the command of the Sybilline oracle, 238 years before Christ, in order to propitiate the goddess Flora, who was supposed to be the protector of the blossom. This festival, especially after it had been introduced into the towns and had lost its primitive rural character, was characterized by drunkenness and unbounded debauchery. According to the testimony of Valerius Maximus, it was customary for the rabble, who had assembled to witness the public performances, to demand that the female dancers should perform before them clothed only in what a wit has termed the birthday suit. Similar festivals, in a more refined form, are yet common in the south of Europe, especially in the more rural parts of Italy. These are similar to the English holiday of May-day, and are called forth more by the cheering influences of the opening Spring than by any notion of worshiping a deity, real or imaginary.

Dancing formed, and yet forms, a part of the religious ceremonies of the savage and the semi-civilized, the bond and the free. In the East the devotees of Brama and Vishnoo perform dances in honor of their vile superstitions. Troops of dancing girls belong to every temple there, who bring great revenues to the establishment, though not by dancing alone. The degraded inhabitant of Western Africa puts a few gravel-stones into a calabash, and sings and dances around some thick bush in which his superstitious fears tell him that an evil spirit resides. Thus it seems that no great degree of intelligence, or refinement, or virtue is necessary to an appreciation of the dance, and the degraded of all nations admire it, and practice it, to at least an equal extent with others.

HEART-CULTURE.

THE wisest and most experienced of men has said, "Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life." Unquestionably the whole philosophy of our higher and nobler being is summed up in these expressive words. They lay the entire scene of happiness in the heart, the interior moral life. Here is the fountain of all human joy, the source of all true blessedness. Happiness is the necessary issue of a well-kept or diligently cultivated heart. It can only spring, as the stream from the fount, from the culture and refinement of the moral affections. The idea that it can exist in that bosom where purity and virtue reign not, and where the moral sentiments and emotions are in disorder, is equivalent to the proposition that a thing can exist without an adequate cause, which is simply absurd. Our consciousness at once attests the fact that harmonized moral affections and feelings are the essential conditions of all true and rational enjoyment.

The uncultured, unrefined heart has in itself no element of repose, no source of blessedness. Indeed, it has only the conditions of disquiet and unrest. Most sadly true is it, as the bard has expressed it, that

"A millstone and the human heart
Are driven ever round;
If they have nothing else to grind,
They must themselves be ground."

Every thing improves by cultivation. A cultivated tree yields sweeter, better, and more fruit than a wild one. The wild strawberry is less luscious to the taste than the cultivated. The undisciplined mind, however naturally vigorous and strong, has nothing of the breadth and force of the mind improved by culture and discipline. If there is any thing in the analogies of nature and of mind, it must be so with the heart, which is the mainspring of every thing vital to the interest and progress of man. However genial and outflowing its affections, however humane and noble its impulses by nature, they may become yet more so by cultivation. Its soil, like that of the garden, will produce weeds and briars instead of flowers and fruit, unless it is diligently worked. Moreover, as in nature, so in mind and morals, only what is worthless and pernicious grows spontaneously. What is valuable and good requires the hand of toil. The virtues which adorn human character are the slow growth, as they are the rich reward of patient moral culture. No one reaps this golden harvest where he or she has not sown. Slightly changing the verse of the

poet, without doing any damage to its sentiment, we may say:

"The highs by good men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

As the whole happiness of life centers in the knowledge and cultivation of self, the right development of the moral affections, it is passing strange that men and women should be so generally indifferent to the matter of heart-culture. They improve their minds, and in this they do well; they seek to keep up with the world's march in its manners and fashions; and yet, as a rule, they overlook the claims of the heart for culture and training. If it be true, as the wise man has said, that "a man shall be satisfied from himself," he must, in the very nature of the case, have in himself the moral elements of happiness. What is outside of the heart and its noblest affections and aspirations—and that which humanity generally most covets is so—is outside of its comfort and joy. What is noble and pure in our conscious emotions and feelings, is the condition and source of human bliss. He or she who goes outside of self in the pursuit of life's chief good, knows but little of the secret of true enjoyment. The price of all human blessedness is virtue, the ennoblement of the moral affections by patient culture and toil. To cultivate and nurture these is to solve the problem of human happiness and destiny.

"Look at him
Who reads aright the image on his soul,
And gives it nurture like a child of light.
His life is calm and blessed, for his peace,
Like a rich pearl beyond the diver's ken,
Lies deep in his bosom."

FAITH is love amid conflict and clouds. It is love when the voice of the commander is lost amid the war of elements and clash of arms, firm at his post. It is love pursuing duty's path amid cloud and tempest, without moon or stars. It is love constant at the helm in darkest night, when no beacon is seen to guide his bark. Ah, it is love offering Isaac and hiding Moses. It is love crossing the Red Sea with steady tread and "choosing affliction with the people of God." It is love approaching the furnace, confident the form of the fourth will be there, and entering the den of lions, assured of safety. It is love daring to do right in the face of prisons, fagots, chains, and death. It is love never flinching, never failing when all is periled and firmness most needed. It is being singular for Christ's sake, when devotion is costly and zeal occasions great reproach.

THE LILY MAID OF BLOOM.

LAST Summer in the land of golden corn,
The prairie land, the State of Illinois,
The land of "men" and not of journeymen,
As the State's name, in cryptic Indian, means—
I went to visit at a large log house—
The mansion of the country in its time;
And there I met the maiden whom I sing.
A man of many years her father was,
Whose good gray head had stood amidst the storm
Of many battles all erect and proud,
Upon the platform of the human weal,
When threatened by despotic power with woe;
For liberty was bred into his bones,
And rolled the surges of the fighting times
Into his blood; and so he fought amain
In the pitched battle 'twixt the old and new—
A Church warfare—and helped the new to win,
Its red-cross banners waving on the towers
Of a free Church, where free men worship God.

It was the evening hour when I arrived,
The hour of prayer; and over all the earth
Twilight had thrown her glittering vail of stars;
And the white sagging moon in the low sky
Gleamed through the mists, and all was calm and still.
In the great room upbuilt of mighty logs,
Which had withstood a century of storms,
The family, and all the laboring men,
Assembled were, in patriarchal state;
And he, the patriarch, in his modern chair
Sat, with his glasses on his ample brows,
The Bible on his knees; and presently,
After his eldest son, from memory,
Had some old Scottish Covenanters' hymn
Recited, verse by verse, and they had sung
An old, old tune familiar to their hills
And the old families residing there
For ages past, what time the fiery Knox,
Patriot and prophet, had confronted Kings
And shook the thunders of Almighty God
About their thrones in liberty's behoof.
He presently, and with a solemn voice,
Read, by the dim light of a swaling lamp,
St. Paul's sublime discourse upon the soul,
Its resurrection and immortal life;
While his good face, enkindled by the theme,
Glowed with its radiance and seemed divine;
The halos of the saint around his head.
It was a scene for Rosa's brush of fire;
For there were all the elements he loved
To deal with in his pictures; all the light
Concentrate on the chiefest characters—
The minister, his wife and their fair girls
Around him—each one fainter and more faint
Appearing, as more distantly they sat,
From the sole light which burned in that dark room,
And lighted the low window and the roof;
While all the rest were dimly hinted at,
In shadowy outlines of the human form.

This picture-fancy came into my mind,
Despite the hour and its solemnity;

For 't is a holy sight and cheers the heart,
To see, each morn and eve, a pious house
Praising the Lord for all the good they have,
And for the evil, bowing to his will,
Who gave, and takes away, blessing his name!
And as the dear old man knelt down that night,
With all his family and laboring men
Around him, offering up their prayers to God,
I felt the holy influences in my heart,
And joined them fervently; and when they rose
I seemed to be a better, nobler man;
Purer and stronger, abler in all ways.
For prayer, it is a blessed, blessed thing,
And brings God very near unto the heart
That humbly seeks his ways and asks his love!
It binds the wounds of sorrow, and it pours
The oil of consolation and the wine
Of joy for all the stricken and cast down.
It is God's way to bind us to himself!
We're in communion with him when we pray,
And who shall fear when in God's hands he is?
And who shall stumble when he leadeth him?
When prayer was over in this pious house,
And all the men had taken them to rest,
We sat and talked of what the current news
Had brought to us that day about the war.
It was the time when Sherman made his march
Across the continent unto the sea,
Far from all regular bases of supplies,
Relying on the country for supplies,
Through which he passed his mighty armaments,
A feat so grand, so wondrous, that it flung
All military movements, that belong
To ancient or to modern history,
Into the shade, as baby moves of war!
And then we spoke of farming—for my friend
Lived on his own broad acres, which were now
Full of fast ripening grain; and when
We came at last to talk of literature,
Of the old Commonwealth divines, and Scotch,
Of Chalmers, Taylor, Barrow, and great South,
The good wife joined us, and with shrewd discourse
Spoke of her favorite Chalmers, of his power,
And wondrous eloquence, until she grew
Eloquent herself; and then she spoke
Of one who was her idol, D'Aubigné;
And thought good Martin Luther far more great
Than his abuser, then Erasmus called.
I said 't was pleasant in the darkened life
Of Luther to discover that he loved
Music so much; and that his "Table Talk"
Proved him a poet born, and truly great.
The two young girls inquired if it were true
That Luther the "Old Hundred" tune composed;
'T was said so; and "God Save the King" as well;
And that the music to Ben Jonson's song,
"Drink to me only with thine eyes," was his,
Adapted from a chant, which he had made
In monkery days, long since gone by to him,
And us, and all the world, that loves the light!

Whereat the minister with low, sweet voice,
Said to his favorite daughter, Rose by name,

"Sweet Rose, my darling, while of tunes we speak,
 Suppose you play us some of those now named."
 Then she arose and came from out the shade,
 Where she had sat since prayers, into the light;
 And with her sister sought the music book,
 Then sat before the instrument and played.
 Two lovelier girls ne'er graced a father's house,
 Or blessed it with the goodness of good hearts.
 But Rose was fairest, and, alas! as frail
 As she was fair—like to a beautiful flower,
 Which, ripened by the kisses of the sun,
 Hangs in full blossom on a tender stalk,
 Which the first wind too rudely passing by
 May break and tumble to the common dust.
 They were both tall, but Rose more slender was
 Than Agnes, who, indeed, was like a rose;
 While Rose herself, cast in the lily's mold,
 Was elegant in figure, and her face
 Had all the lily's whiteness, while her cheeks
 Glowed with vermilion fire, and often spread
 In moments of excitement o'er her brow
 And neck with a strange beauty alien unto life.
 And so they sang together those fine tunes
 Which, whether Luther made or not, are such
 As do not greet in modern times the ear;
 For they belong to the great melodies,
 Whereto the pulses of the sphere are set,
 And the great orchestra of solar worlds!
 But these fine modern tunes are but the sounds
 Struck from the sea shells lying on the sand,
 These echoes of th' primordial minstrelsy,
 Which whoso wills to hear must go below,
 Into the sea caves where the masters be,
 Who strike the diapason of the waves
 With all a master's cunning, till they roll
 Their mighty music round the entranced world;
 All other tunes are but the froth and foam
 Of the sea music's passion on the strand.

At length when all were tired we went to bed;
 And Rose turned round to say "good-night" to me,
 As did the rest indeed; but in her eyes,
 Seen for the first time by the dim lamp light,
 I saw such things as make me all too well
 Remember her, and will do till I die.
 Their large full orbs fell in rich floods of light
 On mine so cold and dark, like seas from heaven,
 In which the secrets of immortal life
 Looked at me with their strange and awful eyes,
 As things that might not be revealed to man;
 But over them uptowering back-ground ghosts
 With long and shadowy arms appeared, and said,
 In words that had no syllables nor sound,
 "Soon she will come to us. Her home is here,
 The home of the immortals;" and that night
 I read the words upon the dark of dreams,
 And on the walls in letters of bright gold,
 And woke to hear them ringing in my ears;
 Call it a fancy if it pleases you,
 But still I saw it, wide awake with eyes,
 And heard it sleeping wide awake with ears.
 I knew that she would die, although her friends
 Had no suspicion of her waiting doom—

She was so well and happy, ne'er complained
 Of any ailment, or of ache, or pain.

And so the days rolled on—rolled eighteen months,
 And I half round the world had sailed and back,
 And came once more to see my country friends.
 There was the same old house, the garden there,
 Which brought you thro' a gate up to the door;
 And there were the tall trees and shrubbery,
 Away unto the left, and long tall grass,
 In rich luxuriance, sloping to the creek,
 And little bridge hard by across the road;
 And seemed it not a thing had been removed
 Or changed in any manner since I left.

But O, there was a sad, sad change within!
 I felt there was before I passed the door;
 For on the way I met the evil thing
 That brought to me the shadow of the house.
 The air was full of grief presaging woe!
 The good, kind hearts that dwelt there were the same
 In goodness and in kindness, but were changed
 From Summer's sunshine into Winter's gloom.
 My kind old friend went silent up and down
 The floor of the great room, his head bowed low
 Upon his breast, communing with his God;
 And there in a dark corner, on a couch,
 Lay the fair lily of the country round;
 Her bloom all gone, her leaves all dropping down,
 And she fast fading in the night of death.
 Her tender mother never left her bed,
 Nor would her father trust her from his sight;
 And dear, dear Agnes racked her poor worn brain,
 To make some delicate thing for her to eat.
 Her brothers and her youngest sister came
 Continual, to see how she did fare;
 And all the neighbors round about dropped in,
 With fruit, or fowls, or flowers, to show their love,
 For her sweet face had made her many friends,
 And her good heart, and winsome, kindly ways
 Confirmed them, and did make her many more.
 I stepped up to the couch whereon she lay,
 And as I took her hand she said to me,
 "You little thought, when nigh two years ago
 You shook this self-same hand, and bade me take
 Great care of the good health I thought I had,
 That the next time you saw me you would find
 The lily that you called me, broken down;
 Its leaves all scattered, and its beauty gone;
 And ready to be gathered up in peace!
 But I am not the lily—that you know!
 And when the end is come I shall depart
 And leave the wreck of the poor flower behind."
 I told her 't was well! that all was well!
 That if the "actions of the good and just
 Smell sweet and blossom sweetly in the dust,"
 So hers would smell and bloom! but she replied,
 "Not mine, but his! the Savior whom I trust
 Are all my actions, which are called good!
 I of myself am nothing. He is all!"
 With that she closed her eyes and fell asleep,
 O'erwearied with the talk; and I sat down
 To read, but crossing over to my chair
 Her father said, "You see there is no hope!"

"No hope of mortal life, but every hope
Of immortality and heaven!" I said.
"Ah yes," he answered, "I believe it now!
But O, I would that I could feel it sure!
She is my best beloved child of all!
Almost my life, and far more dear than life!
If I were only sure that she is safe
I could be reconciled unto her death."
"I think," her mother said, who then came up,
"That all her trust in Jesus is, alone!
But I have asked her, if so be she can,
To give some sign to us before she dies,
That she is going to the Savior's arms!
And so I wait with hunger in my heart,
Fierce hunger for my child, to keep her here,
And hunger, if indeed she must depart,
For the glad news that she is going home!"

Days passed, and day by day she faded fast,
And O, the love that lavished was on her!
I think I never knew so deep a heart
As his the good gray man's, her father's heart
Of love, and its solitudes, for her!
He went about so quiet and so sad,
And looked so lonely with his grief and love;
So silent and so uncomplaining, too,
That my heart ached to see the dear old man.
But still the business of the house went on;
The great men came as usual to their meals;
But even they, so rough and so uncouth,
Were touched to see the sorrow of the house.
And still the neighbors came, and some remained,
Who kindly meant to share the grief they saw,
And could not see how much they did intrude,
Nor understand the sacredness of grief.
For days the patient, uncomplaining Rose
Lay on her couch, and suffered all alone.
Wasting so slowly, yet, alas, so fast!
Eating no food, her lips with moisture touched
Continually; wasting fast away!
At length she reached that strange, mysterious state,
Which, in the Bible days and patriarchal times,
Was known as seeing *visions*; when the eyes,
'T was said, "were opened," and the dying saw
Angels in white, and saints around the throne!
But in these skeptic days, when faith in things
Unseen by common eyes, and men in health,
Is called "illusion," "wandering," but is
That which our venerable forebears knew
It was, a vision of the world to come!
She saw at her bedside, and talked with them,
Old friends and kindred, who were long since dead,
And others who had died within the year;
And some were waiting for her! This she told
To those around her, who replied she dreamed.
But she insisted that she did not dream,
But saw them plainly and did speak to them!
Half angry that they thus should doubt her word,
I knew that then her time had surely come;
For I believed the visions that she saw,
And knew they were as real as life is.
And so upon the evening of that day,
After more talking than was good for her,

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She fell asleep, and woke with her sweet eyes
So full of heaven, and all the bliss of heaven,
That a great glory fell upon her face,
And seemed it that her soul would leap to God!
Then called she for her father. "O, I feel
So happy, father dear!" she said with joy
In every accent. "I am going now
To Jesus!" Then her mother coming up
Said, "O, Rose! are you sure of what you say?"
"Quite, quite sure," she answered with a smile.
"I see the angels all around my bed!
Yes, yes, I come, I come, I'm going home!"

Then with the luxury of one who feels
Delicious sleep o'er all his senses steal,
With the sweet certainty of happy dreams,
She closed her eyes, and with a smiling face—
As if she listened to the songs of heaven—
Left us the faded lily of her form
And went to God, a very Rose of joy.

FAME.

So deep the love of fame has struck
Its roots within the human heart,
That of our noblest purposes
It often claims the largest part.
It crowds into our secret thoughts,
Presumes to intercept our prayers,
Presses between our souls and Heaven,
And plants the path with hidden snares.
It goads the weary athlete on
Till nature faints with over-toil;
Each grade, each class has votaries
Who wrestle for the glittering spoil;
And lay such heavy tasks upon
Their little stock of mortal strength,
That life, for very love of fame,
Is often shorn of half its length!
As if this noisy world would mete
The real meed of merit ever,
Or we its costly diadem
Might wear across the darkling river.
Such wearing toil—such eager strife,
For what? to build a short-lived name?
To twine a crumbling urn of clay
With the green laurel-wreath of fame?
'T were well to throw some check upon
This foolish yearning for applause,
And set before our restless hearts
The standard of a nobler cause.
O, in a world of sin, and shame,
And human suffering, such as this,
There's work enough, God knows, to nerve
The weakest heart with earnestness,
And he who hungers for applause
Should recognize all men as brothers,
And prove his loyalty to Heaven
By deeds of kindness wrought for others.

THOUGHTS ON MODERN SKEPTICISM.

THIRD PAPER.

WE have glanced at the sources, and the spirit, and some of the forms and phases of modern skepticism. We propose now to consider some principles and the best methods involved in the judicious treatment of it on the part of the Christian Church.

1. *It must not be ignored.* Facts are never changed by refusing to know them. A disease is never made better by remaining ignorant of it or refusing to recognize it. No pestilence is mitigated by ignoring the malaria that is producing it. The critical aspects of modern society are facts; the contest for "the faith once delivered to the saints" which is immediately before us is inevitable, and will be long and earnest. To deny it is only to betray a culpable ignorance of the times in which we live, ignorance of the spirit of the age, of its methods, its science, its criticism, its literature. This very supineness on the part of Christians, and especially on the part of Christian ministers, is already in many quarters a subject of contemptuous ridicule, and is accepted by many as a tacit acknowledgment of the weakness of our cause.

Christian efforts, as all others, must prove inefficient unless wisely adapted to the circumstances in which they are to act. "Be ye wise as serpents and harmless as doves," was the injunction of the Divine Master when sending forth his disciples to combat with a generation presenting no more formidable obstacles than our own. For the want of this wisdom, manifested in the want of adaptation of our efforts to the condition and spirit of the world around us, many Christian movements and plans are accomplishing but little. These efforts are sincere, earnest, and well-intentioned, but they are comparatively ineffective, they do not meet the case; we fight in the dark—we beat the air. The conversion of a few souls in the course of each year in some Churches, while others are really only saving themselves from decreasing, the holding of protracted efforts in some Churches for weeks in succession, resulting in the conversion of a score of souls, and in many instances in nothing but the quickening of those engaged in them, while often they do not stir even a ripple on the surface of the community in which they are held; the preaching of the Gospel to select and respectable congregations, nearly all the members of which are already Christians, while the vast mass of reckless, worldly, unbelieving sinners are almost entirely

unreached and uninfluenced by the Gospel; the directing of nearly the whole force of many Churches to the instruction and conversion of the children, while the generation of adults are almost given up as confirmed and hopeless sinners, are all excellent things in themselves, and are accomplishing good. But who does not feel that they fall immeasurably below what Christianity ought to be accomplishing in this nineteenth century of her history, and with the elements of power which those centuries have gathered around her? Who does not feel that there must certainly be a want of adaptedness between the plan and methods we are using and the subjects upon whom these methods are to act? Our first duty is to know the state of society in which in our day the Church is to live and act, and then to adapt our methods to the necessities of that society, however serious they may be. The writer had one Sabbath morning preached a sermon on faith in God, the special point in which was, that it is our duty and privilege to rely on every word that God has spoken. Retiring from the Church, an intelligent gentleman said to him, "Your sermon was excellent from your standpoint, but was weak in the premises. The first inquiry with many of us to-day is, *Has God spoken at all?* Assure us of that and all the rest is secure." The preacher had evidently not met the necessities of this man and of multitudes like him.

2. *Equally wrong and useless are all attempts to evade the issues that the advancing intelligence of the world is pressing upon us.* Nothing is gained by underestimating the force, extent, or seriousness of the contest now before Christianity, by lightly or contemptuously tossing it aside as if it meant nothing, or as if it were a mere malignant and unreasoning thing. Nothing is gained by simply stigmatizing it with opprobrious names and heaping indiscriminate abuse on those engaged in it. Christianity is not to be defended or propagated in our day by mere declamation, or the skillful play of rhetorical figures. The world has learned to deal with facts, and the demand of every awakened spirit in Christendom is, what are the facts in the case? To this demand the Bible and Christianity are not admitted as exceptions. And while, doubtless, the vast majority of the skepticism of the nineteenth century, like that of any other century, has its origin in unregenerate hearts, yet this species of skepticism is by no means the most formidable or interesting. By far the more serious aspect of doubt is that of the awakened and inquiring intellect. It is that class, by no means a small

one, and in its relations to modern society a powerful one, whom M. Guizot and every other earnest and enlightened defender of Christianity recognizes as "seekers after truth who are determined to pursue the search, reckless of all consequences, and, if need be, at the price of martyrdom itself." To consider the great issues that are moving the spirits of such men, and through them the very heart of society, to be nothing more than ripples on the surface, is as serious a mistake as for the navigator of the Eastern seas to mistake the "cat's paws" that come rippling to his vessel from every side for mere tropical breezes instead of precursors of the typhoon that is about to break upon him. The questions of these men are not to be evaded; the issues they present are not to be set aside by others, irrelevant and not involved in the contest. They must be met and answered; they can be met and answered. They do not ask solutions of impossible subjects, their questions are in the domain of facts, of history, of science, of language, of criticism, and are capable of investigation and solution. Christians can not afford to evade these investigations. The appearance of evasion wears the appearance of weakness; it is a betrayal of fear. With regard to such a subject as religion it also wears the appearance of doubt, as if the Christian was not altogether sure of his own foundations, and thus ministers to the evil that it would cure.

3. *It must not be feared.* Modern skepticism is not a new phenomenon or a new spirit; it is only the old spirit with which Christianity has been battling for eighteen centuries, but clothed in modern habiliments and acting in modern methods. There is no fear for Christianity. It has passed through more dangerous times and more fearful struggles than these. The boastfulness of modern skepticism is premature; its assumptions of already having made the conquest are absurd; its anticipations of easy victories are superficial miscalculations. It is not easy to overthrow the history, the traditions, the faith, and the experience of eighteen centuries and of countless millions. And if it were, the human heart, the human conscience, the human spirit, still hoping, fearing, feeling after God, and immortality, and truth, still sighing for a Father, and a Savior, and a Comforter, would be left to rise in irresistible and terrible protests against the annihilation of the best things of human history and the hopes and aspirations of human destiny. Till men are able to overthrow all history and revolutionize human nature, they will not succeed in supplanting Christianity. It is com-

plete and final. There is a greater work than that of destructiveness that must be accomplished before Christianity will suffer. Its enemies must be prepared to furnish a better religion to the yearning human spirit before it will yield what it has already found in the religion of Christ.

The significance of the contest, as far as it is an intellectual struggle, is that the time has come when Christianity must express herself in the language, spirit, and methods of modern civilization; when, in order to make the conquest of modern life, she must address herself to the modern spirit. She has already been under the necessity of meeting the Jewish, the Greek, the Roman, and the pagan spirit, and of adapting her methods to the necessities of these various civilizations; she did so, and conquered. She has had to fight her way against kings, edicts, and armies; against idolatries, heresies, barbarism, ignorance, superstition. She has triumphed. Now she must make the conquest of society in a state of freedom, of a civilization characterized by liberty of thought, investigation, belief, and unbelief, where men dare deny, question, and demand proof, and where intelligence is more widely diffused and more intensely inquiring than at any other period of the world's history—a civilization, too, in the creation of which she has herself been the chief force, a civilization which is preëminently the result of her own progress and lessons among men. She has now to *win* the faith and obedience of men, not by authority, or patronage, or superstition, or tradition, but by methods addressed to men whom she herself has made free, and intelligent, and inquiring. To doubt for a moment of her triumphant achievement of this victory, is to doubt her Divine origin and mission, and to be ignorant of the philosophy of her own history. On the contrary, the indications are already abundant that in this great contest Christianity is about to gain one of the grandest victories of all her history, and is to come forth from the conquest resting on a firmer, truer, more immovable foundation than ever before.

The true wisdom, then, is to meet the issue fairly, intelligently, vigorously, and hopefully; to go forth to the battle as heroes that belong to a race that always conquers; to accept the contest in its true nature and significance; to contest every inch of ground; to make no concessions of a single essential or important principle of our religion as the wisdom of God and the power of God unto salvation, but rather to give more emphasis to the sublime revelations,

the glorious promises, and the conscious spiritual life offered to men in the Gospel; to march forward under the banner of the Divine Master to make the conquest. In fact, this is the work of Christianity to-day. Not to stand still and await the attack in the attitude of a mere defender and apologist, but to go forth into the midst of all the excitement, earnestness, inquisitiveness—of all the great plans, purposes, and reformations—of all the corruptions, changes, and revolutions of the nineteenth century, and make the conquest of them all for Christ. Modern skepticism is to be met, not like ancient skepticism, by hiding away from it in secret chambers, caves, and catacombs, nor, like medieval skepticism, by inquisitions, tortures, and force, but by the same modern spirit and methods which characterize itself, with the same earnestness, intelligence, and freedom.

For practical purposes modern skepticism may be considered as presenting itself under two phases—moral and intellectual. Under the former we may embrace all the forms of impiety, recklessness, worldliness, and indifference; under the latter, all its manifestations in philosophy, science, criticism, and literature. The former must be met by manifestations of the moral power of Christianity; the latter, by the reassertion and enlargement of the evidences of Christianity, and reaffirmations and more exact statements of evangelical Christian doctrines.

To overcome the former—the skepticism of the heart that lies at the foundation of the impiety and recklessness of the multitudes—Christianity must make herself felt more powerfully among the masses as a divine religion, as “good news” from God to the people; as not only “glory to God in the highest,” but also as “peace on earth, good-will toward men.” The Gospel must be so preached and so lived, and the Church so organized and so worked as to make it always and every-where apparent that the religion of Jesus is the religion of humanity; a religion not only for man’s best welfare in eternity, but also a religion to promote his highest happiness and welfare on earth. Jesus must more than ever be known as “the friend of publicans and sinners,” as the Savior of the guilty, the burdened, and the sorrowful. It must be demonstrated that Christianity, in its promises and threatenings, its restraints and its commands, its hopes, its fears, is the friend and not the enemy of man—is *for* man, and not *against* him; that it is infinitely more a revelation of the Divine love toward man, than of the divine anger; that Jesus

comes to bless, not to curse, to offer life, not to bring death, to save, not to destroy, and that it is not till every resource of love and good-will is exhausted that the terrible wrath of God falls upon the obstinately and immovably impenitent.

Nothing is more lamentable than the common mistake of multitudes that the Gospel, the claims and requirements of God, the limitations of Christianity, are against them and not for them; that the demands of religion lie on the opposite side from man’s interests, and are hostile to him. Such a thought is a reflection on the wisdom, goodness, and justice of God. God hates sin, forbids it, and will punish it; but he hates it because it is the opposite of his own holy nature, and is antagonistic to every thing good and blessed in his creatures. What God prohibits he prohibits for the good of man; what he commands he commands for the purpose of exalting his creatures in every true interest and every real good. When the Bible forbids intemperance, profanity, injustice, and Sabbath-breaking, the Bible stands forth as man’s best friend. When God commands us to love him and to love our neighbors, he points out to us the only road to our true happiness, and our best interests both for time and eternity.

The world must be convinced of this terrible mistake, not only by presenting the true theory of the Gospel, but also by making Christianity in its true spirit and purposes *live* before mankind. The Church must exhibit more of the spirit of Christ in her life and action; she must annihilate all caste, all exclusivism, every thing that separates her from the people; she must show herself with the people and for the people; her doors must be ever open to them, her altars ever free and inviting, her message ever glad tidings unto all men. Christians must be *Christ-like*, as if so many Christs going about doing good. She must get outside of brick and stone walls, or make the openings through these walls so large that all can freely enter—outside of the mere pretensions of gentility and the trappings of millinery, and come in contact with the wicked, reckless, thoughtless, indifferent masses. She must solve somehow the great practical problem of living in the world, and yet not being of the world. She must be the bush in the midst of the flames, yet unconsumed. “I pray not,” said Jesus, “that thou wouldst take them out of the world, but that thou wouldst keep them from the evil.” She must meet the materialism, the worldliness of the age, by throwing into society the living exemplification of an earnest spirituality. There must be no “eclipse of faith” in the Church, however dark may be the eclipse in the world. She must prove her faith in the

unseen, eternal, and divine, by her more earnest spiritual life; by using the world, but not abusing it; by visiting the fatherless and the widow in their affliction, and keeping herself unspotted from the world.

This is a high standard of Christian life and activity, but it is the only standard consistent with the grandeur of the Gospel; any thing less than this seems a contradiction to the Gospel, and gives the lie to our profession. It is only Christianity realized and in earnest, the only Christianity that can impress the realistic and earnest age in which we live. We hail, therefore, every movement that looks like bringing Christianity practically and earnestly forward into the necessities of human society. In this practical, humanitarian age, the Church must show herself of practical value, of essential and indispensable need to society, or society will place but a small estimate upon her. She must be the leader and director of the progressive and reformatory movements of the age, especially of every movement to ameliorate and improve the condition of men and nations, or these movements will go on without her, and she will be left standing in the background of society, an obsolete and effete thing of the past. What is true, and right, and wise, and Christian in all these movements, she must assist; what is unwise and unchristian, she must expose and correct. She must be felt everywhere, and in all things that affect society, as a great moral power, and a power always on the side of man's best interests, on the side of wisdom and goodness.

Christianity has had to bear the burden of the unhappy history of a Church which, through many centuries, occupied a position of hostility to every discovery, every advancement, every reformation. Discoveries in knowledge had to be fought out against her authority and influence, and reformations to be carried forward in despite of her violent opposition and persecution. Earnest and far-seeing spirits found her generally in the way, the immovable barrier to every advancement of the race. Nearly every earnest spirit of European history has been forced to cry out against this terrible incubus pressing down every aspiration of humanity, and impeding every movement toward the liberation of nations and the emancipation of men. The secret of half the infidelity of Europe and Great Britain to-day, is the mistake of even earnest, thinking men attributing to *Christianity* the wrongs and oppressions of *Romanism*, and mistaking the aristocracy, and exclusiveness, and immobility, and millinery of the Church of England for the religion of Jesus Christ. The

Church of the nineteenth century, the only Church that will have power, and influence, and success, the only Church that will win the hearts of the people, and rise above the contempt of earnest, thinking men, is the Church that will embody in her life the spirit and life of Christ, whose doors are open to all for whom Christ died, whose felt mission is to all whom Christ redeemed, and which is in sympathy with every thing that pertains to the happiness, the welfare, the elevation of all whom Christ loves; the Church that is with the people and for the people; the Church of humanity as Christ is the Redeemer of humanity.

The Christianity for the present and the future is a Christianity that carries with it the demonstration of its own divine origin and power in the holy, earnest, and spiritual lives of those who profess to believe it. The most powerful and convincing argument for the nineteenth century will be the argument presented by a Church whose life is the visible exemplification of the doctrines and principles of the Gospel; a Church that lives and works after the manner of Christ; a Church that exhibits an activity and earnestness commensurate with the sublime truths which she teaches, with the momentous issues which she presents, and the immortal destinies of men which she professes to believe. Let us have a Christianity full of Christ, full of the Holy Ghost, fresh, and strong, and fearless in all its supernatural and heavenly characteristics, with no concessions, no compromises from the high and divine standard set up by Christ and his apostles, and a Church full of faith, whose life realizes the doctrines she believes, and whose zeal sends her forth to all men, the rich and the poor, the high and the low, as the ambassador of Christ bearing in one hand the revelation of the righteous indignation of God against sin, and in the other the message of his love and mercy, and the indifference, the skepticism, and the worldliness of our day will pass away before her as the mists before the rising sun.

SPRING comes after Winter, and Summer succeeds. So shall the resurrection come after death, and the grave shall blossom with loveliness. That spring shall be followed by the golden summer of immortal glory, which shall know no sear decay. All hail! All hail the glory that shall be revealed in us! For this mortal shall put on immortality! These corruptible shall put on incorruption! Bravely, then, bear the cold and endure the blasts of life's Winter. The Winter soon shall be over.

LOUISE, QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

SINCE we are such imitative beings; since the wisest will sometimes act foolishly, and the best sometimes do that which seemeth to be wrong, we can ill afford to lose the sight or influence of a character which may, in any way, serve as a model for improvement and elevation. Whatsoever things are lovely are worthy to be made known, since none can calculate how many characters may be beautified, how many spirits made gentler, how many hopes brighter, how many sweetnesses may be added to life, and how many stings be taken from death by a single glance at something that is lovely, beautiful, or true.

Queen Louise, of Prussia, the mother of the reigning king, seems to have been one of the loveliest characters of history, even if we take the simple encyclopedic narration of her life; and taking into account the veneration, love, and esteem with which her people regard her, there is an uncommon halo hanging above her memory, to which the eyes of all womanhood may look with profit. Not that she was so remarkable a woman, in the general view of that word, for doubtless there have been many in private life that have been as fully crowned, even for their virtues, as she, and the charm of whose presence was as deeply felt "where they went," in a small circle, as was hers by a whole nation. But in respect to her virtues she was very remarkable in her position. And if many of those who knew her best only "kneeled more to God than they used," was it not enough to make her memory blessed to her children, sacred to her subjects, and worthy of imitation to all!

Louise was the youngest daughter of the Duke of Mecklenburg; was born in 1776 at Hanover. At the age of six she lost her mother, and after a short time spent under the care of an excellent governess, she went to her grandmother's in Darmstadt, to receive her education, and to be fitted for her, as yet unknown, destiny. Her grandmother was a princess of most irreproachable character—intelligent, religious, and quietly benevolent, and the impressive heart of Louise was daily more and more bent to an imitation of all the virtues, graces, and mildness which afterward made her the object of universal esteem and admiration of her people. She early displayed an excessive love of nature and delighted in travel. Several trips to Frankfort-on-the-Main, and a visit to the beautiful regions of the Rhine greatly cultivated this love, while she was yet but a child, and also made her acquainted with the

world and much of courtly life. She had a clear, apt mind, and a deep love of study. Her childhood and maidenhood fell in the beautiful flowering time of German poesy and art, and she applied herself diligently to the obtaining of a knowledge of these. Her eager spirit took a special delight in, as well as received much of its nourishment from the literary works of Herder, Goethe, and Schiller; but history attracted her still more, and early in life she had carefully read Schiller's History of the Netherlands, of the Thirty Years' War, and Gibbon's Rome. For letter-writing Nature seems to have endowed her with more than common gifts; she wrote rapidly, with truthfulness and clearness of mind, giving to every thing an originality of her own, and often adapting and applying with the skill of an erudite writer.

As for personal appearance she was universally recognized as beautiful, and adapted to winning the hearts of all who saw her, both rich and poor. Her, even now, oft-repeated portrait is striking to the stranger for its grace and beauty. But her chief beauty is said to have beamed through her eye, and that when one had once looked into her eye, he had seen "as distinctly her soul and her truth." It is asserted by her companions that they were ever inspired by this eye to do and to be every thing that was good and noble, and that once having seen it, it could not be forgotten. Besides this winning beauty of face, she was possessed of an indescribable grace in all her ways and movements that was even more attractive. Nor was it alone an outward grace, but an inward grace of spirit—a soul full of meaning, ever discovering to others the lines of beauty. The historian says of her, fancifully if not extravagantly, that by her life she made it clear to us why the Graces of the heathen world were ever represented under a threefold form; because in nature there is a threefold grace—a grace of spirit a grace of character, and a grace of body—and that true grace was only perfect in the union of the three, and that Louise united them all in her person. Besides grace of mind, character, and person, which made her so attractive, she also possessed an inexhaustible fund of vivacity and cheerfulness, which never failed her even in the dark times which tried her during the struggle of Prussia against French aggression.

In 1792 the disturbances arising from the French Revolution reached even to the vicinity of Darmstadt, and Louise left her home to spend the year with her sister in Saxony. On the return, with her sister, they passed through Frankfort-on-the-Main, which Frederick William II

King of Prussia, with the Crown-Prince, had taken possession of and were then occupying. The Princesses were presented to the King and invited to his table. As soon as Louise appeared before the King, the Crown-Prince, without any presentiment that she would one day be his wife, was charmed with the loveliness and nobility which were so manifest in her every movement. A deeper and more favorable impression was made on a more intimate acquaintance. Neither policy nor convenience urged the betrothal of this couple, but a mutual esteem and harmony of hearts, to which the King was favorable.

The marriage was not celebrated till early in the next Winter, 1793, after the return of King and Prince to the capital. It took place at Potsdam, where Louise was hailed with a hearty welcome and with much hope by those who were soon to be her subjects. In 1795, at the death of Frederick, the Crown-Prince ascended the throne, and Louise came to the new and weighty duties of Queen, to which she consecrated herself fully, and nothing seemed dearer to her heart than to fill them well. Few in her position, if any, have united better the characters of queen, wife, and mother. She accompanied the King in his visits to the several provinces, and every-where became endeared to the people, and afterward followed him as nearly as possible in his many movements during the long war; trying ever to lighten his burdens and to encourage and support him to ever do those things that were honorable and best for his people. Nothing escaped her quick perception, and she ever succeeded in furthering the good and in adding charm to the beautiful. When not thus necessarily absent, their home was generally at Potsdam and Charlottenburg, where the Queen gave herself quietly to the holiest duties incumbent upon her—that of wife and mother—with as much devotion as if she had been hidden in a cottage. Naturally reflective and earnest, she had early become accustomed to connect the visible with the invisible, the earthly with something higher and nobler, the mortal and temporal with the immortal and eternal; and now that immortal souls had been committed to her care, this deepened and widened the tendency in proportion to the responsibility. There was now, in her life and manner, something so full of soul and goodness, something so full of charm in all relations, that life itself seemed transfigured—a something so unlike and hostile to every thing common, which not only elevated her in the eyes of those around her, but elevated all others who came under her influence and into her pure atmosphere.

During the Winter of 1805-6 she suffered much from enfeebled health, which became still more enfeebled by her grief at the loss of one of her children in the Spring. The baths of Pyrmont were ordered for her by her medical advisers, and in June she repaired thither. She remained some six weeks, received much benefit both in mind and body, and, with much joy of heart, returned to her family in time to celebrate the King's birthday. The King met her some distance beyond Potsdam and accompanied her home, where he had prepared a pleasant surprise for her at her favorite palace, at Charlottenburg. He had converted a piece of ground, which lay before the palace garden, and which was merely a sand plain at her departure, into a beautiful laid-out grass-plot, planted with trees which even now stand as a memorial of the event. Louise was delighted, not only with the arrangement, but more for the ever-mindful affection which prompted its accomplishment.

During the desperate struggle of Prussia with the hosts of Napoleon, when the King could with difficulty sustain his army and his nation's freedom, Louise is said to have suffered intensely at the thought of what the people must endure when misfortune and defeat followed one upon another, so as almost to take away hope. Sometimes she felt tempted to believe that a dark fate hung over the kingly house and nation, and was bent on their destruction. During one of these depressed seasons she brought to mind and wrote down in her journal a few touching lines from Goethe's Wilhelm Meister, beginning with, "Wer nie sein Brot mit Thranen," etc.

"He who has never eaten his bread in tears,
Who has never sat weeping upon his bed
During nights full of sorrow,
Can not know you, ye heavenly Powers!"

A few such dottings as these show a superior and thoughtful nature, as well as do several letters written to her father during the time of their changing from place to place to avoid the enemy. The following are extracts from one sent by General Blucher at a time when communication was cut off or very insecure:

"DEAR FATHER,—The departure of General B. gives me, thank God, a safe opportunity to communicate with you with open heart and freely. O, how long have I foregone this dear privilege, and how much have I to say! . . . The sending of the excellent Blucher, the patriotism which is now moving in every breast, . . . enliven all with new hope. Yes, dear father, I am convinced that all will yet go well, and we shall again see each other happy. . . But enough of past misfortunes; let us turn our eyes to God, to him who rules over our lot, and

who never forsakes us if we do not forsake him." Again she writes, from Memel: "With the most heart-felt emotion, and amid tears of thankful tenderness, I received and read your letter of April. What consolation, in my sorrows, are your favor and parental kindness! When one is so loved and cherished one can not be wholly unhappy. Another terrible misfortune has befallen us, and we stand ready to leave the kingdom. Think, indeed, what are my feelings in view of this necessity! Yet, I conjure you not to mistake your daughter. Think not that faint-heartedness bows my head. There are two principal reasons why I keep myself high above despair; the first is, the conviction that we are the sport of no blind chance, but that we stand in God's hands, and that his foresight will lead us; the second is, we go down with honor. . . . If the worst should come, God will help me in the moment when I must pass over the boundaries of the kingdom. Then will strength be needed; but I direct mine eye to heaven, . . . and I firmly believe that God will not send more than we can bear. Once again, if we fail, we go down honorably, esteemed of nations, and not without friends. . . . Be assured that many with crown and fortune are not so happy as we." Again she writes: "Often the heavens clear away when we forebode gloomy weather. It may be so now, and no one could wish it more than I. But wishes are only wishes. All comes down from thee, thou father of mercies. To live and die in the way of uprightness, even if on bread and salt, is my purpose. . . . He whom heaven thrusts down can not hope much."

When, finally, the terms of peace were being arranged, it was thought that the presence of the pure and noble-minded Queen might occasion milder terms. She was sent for, and went, but, as the result showed, to no purpose. A noble lady pleaded with dignity for a good cause, but without effect on the unchivalrous spirit of Napoleon. Among the questions he proposed to her was, "But how could you begin a war with me?" intimating that there was great presumption to think of coping with such a power as himself. She replied in a manner which much pleased the French Minister, Talleyrand; namely, "Sire, it might be allowed to the glory of Frederick that we should be deceived as to our power and resources, if, indeed, we are yet deceived." She did not try to conceal her affliction at this *Tilsiter* peace, by which the city of Magdeburg was sacrificed. She thought she could say concerning it as did Mary, Queen of England, of Calais, after it was finally wrested from her; namely, "that if one could open her

heart the name of Calais would be seen written there in letters of blood."

She writes on one occasion: "I read much and think much, and even in the midst of sorrows there are days with which I am contented. It is true society has no part therein; it is from within that my satisfaction comes. Of things outward it is the King's friendship, his confidence and loving presence that make my happiness." She had such admiration for the following motto of knighthood, "Justice, faith, love," that she had it impressed on a seal, surrounded by all the attributes of the order. Yet, she said, if she were to choose a motto, it should be, "God is my refuge." While occupying a Summer villa which was limited in extent of grounds, and the latter fact being remarked to her, she replied, "I have good books, a good conscience, and a good piano, and with these one may live more at rest amid the storms of the world than can those who raise them." She often longed for the return to Berlin, and when this was decided upon the thought, as she expresses it, almost overwhelmed her with joy. The train, before reaching the city, became as a procession of triumph, so joyfully were they received. However, the reunion with the capital was not of long duration. During the next Winter her already enfeebled health suffered much from cough and spasms of the lungs, the latter of which finally occasioned her death. In the Spring she improved, and took up her abode in Potsdam in April. Before leaving Berlin, at the Easter solemnities, she was deeply impressed with the vanity of all things earthly, seemed to be more spiritualized, and felt a peculiar affection for communion with Christians. She took the sacrament, indeed, as if it were a last love-feast in preparation for departure. Shortly after going to Potsdam she had an uncommon desire to visit her father, in Strelitz. The King acceded to her wishes, and promised, himself, to go and bring her home. She was full of delight and joyous anticipations both before and on the journey thither, and was received in the open arms of her grandmother, while both wept tears of joy. Only one day was given to a public reception, so much did she wish to spend the time alone with her family. On this occasion, as she was standing among some of her lady friends, they remarked the beauty of her pearls. She replied: "I think very much of them, too, and reserved them from my jewels because they become me better, since they symbolize tears, of which I have shed so many."

The day following the King arrived, and this seemed to complete her happiness. The family had been assembled in the room of the duke,

when all of them departed to see the palace church, leaving only the Queen and her brother. Suddenly she exclaimed, "Dear George, now I am wholly happy;" then she turned to her father's writing table, and wrote upon a slip of paper, in French:

"MY DEAR FATHER,—To-day I am very happy, as your daughter and as the wife of the best of husbands.

LOUISE.

"New Strelitz, June 28, 1810."

These were her last written words. The next day she was not well, and worse the next, but soon improved, so that the King left her sure of recovery, but only to be sent for after some days to be present at her death. Letters came from her children, with the reading of which she was so much moved that they were often left unfinished. A letter came from the King, over which her joy was indescribable. She laid it upon her heart, exclaiming, "What a letter! How happy is one who receives such a letter!"

She was patient in suffering and meditative. Once she remarked: "I am, indeed, Queen, but yet am I not able to move an arm." Sometimes a presentiment of death would cross over her. At one such time she raised her finger questioningly toward her physician, saying, "What if I should die, and be separated from the King—and my children?" Her thoughts were not for herself but for those to be left. When the King came he was overwhelmed with sorrow, but tried ever to cheer Louise. But when the grandmother remarked, for his comfort, that while there was life there was hope, he replied, "Ah! if she were not mine she might live, but because she is mine she will be sure to die." She was often seized with convulsions of the lungs, and shortly after one of these spells she died, exclaiming, "Lord Jesus, make the struggle short." The sorrow of all was heart-rending. The King, to whom she had belonged for some seventeen years, and all seemed to feel that something like an angel had been lent to them, and that now she was surely something divine. On examination her heart was found to be greatly diseased, from which fact the author of the history remarks: "Reconciled with all the world, in union with God, and with the name of the Redeemer upon her lips, the royal sufferer died of broken heart."

Louise once wrote: "Although after ages may not place my name among those of distinguished women, yet, when they have learned the sorrows of these times, they will know what I have suffered, and will say, 'She endured much, and held out in enduring.' Then I would that they might also say, But she gave being to children who were worthy of better times,

who strove to create them, and who finally attained unto them."

Louise is now lying in a beautiful mausoleum prepared for her, by the King, at Charlottenburg. In striking grandeur it falls far short of Maria Theresa's at Vienna, or Napoleon's at Paris, as did her modest career; but in simplicity and exquisite beauty it is wonderful. A sculptured, full-length, reclining figure of herself, and also of the King, now occupy it. Hers is one of the master-pieces of the celebrated sculptor Rauch, and is as lovely as pure white marble may be. The mausoleum is lighted from above, through blue stained glass, which makes the effect peculiarly striking, pure and impressive. The walls are covered with apt and consolatory passages of Scripture, which one reads with a feeling of sacred awe and of the grandeur of their silent truth. Facing the entrance and the reclining figures is a fresco painting on the wall of Christ descending in the air, while the King on the one side, and the Queen on the other, kneel before him, offering their crowns at his feet. Another monument to her memory is the part of the city of Berlin which bears her name—*Louisenstadt*—an honor conferred on her by the will of the people some years before her death; and, also, another is a charitable institution for the education of girls, which also bears her name. But a cyclopedia, published in Berlin some ten years after her death, cites her best and most enduring monument in something like the following:

"The acts of Louise as queen, wife, and mother, will continue to live long after the destroying hand of Time shall have crumbled her mausoleum into dust. Long will her name be remembered and spoken by the posterity of the poor, whose thankful tears still make mention of her name before the throne; by the good of all ages, and nations, and by all the representatives of true and noble womanhood."

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WHAT stronger pleasure is there with mankind, or what do they earlier learn or longer retain, than the love of hearing and relating things strange and incredible? How wonderful a thing is the love of wondering and raising wonder! 'Tis the delight of children to hear tales they shiver at, and the vice of old men to abound in strange stories of times past. We come into the world wondering at every thing; and when our wonder about common things is over, we seek something new to wonder at. Our last scene is to tell wonders of our own. And amid all this, 'tis well if truth comes off but moderately tainted.

THE ETERNITY OF LOVE.

IT will ever be an unanswerable argument in favor of the Christian religion that the greatest element in it is that which all enlightened men conceive to be the greatest element in the character of God. Effects and causes are related. God is love, Christianity is love; therefore Christianity must have come from God. Love is the attracting attribute in God's character. We may admire his wisdom as it is seen in the works of creation, or we may be amazed at the wonderful displays of his power as he

"Plants his footsteps in the sea
And rides upon the storm,"

without having our hearts moved or our moral nature elevated; but when God tells us that he is our Father, that he so loved the world as to give his only begotten Son for its redemption, the deepest fountain of our souls is opened, and flows out toward Him who is a shoreless ocean, a bottomless abyss of love. Science existed before the advent of Christ. Great minds in the heathen world had wandered among the stars of heaven in rapture—had studied to some extent the philosophy of the animal, mineral, and vegetable kingdoms—had meditated much on the nature, capabilities, and probable destiny of the human soul; but withal it could be said in truth, "the world by wisdom knew not God"—knew him not in that which must ever appear to us the highest element of his character.

The condescension exhibited in the incarnation of Christ, his homeless life on earth, his agony in Gethsemane, and his death on the cross, were necessary, not only for the purpose of atonement, but also to teach mankind in the most impressive way that God is love. If it were possible for God to eradicate the element of love from his nature he would be unattractive in the eyes of every intelligent creature that he has created. He could not enjoy any thing that he has made, neither could men or angels enjoy him. It is true that we hold his attributes of wisdom and power in high esteem, but only so *because he is love*. Satan has extensive knowledge and wonderful power, but we place no estimate upon these attributes in him, for the reason that he is utterly destitute of love. No one ever speaks of his knowledge in terms of admiration, or has a feeling of pleasure in the contemplation of his power. On the contrary, we reckon these attributes a curse in exact proportion to the want of love in the great enemy of our race. And it is as true of men as it is of Satan, that they curse the world

in proportion to their natural gifts and acquirements when they are destitute of the principle of love. Love alone gives worth to human character, as it alone, in our finite conceptions, gives worth to the character of God. Yet O, how far do the majority of persons practically deviate from this truth! Almost unconsciously we estimate the value of strangers who settle in our communities, but in very different ways. One class will ask, "How much money are they worth? how many horses, carriages, and servants do they keep?" Another class, forgetful of the fact that our whole race came from the same disobedient, bad stock, ask, "Are they related to *somebody*? did they come from a good family?" And still another class ask, "How much intellectual cultivation have they? Are they literary people?" But, alas! how seldom do we hear the question, "What amount of love for God and man have they in their hearts?" In God's view, and in the view of every serious human mind that is improving the present with reference to the future, the poor laborer who comes into your community, rents the cheapest cottage you have, sets up his family altar where he can teach his children the love of Christ; who bears with heavenly resignation the unavoidable cares and burdens of life; who, with a cheerful countenance, sings hymns of praise to God as he toils for his daily bread, is worth more to your neighborhood than the selfish, worldly man who comes into it like a prince with millions of dollars. It is love which makes true manhood and womanhood; it is love which enriches with the only treasure that will endure after the "wreck of matter and the crush of worlds."

As the great mission of Jesus was to teach mankind the love of God, when he ascended to heaven his divine lessons were committed to his apostles; and how appropriately did they begin their work on the day of Pentecost by making the first offer of salvation to those who had "crucified the Lord of glory!" The apostles taught the love of Christ in two ways: by their willingness to endure personal sufferings for the salvation of their fellow-men, and by setting it forth in appropriate language. The former is the most effective because it costs the most. Men may preach the Gospel eloquently, but if they are not willing to do any thing more than preach, if the world sees that they will not make any personal sacrifices for the good of others, that they will not bear any crosses for Christ, about whose unselfish life and atoning death they talk so fluently, they become objects of suspicion, and their preaching is received as sounds from brass or tinkles from cymbals.

The personal sufferings of Paul in the cause of Christ were such as gave peculiar force to the language by which he taught the infant Christian Church the worth of love in comparison with knowledge, wisdom, faith, and the gifts of prophecy and tongues. None of the tongues which were spoken when Paul wrote his great chapter to the Corinthians on love are now living languages. If an Elamite, a Mesopotamian, a Phrygian, a Crete, an Arabian, or a Libyan who was in Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost, and heard the Gospel preached in his own tongue by one of the apostles, should arise from his long-forgotten grave and speak as he spoke then, there is not a man on earth who could understand him. Language has been blending with language, making continual changes ever since the confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel. But when, like the different strains of an æolian harp, the languages of men shall all mingle into one again—as probably they will before the world's millennial era—the greatest theme of that one grand language will be the eternal love of God manifested through Jesus Christ.

How much of the scientific knowledge that was taught and valued when Paul wrote to the Corinthians is now received and taught in our schools? Not any of it. How many of the arts of his age are received and valued by us? Not one. We look back at the system of astronomy taught eighteen hundred years ago with a smile. All the scientific knowledge of the apostolic age we regard as a rude scaffold compared with our temple of science. That scaffold has vanished away, and such will be the fate of much that we esteem and teach as science. But, though we do not accept the arts and sciences of the past, we often go back in imagination to Gethsemane, and, standing by the side of One who is prostrate in prayer, we learn a lesson of love from the agony of his sinless soul, from the blood that crimsoned his face, and from the utterance—"Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from me!" We often return to Calvary, and, gazing on the meek sufferer of the cross, exclaim, O, depths of love, who can fathom the heart of God!

There is a limit to the existence of the grandest pyramids that have been built on earth, for when the elements shall melt with fervent heat they will be no more. There is a limit to the conqueror's renown, for when the era of universal peace shall be ushered in warriors will be forgotten. There is a limit to the statesman's fame, for when all shall see eye to eye under the government of God, civil laws and political arrangements will be considered, if

remembered at all, as things belonging to the childhood of the world. There is a limit to the fame and glory of the poet, for when the New Jerusalem shall descend from God out of heaven, when angels shall come down to earth and unite their songs with the new song of the redeemed, the sweetest strains that have been sung here will be remembered only as discord; but love can not grow old, love can not die—it is the essence of the Godhead, and those who manifest it among their fellow-men will shine as the brightness of the firmament and as the stars forever and ever.

WITHIN YOUR MEANS.

"THIS is pleasant!" exclaimed a young husband, taking his seat in the rocking-chair as the supper things were removed. The fire glowing in the grate, revealed a pretty and neatly furnished sitting-room, with all the appliance of comfort. The fatiguing business of the day was over, and he sat enjoying what he had all day been anticipating, the delights of his own fireside. His pretty wife, Esther, took her work and sat down by the table.

"It is pleasant to have a home of one's own," he again said, taking a satisfactory survey of his little quarters. The cold rain beat against the windows, and he thought he felt really grateful for all his present comforts.

"Now if we only had a piano," exclaimed the wife.

"Give me the music of your own sweet voice before all the pianos in creation," he observed, complimentarily; but he felt a certain secret disappointment that his wife's thankfulness did not happily chime with his own.

"Well, we want one for our friends," said Esther.

"Let our friends come see us, and not to hear a piano," exclaimed the husband.

"But, George, every body has a piano nowadays—we do n't go any where without seeing a piano," persisted the wife.

"And yet I do n't know what we want one for—you will have no time to play on one, and I do n't want to hear it."

"Why, they are so fashionable—I think our room looks nearly naked without one."

"I think it looks just right."

"I think it looks very naked—we want a piano shockingly," protested Esther emphatically.

The husband rocked violently.

"Your lamp smokes, my dear," said he, after a long pause.

"When are you going to get a camphene

lamp? I have told you a dozen times how much we need one," said Esther pettishly.

"These are very pretty lamps—I never can see by a camphene lamp," said her husband. "These lamps are the prettiest of the kind I ever saw."

"But, George, I do not think our room is complete without a camphene lamp," said Esther sharply. "They are so fashionable! Why, the Morgans and Millers, and many others I might mention, all have them; I am sure we ought to."

"We ought not to take pattern by other people's expenses, and I do n't see any reason in that."

The husband moved uneasily in his chair.

"We want to live as well as others," said Esther.

"We want to live within our means, Esther," exclaimed George.

"I am sure we can afford it as well as the Morgans, and Millers, and Thorns; we do not wish to appear mean."

George's cheek crimsoned.

"Mean! I am not mean!" he cried angrily.

"Then we do not wish to appear so," said the wife. "To complete this room, and make it look like other people's we want a piano and camphene lamps."

"We want—we want!" muttered the husband, "there 's no satisfying woman's want, do what you may," and he abruptly left the room.

How many husbands are in a similar dilemma? How many houses and husbands are rendered uncomfortable by the constant dissatisfaction of a wife with present comforts and present provisions! How many bright prospects for business have ended in bankruptcy and ruin in order to satisfy this secret hankering after fashionable necessities! Could the real cause of many failures be known, it would be found to result from useless expenditures at home—expenses to answer the demands of fashion and "what will people think?"

"My wife has made my fortune," said a gentleman of great possessions, "by her thrift, and prudence, and cheerfulness, when I was just beginning."

"And mine has lost my fortune," answered his companion, "by useless extravagance and repining when I was doing well."

What a world does this open to the influence which a wife possesses over the future prosperity of her family! Let the wife know her influence and try to use it wisely and well.

Be satisfied to commence on a small scale. It is too common for young housekeepers to begin where their mothers ended. Buy all that is necessary to work skillfully with; adorn your

house with all that will render it comfortable. Do not look at richer homes, and covet their costly furniture. If secret dissatisfaction is ready to spring up, go a step further and visit the homes of the suffering poor; behold dark, cheerless apartments, insufficient clothing, and absence of all the comforts and refinements of social life, and then return to your own with a joyful spirit. You will then be prepared to meet your husband with a grateful heart, and be ready to appreciate the toil of self-denial which he has endured in the business world to surround you with the delights of home; and you will be ready to coöperate cheerfully with him in so arranging your expenses, that his mind will not be constantly harassed with fears lest his family expenditure may encroach upon public payments. Be independent; a young housekeeper never needed greater moral courage than she does now to resist the arrogance of fashion. Do not let the A.'s and B.'s decide what you must have, neither let them hold the strings of your purse. You know best what you can and ought to afford. It matters but little what people think, provided you are true to yourself and family.

FINDING HER WORK.

"To do my duty in the state of life to which it shall please God to call me."

THE world is wide and full of sorrow. Life is truly noble only when it seeks to lift up those who are fallen into the great brotherhood of humanity; and, slowly as the world moves to the golden age of the poet's dream, it needs the help of all in its progress. Let us not think that we can be idle. Each of us has her place; small, indeed, perhaps, in our thought, not large enough for our capabilities. For each of us there is some work. Let us find and do it, humble though it may be, remembering that, though in the world's scale, applause, gold, pleasure, ease have their weight, in the balance of God, in that *Dies Irae* to which we look forward, our least service to humanity is heavier than all."

Four earnest, lovely girl faces looked up at the young valedictorian; on the platform were ranged the dignitaries always there on such occasions; in front was the school, and, beyond all, the great room crowded with people, who had come to the commencement to comment on the dress of the class, their style of reading, their merits as compared with former ones, etc. Silks rustled, fans waved, and staid matrons, ladies of fashion, grave gentlemen, looked up all to her; and while that clear, earnest voice

was filling the hall, forgot every thing but that. And she, seeing their interest, thinking only of her theme, left the words of the dainty, white-ribboned essay in her hand, to say other and more enthusiastic ones; telling them how glorious life might be made; of all the possibilities of good that lay before them, as buds waiting only the sunshine of their love and care to blossom into forms of beauty that would be a joy forever; beseeching them, because of the shortness of life, to improve every opportunity however small.

It was very pretty; "an elegant production showing more than usual talent," as the *Wilton Gazette* said in its notice of the "Commencement Exercises at the Athenian Female College." When she uttered the last faltering farewell, and passed from the stage, the audience drew a long breath of regret. The beautiful words, the earnest voice touched them, and they forgot their silks, and laces, and criticisms for a while. More than one thought how noble a thing life might be made, and sighed to think of its bare realities.

But the feeling passed. There was music, presentation of diplomas, and the benediction; and then the throng went out into the deepening shadows of that golden afternoon, talking, as they went, of the talent of the young valedictorian—how this or that one read—what a credit to the town the school was. There was praise for Miriam Dana; compliments enough to have turned an older head than hers; kisses and good-byes, and entreaties to write and to visit them; a railroad journey—and then she was home, and it was all over.

A small house in a little village, an invalid mother, three younger children needing care; that was what she found. She unpacked, put away her essays and pictures of school friends, and looked about her. Romance was gone. Plain realities faced her, and, beside her glorious dreams and grand resolves, they seemed very bare indeed. There was sweeping and dusting, sewing and darning, the care of her mother and the children. That was the work. For recreation she could make calls, go to parties a half dozen times a year—a stray lecture or concert standing between. She received the congratulations of the neighbors, sandwiched between inquiries as to her mother's health, and the prospects of the wheat crop; swept, put the house in order, made preserves and canned fruit; and, one hot day in August, stopped her work a moment to ask herself whether, after all, life was such a glorious thing. She had heard so, of course, had said so in the valedictory every one thought so beautiful. She had

had vague ideas of doing wonders when she was free from school. Was this what it all meant? Somehow it seemed to her that if doing the house-work, attending prayer meetings, and taking a class in Sunday school was all there was in life, it was hardly worth while. These things were good, but was there not something more?

This girl, you understand, was no lackadaisical maiden seeking a mission. She was an honest, true-hearted young lady, who thought making calls, frizzing her hair, and having her dresses in the latest style, should not be the end of life. Marriage was something in the future, about which she did not trouble herself. She wanted work, felt somehow a blank in her life without it, even if her mother did call her the best daughter in the world, and her brothers and sisters look up to her as a happy combination of perfect love and superhuman wisdom. She knew that the world was full of sin and sorrow. She could not hope that because the village was small there was none there. And as she could not leave home she must find her work there.

Was she, after all, very different from most girls? Are there not hundreds like her to whom religion does not bring perfect peace, because, in modern society, it, after all, is so little? They come out of our schools every year, longing vaguely to do something, oppressed often by the comparative uselessness of their lives, wishing, perhaps, that there were Protestant sisterhoods in which they might work. And because they can do nothing they abandon themselves to pleasure, try to interest themselves in calls and parties; if they be literary, in new books; and look forward to marriage as a cure for all their ills, when, in fact, it will be for many only the beginning of them. And religion, which should be the chief thing, is pushed aside into Sunday duties and scanty private hours.

To add to her discontent came letters from her classmates. One, the darling of rich parents, was at Newport, and her letter was filled with fashion and frivolity. Another was traveling, and gave pictures of sea and mountain that filled Miriam with longing. The third was quietly at home now, but expected, in a few weeks, to return to the college as a teacher. As for the last—Miriam opened her letter half trembling, for Mary Oakley was unlike the rest of the class. "I am going South to teach the freedmen," she wrote; "that seems to me a grand work, to which I can devote my whole energies. I have no duties to do here, for my cousins relieve me from any service to my aunt. I have already secured a place, and shall go in

a fortnight. I ought to tell you that the decision was made when I left school, and your last 'charge' confirmed it."

The gay letters of the others had not touched her as this did. She could put down glowing accounts of balls and parties, of wonderful scenery, of plans of study, sighing, but still content with her lot. But Mary Oakley was going to work. The vision of the possible good she might accomplish troubled her. In her distress she went to her mother.

"I'm sure, dear, I do n't know of any thing you can do. There is your Sunday school class, and you go to the Aid Society, and are very helpful at home."

"Yes, mother, but it seems to me that my work ought not to end here. I should do more for Christ than those things."

Mrs. Dana's answer hardly chimed in with the last sentence. "There are your books. Do you keep up your studies?"

"You know, mother, that I read French and Latin every day, and I'm going through the reading Mr. Lee marked for me."

"Then I do n't see that you've any time for outside work."

"O, mother, it seems to me that life was n't given me just to make myself cultivated and able to appreciate fine things. There should be work in it, and that should come before culture. I have a little time. I could get more if I had any object in it. And I would rather give up French and music, mother, than never do any good in the world."

"My daughter," kissing the knit forehead, "you do good every day of your life."

"Yes, I know, to you, here at home. But I should do that if I were not a Christian. 'The world loves its own,' you know." She opened a book that lay near her. "Here is what I mean, mother, I read it to you last night:

'If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on
If a blinder one there be,
Let me guide him nearer Thee;
Make my mortal dreams come true,
With the work I fain would do;
Clothe with life the weak intent,
Let me be the thing I meant;
Let me find in thy employ
Peace, that dearer is than joy;
Out of self to love be led,
And to heaven acclimated;
Until all things sweet and good,
Seem my natural habitude.'"

"It's very pretty, my dear," said Mrs. Dana; "but you read, too, from the same book—I remembered it because it fitted me—'The good but wished with God is done.' I do n't think that in Westbrook you will find work beyond

your home. You must take my line and, adding to it, 'They also serve who only stand and wait,' be content."

"I do n't think waiting or wishing is service, mother, when we can do other things. It suits you but not me."

But the talk had made Mrs. Dana's head ache; so Miriam lowered the blinds and went out, leaving her to rest. When, an hour later, the doctor came, she was sleeping still.

"You keep too closely in the house, Miss Miriam," he said, noticing her weary air. "You should be out such a lovely day as this. Suppose you come with me now. I'm going to the Dexter place."

All the shadows vanished from her face. A ride on such a day could not but make her happy, and, hastily giving the "help" directions about tea in case she should not return in time to see to it, she went out with Dr. May.

The day was one of those rare ones that come sometimes in late August, touched to coolness by the soft stir of winds, lighted by sunshine that seemed almost holy in its radiance. Beneath the broad, blue sky, spread out like the infinite mercy of God over the sinful, the world slept in Summer heat and quiet. The woods sang softly in the light winds; birds chirped now and then; there was "the lowly laughter of the wind-swayed wheat," and the drowsy hum of insects filled the air. Dr. May was Miriam's oldest friend—a man of sterling worth and great kindness of heart. So it happened that before the ride ended she had told him her perplexity. He said nothing for a few minutes, then answered meditatively, "Do you think you would be happier if you had a mission?"

"I have my mission, doctor—to do good. I want to know where and how to fulfill it."

"Well, is it some great work, some steady, absorbing pursuit that you want?"

"Not that; some little things that I could do easily."

"Well," after another pause, "there's work for somebody at the Dexter place. Perhaps you could do that."

"What is it?" was the eager question.

"There's a girl there, Mrs. Dexter's niece—you have heard of her, I suppose. I'm supposed to be doctoring her, but she's not sick enough to need me. Her parents were both killed last Winter in a railroad accident. They were rich; she was an only child, petted, of course. But they found when they examined the estate that there was almost nothing left; speculations—the old story. She came here

six months ago. I do n't believe she has been out of the house since. She has just sat down and mourned, and if she goes on in that way much longer I won't answer for the consequences. I have tried to get her out, have tried to make the young folks go and see her; but, you know, none of them like Mrs. Dexter, and, to tell the truth, the girl's not very prepossessing."

"Well?" as the doctor stopped.

"I do n't know whether it is an entirely religious work you want or not, but it seems to me it would be a good deed to get that girl out of herself and make something of her. It could be done, but it would be a long work and a hard one. Will you try it?"

It was not what she wanted—some dream of a mission Sunday school, for which there was not the least opening in Westbrook. But she only hesitated a moment; it was work. There was some one that she might lead to Christ, and her answer came readily.

"If you think I can do any good I shall be very glad to try."

The Dexter place was a large, rambling country house, a neglected garden in front, a flourishing orchard behind. Its owner cultivated his farm and thought flowers nuisances. His wife attended to her butter and cheese, and was always complaining about the great house she had to keep in order. She met them at the door with her sleeves up and an apron on, showed them into a large, dark room, and vanished. When Miriam's eyes became used to the gloom she saw a girl lying on a lounge at the farther end, who answered the doctor's questions in a fretful voice and scarcely noticed her. It did n't look promising. Her heart sank when the doctor rose, and, saying he would call for her in an hour, left. She went to work bravely, talked of the weather, the beauty of the day, and the lovely ride she had had, till the girl's large, sleepy eyes fairly opened, and she expressed a desire to see for herself the outer world.

"Will you not walk out?" Miriam said, thinking a glimpse of out-doors would both quicken her patient's blood and help her, for the close room was making her feel faint and ill.

"O, I could n't do that; I've not been out-doors for months. But we might open the blinds. Aunt keeps them shut for fear of flies."

So Miriam opened them, and in the light thus admitted saw clearly what her patient was: a tall, pale girl, between fifteen and sixteen, with a pretty but fretful face, dressed in a rich mourning robe, so carelessly worn that half its

beauty was lost, her hair but half-combed, her teeth any thing but white, her whole appearance careless and untidy.

"But how can she see how she looks in these dark rooms?" thought Miriam, and had compassion on her.

"Do n't you think walks or rides would do you good?" she asked.

"I can't walk, and there's no way of riding. When pa and ma lived we had a carriage, and I used to ride every-where; but there's no use trying now."

"But you could walk a little, could n't you? The woods around here are beautiful."

But Miss Flora could think of nothing but riding and her father's carriage, and how splendidly she had lived till his death. Miriam found it hard work to talk with her.

"Are you able to study any?" she asked, seizing upon some reference Flora had made to her school days.

"It always made my head ache; and besides there was no need of it then. An heiress can get married if she does n't know every thing," with a laugh.

Miriam concealed her disgust at the coarse, careless sentence.

"I was not thinking of that," she said gently; "you seem so lonely here, and it would be occupation for you."

"I should n't like it," said Flora shortly.

"Do you like music?" said Miriam after another pause. "Your aunt has a piano, I see."

"Miserable, rickety old thing! If I had my own Steinway I might take lessons—that is, if there's a decent teacher to be found here."

"There is a very good one. Why not try drawing? Do you sketch from nature?"

"Mercy, no! At the school I went to the girls learned to paint, and I was going to take lessons, but—of course—. There's no teacher for that, is there?"

"No regular one; but," half hesitating, "I might give you lessons."

"O, are you a teacher?"

There was such half contempt in her voice that Miriam's pride rose. Her answer was brief.

"I am not."

"I suppose it is n't here as it is in the city," said Miss Aire after a moment's embarrassed pause. "A teacher is n't any thing there. You are the minister's daughter, are n't you? Did n't your father write a book once?"

"He has written several," said Miriam, her face lighting with half-unconscious pride, which information considerably raised her visitor in

Flora's eyes, and made her look with more favor on the idea of lessons from her.

Before the doctor came she had promised to visit Miriam in the course of the week, and possibly, she added, she might take drawing-lessons.

"Well," said the doctor as they drove away, "how do you like her?"

Divided between charity and truth, Miriam answered, "I do n't like her at all now, but I think I may learn to."

"She has had no training at all, I think," said Dr. May. "She is even more obtuse and unladylike than you would expect from a girl of her class. You who have had such careful training can afford to bear with her a little."

"I know it; I mean to try to," she answered humbly.

"Miriam," said her mother when she came home, "I've thought of something for you. Hannah wants to learn to read English. Why can't you teach her?"

The girl looked at the "raw Swede" who served them as "help" with new interest.

"I can, mamma. I wonder I did not think of it before. My work is coming," she added gayly as she went to the kitchen to see that the tea was properly served.

She began that night, promising to give Hannah lessons twice a week. At the second one she had another scholar, the servant of a neighbor. So she had two whom she was teaching to read the Bible, learning it better herself in the task.

Miss Aire came a few days later. She could not help noticing the simple elegance of Miriam's home, and wondered at the multitude of books and pictures. The visit was not without results. All about the rooms were graceful tokens of Miriam's taste and skill—hanging baskets, moss pictures, wreaths of Autumn leaves—all the dainty things that add so much to the beauty of a home. For such work as this the girl had inclination; and coming finally on a vase of wax flowers, she abruptly asked Miriam if she would teach her to make them.

"If you think you would like to learn."

"I should very much indeed; but I do n't think stiff bouquets are as pretty as some other things."

"And I agree with you entirely," laughed Miriam. "I made that under my teacher, and it was her taste. But I have had all sorts of pretty ideas since that, if you like you can carry out. How would you like a cross of simple white flowers, or some water-lilies? I saw some once put in a shallow dish under a vase that was very beautiful."

The girl's face lighted with real interest. "I should like it so much, if you only will be so kind as to teach me."

So it was arranged that Flora should come to the village twice a week for two or three hours, till some of Miriam's designs had been worked out. And certainly it was no little thing to get her twice a week out of the old farm-house, that for so many months she had not left.

"My dear," said Mrs. Dana when she heard of the arrangement, "I really do n't think it will do Miss Aire much good to make wax flowers. I thought you intended to have her study natural history, or botany, or something else."

"So I did, and I do still; but just at present she does n't think she can study, and surely any thing is better than staying in that gloomy old house and doing nothing all day. Doctor May says that though she is n't sick now, she will be if she does it much longer."

"Where are your models going to come from?"

"We are going to the pond to-morrow. I'm going to get her out of doors, you see, and if I can politely I shall give her a botany lesson on the way."

"Good doctrine that," said her father, looking up from his paper. "Fresh air and exercise are a cure for half the ill's flesh is heir to. Walks in the woods will do Miss Aire good, and the botany will come in by and by."

He was right. Through the copying of living flowers Miriam interested Flora in the study of them. When their work was finished the girl wished to make a moss picture, and Miriam promised that if she would collect the material later in the Fall she would help her to make one. Then seeing that that was not enough, she helped her search the woods for mosses and ferns. One day, slightly to her surprise, Flora proposed to study botany.

"It's hardly a Winter study," said Miriam smiling. "If you will wait till next Spring you can watch the growth of plants yourself and make a herbarium if you like. In the mean time if you want to study, what do you say to natural history or astronomy? You would like both, I think."

"I should like to study," Flora answered. "When cold, stormy weather comes and I can't get out I should like something to do. It is so lonely at home, with aunt always in the kitchen, and"—suddenly breaking off. "I should like to read too. I was so ashamed the other day when your father asked me about that French king, that I never had heard of him."

"Suppose, then, you take history and astronomy, and if you would like to read I can lend

you Macaulay, and that is more interesting than a novel."

"I never liked history," sighed Flora, "but it's better than doing nothing."

"Is there any need of your being idle?" asked Miriam gently, "even if you have no studies? Perhaps you do n't like housework. I used to hate it; but you will find it will make study more pleasant. Believe me, after sweeping and dusting you will find even history more interesting."

Flora said nothing; but when a few days later Miriam called at the Dexter place, she found her in the kitchen churning, and concluded that her hint had been taken.

Dr. May's visits had before this ceased. He congratulated Miriam heartily on her work. "And if you want more," he concluded, "there's widow Haines's daughter. If you would see her, interest her in books or something, it would be half toward curing her."

So Miriam went. She found a case somewhat like Flora, only more easily managed.

"What will you do next?" Mrs. Dana said when Miriam told her of her visit and her plan for Milly Haines.

"Give Ruth Leyton music lessons, mamma, if you will let me. The child has great musical talent, but is too poor to pay the regular price for lessons."

"My dear!"

"Mamma," said Miriam, kneeling down by her, "do you remember once asking me what good my accomplishments would do in the service of Christ? You thought they would only lead me into self-culture to the neglect of duty. I did not know then, I do now, mamma. I believe every acquirement that I have will be of use to me. My German and music will help me to teach others. My knowledge does not lead me to neglect duty—only gives me more duties."

"But, my dear," said Mrs. Dana, "your work is not a religious one, is it? Are you leading Flora to Christ?"

"I think so, mother," after a pause. "I could n't do as some do, talk religion all the while; but I have prayed, and lately I have found that Flora seemed to want to talk of the Bible and Christ. I have said nothing, because I did n't know. And these others, mamma, if I can reach their hearts in other ways, it will be easier to lead them to him."

And so, as the Summer deepened into Autumn, and Autumn into Winter, Miriam found her hands full of work. Her evening lessons, her walks and talks with Flora, and her care of her other charges occupied her fully. But she

liked it—was happier than she had ever been before.

In early Winter Hannah went to the city. Miriam wondered what work would fill the long Winter evenings, and even while she questioned the answer came. A poor widow in the town came to her and begged her to give evening lessons to her two sons. They were bright boys—wanted to learn, but they must work this Winter instead of going to school. If she could give them an evening in the week and show them a little. And Miriam gladly gave three.

Very soon she had half a dozen scholars eager to learn, who looked up to their young teacher as an oracle of wisdom. She took them as a gift from Heaven—the answer to her earnest prayers for work, and did not think her duty done when the lessons had been heard. The evening's task was always closed by some pleasure. She sang to and with them, told them stories of noble men, inciting them to copy their brave deeds, and quite frequently explained to them the Bible lessons of the next Sabbath. Her very air of bright earnestness infected them, making them truer and better. Gradually they brought to her their boyish troubles and their dreams of the future. More than one of the queer knots of which boys' heads seem so full, her loving fingers unraveled. She taught them to aspire nobly, gave them a purer ambition than that of the schools, made them see the glory of content as well as aspiration. Years from now she may find that more than one of those boys owes his salvation to her.

At Christmas a tree for the Sunday school claimed her attention. There were half a dozen poor children, whom no one had remembered, but her quick fingers had provided for them. And for the girl's own good she had enticed Flora into helping her.

Toward the latter part of the Winter there came a revival in Westbury. And the first who kneeled at the altar was Flora Aire. Miriam kneeled with her, rejoicing with her when the joy of pardon came to her. More than one of the converts of that Winter were those whom Miriam directly or indirectly had been helping.

I might go on with my story indefinitely. I wanted to show you how one girl found her work in a place where seemingly there was none, and how she did it. It was very little perhaps; but if she had waited for greater things to come to her, she might have done nothing. She took what came first, knowing that the purpose is the crown of all endeavor; never troubling herself about the future that might shatter her plans. She will never found

a hospital or a college, she may never dare and do things that a nation may love to record. In the place God has put her she works. Few pearls, but strong on the golden chain of purpose, who shall despise them?

DISCOVERY OF POMPEII.

THE celebrated letter of Pliny, the younger, to the historian Tacitus, furnishes us with a very vivid picture of the most memorable eruption of Vesuvius—that of August 23, A. D. 79. At the time of its occurrence the elder Pliny was in command of the Roman fleet off Misenum. At about noon of the 24th of August, his attention was called to a cloud of unusual size and shape. In figure it resembled a pine-tree, for “it shot up a great height in the form of a trunk, which extended itself at the top into a sort of branches.” Anxious to command a nearer view of this remarkable phenomenon, Pliny ordered a light vessel to be got ready. Before he started he received a note from a lady, whose villa was situated at the foot of Vesuvius, earnestly begging him to come to her assistance. He at once ordered the galleys to be put to sea, and steered for the point of danger. His approach was embarrassed by dense showers of cinders, pumice stones, and fragments of heated rock. Having rendered as much help as was possible to the inhabitants of the villas, which were thickly planted along the coast, he proceeded to Stabiae, where his friend Pomponianus resided. His interest in his friend cost him his life. For, on the following morning, the houses had begun to shake with such violence, and the showers of calcined stones and cinders had become so dense, that he determined to make an effort to gain the shore, and put off at once to sea. It was, however, too late. Suffocated by the sulphurous vapor, he fell down dead. In the mean while, the younger Pliny, his nephew, remained at Misenum. Successive shocks of an earthquake warned him that it was no longer safe to stay in the town. The chariots which he had ordered to be drawn out were so agitated by the heaving ground that they could not be kept steady for a moment. A black cloud, out of which rolled vast volumes of igneous vapor, covered the sea, whose waters receded from the shore. Every thing was mantled in darkness. Nothing was heard but the shrieks of women and children. It seemed as though the last and eternal night, which, according to pagan notions, was to destroy the world and the gods together, had come. Lurid flashes of light, accompanied

by heavy showers of ashes and stones, deepened the horrors of the day. At length the darkness rolled away. But every thing was changed. The whole country was covered over with white ashes, as with a deep snow. The beautiful view over the bay from the island of Capri was entirely marred. The picturesque villas had vanished under heaps of cinders; and the cities of Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabiae, lay buried in ruins.

During the period of 1,669 years Pompeii remained thus buried and forgotten. There are traces of searches made among the *débris* immediately after the catastrophe. But these were inconsiderable, and were soon suspended. In the year 1592 an architect, named Dominico Fontana, cut a subterranean canal under the site of the city, for the purpose of conveying water from the River Sarno to the town of Torre dell' Annunziata. In constructing this canal the workmen came often upon the basements of buildings; but no curiosity appears to have been excited, and no steps taken to prosecute further researches. Nearly a hundred years later fresh ruins were discovered, and an inscription with the word POMPEII. But even this failed to awaken any practical interest. At length, when the accidental discovery of Herculaneum had drawn the attention of learned and scientific men to the subject, Alcubierre, a Spanish colonel of engineers, who had been employed to examine the subterranean canal, was led by the discovery of a house, with statues and other objects, “to conjecture that some ancient city lay buried there, overwhelmed by the great eruption of Vesuvius in 79.”

Having obtained permission from Charles III, the King of Naples, he commenced early in the year 1748 the excavations of the street, afterward called the Strada della Fortuna. His labors were soon rewarded; for in a few days he discovered “a picture, eleven palms long by four and a half palms high, containing festoons of eggs, fruits, and flowers, the head of a man, large, and in a good style, a helmet, an owl, various small birds, and other objects.” The next discovery of importance was the skeleton of a man, covered with the lava mud. By his side were found eighteen brass coins, and one of silver. Before the end of the first year of the excavations, the amphitheater, which is capable of holding 10,000 persons, was laid bare. The operations, however, were carried on with deplorable dilatoriness, and the royal exchequer was by no means liberal. The excavators, who worked in chains, were chiefly condemned felons, or Mohammedan slaves. No stranger was permitted in the ruins. Accurate

records of the discoveries were kept; the most important pictures were detached from the walls after copies of them had been taken, and the buildings in which they were found were again covered with the rubbish. When some progress had been made in the excavations, strangers were admitted on the payment of an exorbitant fee; but all attempts to take copies of mosaics or frescoes were rigorously discouraged.

The short period during which the French occupied Naples was distinguished by a more liberal and enlightened policy. Under the patronage of Caroline, the wife of Murat, the works were carried on with great vigor, and many remarkable discoveries were made. The amphitheater, which had been filled up again, was cleared, the Forum was laid open, and the greater portion of the Street of Tombs was uncovered. The return of the Bourbons to favor was not conducive to the progress of the excavations. The revolution which drove them finally from Naples gave Pompeii another chance. Garibaldi was appointed dictator. But however brave and patriotic as a general, he was scarcely fitted for the functions of administration. He gave the directorship of museums and excavations to Alexandre Dumas, the French novelist. The new director was quite alive to the dignity of his position, and kept it up with princely magnificence. But he had no notion of its responsibilities. It is said that he paid but one visit to the ruins. His rule was happily short-lived. For on the accession of Victor Emmanuel to the throne of Italy, Giuseppe Fiorelli, a distinguished antiquarian scholar, was appointed dictator-general of the works.

The appointment has proved most judicious. Pursuing a regular system, noting "every appearance or fragment which might afford or suggest a restoration of any part of the buried edifice, replacing with fresh timber every charred beam, propping every tottering wall or portion of brick-work," the new *commendatore* has succeeded in exhibiting not a confused and undefined mass of crumbling ruins, but a town, in the integrity of its outlines, and the order of its arrangements. Street after street has been uncovered. Temples, baths, markets, tombs, stand out just as they stood eighteen hundred years ago. The villa of the poet, the forum, the counting-house, the baker's shop, the school-room, the kitchen, carry us into the very heart of the Roman life in the brightest days of the empire. The jewelry of beauty, the spade of the laborer, the fetter of the prisoner, and the weapon of the soldier are all there, reproducing and realizing the past with a vividness which can scarcely be conceived.

Pompeii overwhelmed and, as it were, hermetically sealed in the very height of its prosperity, preserved from the ravages with which Goths and Vandals visited the ancient glories of Italy, and from the sacrilegious and almost as destructive pillagings of modern hands, brings the very past to our doors. Within its silent streets are "buildings as they were originally designed, not altered and patched to meet the exigencies of newer fashions; the paintings undimmed by the leaden touch of time; household furniture left in the confusion of use; articles, even of intrinsic value, abandoned in the hurry of escape, yet safe from the robber, or scattered about as they fell from the trembling hand, which could not pause or stoop for its most valuable possessions; and, in some instances, the bones of the inhabitants, bearing sad testimony to the suddenness and completeness of the calamity which overwhelmed them."

There are the very ruts which were made by the wheels of chariots, flying perhaps from the impending ruin; there are water-pipes in the cavities of which, sealed by the hand of time, the splashing fluid can still be heard; there are rude and grotesque inscriptions, scratched by some loiterer on the stucco, and as fresh as when they excited the mirth of the passer-by; there are egg-shells, bones of fish and chickens, and other fragments of a repast of which skeletons lying near them were partaking when the catastrophe overwhelmed them; there is fuel ready to be supplied to furnaces for heating the baths; there are the stains left upon the counters of drinking shops by wet glasses; there are the vials of the apothecary still containing the fluids which he was wont to dispense; there are ovens in which loaves of bread, carbonized, but otherwise perfect, may yet be seen; there are vases with olives still swimming in oil, the fruit retaining its flavor, and the oil burning readily when submitted to the flame; there are shelves, on which are piled stores of figs, raisins, and chestnuts; and there are amphoræ, containing the rare wines for which Campania was famous.

The great eruption was evidently accompanied by an earthquake, for many skeletons have been found, which were those of persons killed by the falling of walls upon them. Eight skeletons were discovered in 1787 under the *débris* of a wall, and in 1818 the bones of a man who had been crushed by the fall of a marble column were found in the Forum. The ruined appearance which the town presents is clearly traceable, to a great extent, to the effect of the earthquake; but for which the denudation of the buildings would have discovered them in their original integrity. There are traces, too, of

rough and destructive searches made soon after the catastrophe for hidden treasures. It is an ascertained fact that the Emperor Alexander Severus made Pompeii "a sort of quarry, from which he drew a great quantity of marbles, columns, and beautiful statues, which he employed in adorning the edifices which he constructed at Rome." The furniture of the Basilica, the columns of the portico of Eumachia, one of the chief buildings, and many other of the most valuable adornments of the city were thus carried away. Only on the supposition of previous and protracted researches can we account for the paucity of gold and silver articles, coins, and statues as yet discovered. Many of the more portable treasures must have been carried away by the inhabitants in their flight, for it is clear that, however sudden the final catastrophe may have been, such warnings were given as to enable the greater proportion of the citizens to escape.

About one-third of the city has been disinterred. In this portion six or seven hundred skeletons have been found. It is reasonable to assume that if the whole city were uncovered the number of skeletons would be about two thousand. But Pompeii contained at least twenty thousand inhabitants. The eruption occurred at a time when the people were assembled by thousands in the amphitheater. Very few skeletons, however, have been found there, and even these may have been gladiators already slain. The remaining skeletons are probably "those of the sick, the infirm, and the irresolute; of those who mistakingly thought that they should find protection against the fatal shower in their houses or their cellars; or of those who, from motives of avarice, and sometimes, perhaps, of affection, lingered in search of their treasures or their beloved ones till there was no longer time to effect their escape." One skeleton, however, bears witness to motives neither sordid nor selfish; it is that of a Roman soldier on guard, who was found at his post.

Pompeii is situated on an elevated plateau at the southern base of Vesuvius, about a mile from the sea. From the fact that shells and sea-sand have been found on the side of the city adjoining the coast, and that iron rings, intended, as it is supposed, for the mooring of vessels, have been discovered near the ruins, it has been conjectured that in the age before the memorable and fatal explosion of 79 the walls of the city were washed by the sea. The assumption that these rings were used for mooring purposes is simply gratuitous, and the discovery of shells gives little authority to the theory of a change of coast line. The remains of many

buildings much nearer the sea, and outside the walls of Pompeii—some of them being buried under white *lapilli*, such as were thrown out by the eruption of 79—bear evidence to the fact that the position of the city in ancient times was identical with its present site. If any thing more were required in proof of this conclusion, it might be found in the fact that Herculaneum and Stabiae, the one on the north, and the other on the south of Pompeii, still lie on the margin of the sea, clearly showing that no alteration in the coast line was produced by the eruption. Seated thus, at a convenient distance from the bay, on the banks of a navigable river, at the entrance of a vast and fertile plain, and shadowed by the heights of Vesuvius—not then the bare and rugged mountain it is now—Pompeii offered not only the conveniences of a commercial city and the security of a strong military position, but the attractions of beautiful scenery and a delicious climate. It was the fashionable watering-place of the Roman aristocracy. The city itself was of somewhat limited proportions. But the more aristocratic villas were suburban. Indeed, the whole coast was so thickly planted with gardens and houses as to appear like one vast city.

The most attractive site in the city is that which is occupied by the buildings of the Forum. In earlier times the Forum was simply an inclosure for public meetings and purposes of commerce. As the taste for splendor increased, it became the pride of the citizens, who lavished on it the resources of their genius and wealth. Within its area were gathered temples consecrated to almost numberless deities; basilicas for the administration of justice; courts for the local magistracy; tabularia where the public records were preserved; prisons, granaries, and all the appliances of public convenience and pleasure. The markets were held within appropriate inclosures; the money-changers had here their tables; and here and there were the *rostra* whence public orators were wont to address the crowd. The Forum of Pompeii was no exception to the general rule for size and splendor. The elevation, as restored, presents a picture of singular beauty. On entering the ruins the spectator finds himself in an oblong area, measuring about 524 feet by 140 feet. Over this area are scattered the evidences of former magnificence—pedestals which once supported statues; columns divested of their marble casings; and fragments of white stucco clinging to shattered walls. A Doric colonnade, broken only in its continuous line by the portions of surrounding buildings, runs along the west, south, and east sides. The

columns, in their perfect state, were two feet three and a half inches in diameter, and twelve feet in height, with an interval between them of nearly seven feet. They were either of fine white stone, resembling marble, of yellowish tufa, or of plastered brick.

On the north of the Forum stands a building supposed to have been a temple of Jupiter. It is of the Corinthian order, and rests on an elevated basement. The columns, which are three feet eight inches in diameter, rise to a height of thirty-six feet. The whole height of the building was sixty feet. The interior of the *cella* was painted, the predominant colors being red and black. The pavement was formed of diamond-shaped slabs of marble, inclosed within a broad border of black and white mosaic. On this pavement fragments of a colossal statue, supposed to be a statue of Jupiter, were found. A sun-dial was also found close at hand. The whole of the temple, which is constructed of stone and lava, is covered with a fine white cement made of marble. Connected with the temple by a low wall is an arch, conjectured to have been triumphal. But it is not stately enough for such a purpose, and was evidently the entrance to a court, in which were the public granaries and prisons. The fact of the granaries having been within this court is supposed to be established by the discovery of the public measures in the immediate neighborhood; the site of the prisons is placed beyond all doubt, for the skeletons of two men were found on the spot, their leg-bones still shackled with irons. On the north-east angle of the temple there is a gateway, which was most probably an arch of triumph. Its massive piers, with portions of their columns, still remain. In the center of the piers were fountains, the leaden pipes of which are yet visible. The arch was surmounted by an equestrian statue, fragments of which have been found close by. Near this arch was found a skeleton, clutching seventy-four small silver coins.

At the north-eastern angle of the Forum stands a building which for a long time was supposed to be the Pantheon. Round an altar in the center of the area are twelve pedestals, which formerly were either crowned by statues, all of which have perished, or formed the base of columns, supporting a circular building. The area, which measures one hundred and twenty feet by ninety, is bounded by the back wall of shops, by a small shrine, and by eleven cells, supposed to have belonged to the priests. Facing the entrance is a large base of marble, on which stood a statue, only one arm of which remains. A small vaulted *adricula* within the

inclosure is decorated with a series of very beautiful arabesques. The colors of these designs are as bright as when they were first laid on. One of the figures is that of the painter herself, who holds in her hand an oval pallet of silver. It is supposed that the medium employed for liquefying the pigments used in the ancient arabesques was wax mixed with oil. The secret of the process is quite lost. But if, as is probable, wax had some part to play in giving durability to the colors, the metal pallet was used to retain so much heat as would liquefy the pigments, without inconveniencing the artist. The colors were for the most part dazzling; bright vermilion, yellow, jet black, crimson, and blue forming the groundwork, which was modified by a variety of mixed tints. The use of these colors was not always in good taste. Much of the fresco painting in Pompeii is decidedly vulgar.

The purpose of this building has been a subject of much ingenious speculation. The theory of the Pantheon is generally abandoned. Some have thought, from the style of its decorations, that it must have been the public *hospitium*, for the reception of ambassadors and distinguished foreigners. Overbeck, a very credible authority, conjectures that it was a temple of Vesta, dedicated not only to the worship of that goddess, but to hospitable entertainments at the public cost. Pompeii, however, was not important enough, as a city, for the maintenance of such an institution. The most reasonable supposition is, that the building was devoted to the worship of Augustus, and the use of his priests, the Augustales. The representations of combats of galleys on the walls refer probably to the battle of Actium, and the pictures of eatables recall the Augustalian banquets. In the adjoining shops have been found large quantities of dried fruits, preserved in glass vases, as well as scales, money, and molds for bread and pastry. On the walls are pictures of "geese, turkeys, vases of eggs, fowls, lobsters, and game ready plucked for cooking, oxen, sheep, fruit in glass dishes, a cornucopia, with various amphoræ for wine, and many other accessories for the banquet." In the center of the court is a sink, in which fish bones and remains of many articles of food were found by the excavators.

Among other buildings of importance connected with the Forum is a small temple, commonly known as the Temple of Mercury, and distinguished by a white marble altar, with an unfinished bas-relief descriptive of a sacrifice, and giving a very clear idea of the vessels and implements used on such occasions. The work of the whole building is incomplete; there is no

stucco upon the bricks, and it would seem that the workmen were engaged upon it at the time when the eruption occurred. A crypt and portico erected by Eumachia, a priestess, are next in succession. This edifice had an admirably executed peristyle of white marble Corinthian columns. Only a fragment of one of these remains, the rest having probably been carried away by Alexander Severus.

The Basilica, which is situated on the western side of the Forum, is the largest building in Pompeii. It is two hundred and twenty feet in length, and eighty in width. This was the court of justice; and as it bears marks of previous excavation, it is likely that search was made among the ruins, soon after the eruption, for records of important trials. Whatever else the excavators carried off, they made away with the pavement, of which only the bedding remains. Inscriptions traced by loiterers, and not remarkable either for sentiment or style, are yet to be seen on the walls. Next to the Basilica is the largest and finest temple in Pompeii. From the discovery of a statue in the style of the Medicean Venus, and from the fact that the altar is not adapted for sacrifices, but only for such offerings as were commonly made to Venus, it has been assumed that this temple was dedicated to that goddess. Bronze ornaments, resembling the heads of large nails, were found near the entrance, and had probably decorated the gates. The columns of the temple are colored in blue, yellow, and white. The walls are painted in vivid tones, the ground being chiefly black. Figures of dancers, dwarfs and pictures from the story of the Trojan war may be seen in great abundance. In the priests' apartment there was discovered a very beautiful painting of Bacchus and Silenus, which has been transferred to safer quarters.

The most perfect, and in some sense the most interesting, of the temples outside the area of the Forum, is the Temple of Isis. From an inscription above the entrance it appears that this structure was restored from the foundation, after having been overthrown by an earthquake, by Popidius Celsinus. The building is small, but it affords a very valuable example of the form and disposition of an ancient temple. Two lustral marble basins were found attached to columns near the entrance, as also a wooden box, reduced to charcoal, which was probably used for the contributions of worshipers. A sacred well, to which there is a descent by steps, is covered by a small building within the inclosure, lavishly decorated with grotesque, though admirably executed designs on stucco. On the chief altar were found the ashes and

part of the burnt bones of victims, and the white wall of the adjacent building yet bears traces of smoke from the altar fires. A beautiful figure of Isis, draped in clothing of purple and gold, and holding in her right hand a bronze sistrum, and in her left the key of the sluices of the Nile, was found within the court.

In another portion of the court there is a kitchen, on the stoves of which fish bones and other remnants of a feast were discovered. In the outermost room lay the skeleton of a priest, who was evidently suffocated while trying to make his way through the wall with an ax. The ax was found at his side. In an adjoining chamber another skeleton was found—that of a priest interrupted at his dinner. Near him were quantities of egg-shells, chicken-bones, and some earthen vases. Many skeletons were discovered within the precincts of this temple; probably those of priests whose vain confidence in the power of the deity, or whose blind attachment to her shrines, prevented them from seeking safety in flight. More interesting, however, than the skeletons of priests, are the many paintings which the temple contains, representing the priestly costume, and the elaborate ceremonial of the worship of Isis. All the implements of sacrifice, in bronze, have been found among the ruins.

The beautiful suburban villa which lies at a little distance from the city is supposed to have belonged to Marcus Arrius Diomedes. It is the most extensive and complete of the private buildings yet discovered. From this villa alone it would be possible to form an accurate estimate of the style and elegance of a Roman gentleman's house. But the interest of the ruin is not only antiquarian; it is, in many respects, a more affecting and impressive reminder of the terrible calamity which overwhelmed the city than is to be found on any spot. Near the garden-gate two skeletons were found, one holding in his hand the key of the gate, while beside him were about a hundred gold and silver coins; the other lying near a number of silver vases. In the vaults of one of the rooms the skeletons of eighteen adult persons, a boy, and an infant lay huddled together in attitudes terribly expressive of the agony of a lingering death. They were covered by several feet of extremely fine ashes, consolidated by the damp. This substance is capable of taking most correct impressions, but unfortunately this property was not noticed till the mass had been broken up. One fragment was preserved, on which was the impression of the neck and breast of a young girl, displaying extraordinary beauty of form. The very texture of her dress is apparent, and

by its fineness shows that she was not a slave. Many jewels of great value were found with this group. To the skeletons of two children clung still their blonde hair, though they had been buried for seventeen hundred years. It needs not the pen of the romancist to fill up this picture. The father, in whom the love of life was stronger than parental instinct, fled from his home, accompanied by a slave, who carried the most precious movables, seeking to make his way to the sea. His daughter, his two little children, and his many household retainers sought refuge from the shower of cinders in the vaults, which were already stored with wine-jars and provisions for the Winter. But, though they found shelter from the falling cinders, they could not escape the stifling sulphurous vapor which was charged with burning dust, and sooner or later all perished in protracted agony, of which their twisted forms convey too faithful a picture.

Many such tragic stories are told by the remains found in these silent ruins. In the house of the Faun was found the skeleton of a woman, with her hands lifted above her head. She had evidently endeavored to escape from the house, but driven back by the ashes had taken refuge in the *tablinum*. In her extremity she cast her jewels on the pavement, where they were found scattered in every direction. The flooring of the room above her beginning to fall, she lifted her arms in the vain attempt to support the crumbling roof. In this attitude she was found. In a garden near this house the skeleton of a woman, who wore many jewels, was discovered at a height of six or seven feet from the ground. She had evidently surmounted many obstacles, and was seeking to scale a wall, when her strength failed her, and she fell and was suffocated. Under a stone staircase was discovered the skeleton of a man, who had with him a treasure of great value, consisting of gold rings and brass and silver coins. Almost all the skeletons found are those of men and women overcome by the vapor or falling ashes while endeavoring to secure their property. Five skeletons, near the hand of one of which an ax lay, were discovered in a vertical position, nearly fifteen feet from the ground. These were evidently killed, either by falling earth or by mephitic vapors, while searching for treasures after the catastrophe. In the house of the Vestals, and in a room which, judging from its furniture and decorations, was the boudoir of a young girl, was found the skeleton of a little dog. On another spot was made the rare discovery of the skeletons of two horses, with the remains of a *biga*, or chariot.

The showers of pumice stone, by which the city was overwhelmed, were followed by streams of thick, tenacious mud, which flowed over the deposit. When the objects over which this mud flowed happened to be human bodies, "their decay left a cavity in which their forms were as accurately preserved and rendered as in the mold prepared for the casting of a bronze statue." It occurred to Signor Fiorelli to fill up these cavities with liquid plaster, and so obtain a cast of the objects once inclosed in them. One of the first experiments resulted in the obtaining of casts of four human beings. Two of these, probably mother and daughter, were lying feet to feet; the former in a position of perfect tranquillity, the latter, who seems to have been a girl of fifteen, in an attitude expressive of frightful agony. Her legs are drawn up, and her hands are clinched. With one hand she had drawn her vail over her head, to screen herself from the ashes and the smoke. The texture and shape of her dress may be distinctly traced; and here and there, where her dress is torn, "the smooth young skin appears in the plaster like polished marble." The third figure is that of a woman of about twenty-five. Her dress, and the jewelry found near her, indicate that she was of high rank. One of her arms is raised as if in despair; her hands are both clinched convulsively. The fourth figure is that of a tall, stalwart man, with coarse dress, and heavy sandals studded with nails. He lies on his back, his arms extended, and his feet stretched out, as though, finding escape impossible, he had made up his mind to die like a man. His features are marked, some of his teeth yet remain, and a portion of his mustache adheres to the plaster of the cast.

MUSIC.

MYSTERIOUS keeper of the key
That opes the gates of memory,
Oft in thy wildest, simplest strain,
We live o'er years of bliss again!

The sun-bright hopes of early youth,
Love, in its first deep hour of truth—
And dreams of life's delightful morn,
Are on thy seraph-pinions borne!

To the enthusiast's heart thy tone
Breathes of the lost and lovely one,
And calls back moments, brief as dear,
When last 't was wafted on his ear.

To gloom of sadness thou canst suit
The chords of thy delicious lute;
For every heart thou hast a tone,
Can make its pulses all thine own!

THE HURON MISSION.

(CONCLUDED.)

IN 1635 two more Jesuits arrived, Pijart and Le Mercier, and the next year three others, Joques, Chatelain, and Garnier, were added. But about this time that fearful scourge the small-pox made its appearance among the Hurons. Almost every family was afflicted, and from every lodge was heard the wail of the sick and dying. The Jesuits went from house to house, speaking kind words and offering simple remedies, ever endeavoring, after caring for the wants of the body, to direct the soul on its future flight. But, though the dying Hurons could comprehend the demons and fires of hell, they were slow to perceive the advantages of the Frenchman's heaven. The common idea was that they would starve in the celestial realms. Even after they expressed a desire to go to heaven they showed few signs of repentance, as they would not admit that they had ever committed any sins; but this being at last acknowledged, and the holy water with the sign of the cross had been placed upon their foreheads, they would often apostatize. "Why did you baptize that Iroquois?" asked one of the dying neophytes, speaking of the prisoner recently tortured; "he will get to heaven before us, and when he sees us coming will drive us out."

Though the Jesuits deemed some preparation necessary to adults, yet for infants the mere administration of the ordinance of baptism was sufficient to guarantee an entrance into heaven. Father Le Mercier says: "On the third of May father Pierre Pijart baptized at Anonatea a little child two months old in manifest danger of death, without being seen by the parents, who would not give their consent. This is the device which he used. Our sugar does wonders for us. He pretended to make the child drink a little sugared water, and at the same time dipped a finger in it. As the father of the infant began to suspect something, and called out to him not to baptize it, he gave the spoon to a woman who was near and said to her, 'Give it to him yourself.' She approached and found the child asleep, and at the same time father Pijart, under pretense of seeing if he was really asleep, touched his face with his wet finger and baptized him. At the end of forty-eight hours he went to heaven."

This is but one instance of the many expedients that the Jesuits resorted to in their endeavors to speed the souls of dying infants to Paradise. As many were baptized at the point of death, the Indians began to regard the ordi-

nance as the cause of death, and the priests were at last received with coldness in their visitation upon the sick. Nor is it strange that in an attempt to convert a people so superstitious, so strong in their beliefs in charms and dreams that persecutions should arise, that the black-robed visitors should come to be esteemed as sorcerers, and their signs and symbols taken for magic. Every case of ill-luck in hunting and fishing was ascribed to the presence of the Jesuits, and even the sickness and death of an Indian was the effect of some charm they were privately working.

A new chapel was created at Ossossané, or Rochelle, and richly adorned with pictures and trappings which the newly arrived Jesuits had brought with them in their long journey through the forest. At first it was a source of wonder and delight to the Hurons, such splendors had never been seen before in all their country; but the new chapel soon became an object of dread and fear. The pictures were taken for charms, and the chanting of the priests were so many incantations. Midnight councils were held among the Indians, and the Jesuits were condemned to death. But who should strike the blow, for the priests were looked upon with such awe that none cared to do the deed lest some awful disaster should follow. The days grew dark to the missionaries. When they left their houses they were followed by the Indian boys and pelted with sticks and stones. If they entered a lodge sullen looks and silence greeted them. Yet, nothing daunted, the Jesuits continued their usual round of visiting the sick and exhorting the well. At last a grand council of the Huron chiefs was called to consult upon the general welfare of the nation. The Jesuits did not fail to attend with abundant presents of wampum. Every effort was made in private to conciliate the chiefs, and, though for a time danger was averted, yet it seemed hardly possible to escape destruction much longer. By the advice of some friendly Indians the Jesuits determined to give a farewell feast. This would indicate that they knew their fate and did not fear it. The house was crowded with Hurons, and Brébeuf discoursed upon God, heaven, and hell as usual. The guests emptied their bowls in sullen silence and departed, leaving the priests doubtful of their intentions. But a week brought a wonderful change, and the Jesuits no longer feared that their heads might be cleaved with a hatchet as they went out from the mission-house.

Thus, with frequent alternations of hope and fear, the Jesuits passed year after year, gradually gaining ground and making converts. New

missions were added, and aid was ever pouring in from the Old World. But as the clouds were slightly breaking in one quarter of the horizon blacker and fiercer ones were arising in another. The war-clouds were settling thick and heavy over the Huron nation, and their folds were destined to envelop both priest and penitent. For many years skirmishes had been going on between the Iroquois and the Hurons. Treaties were made and broken; negotiations had been attempted on either side with neighboring tribes, but nothing seemed destined to avert the coming destruction of the Hurons. Now a party of Iroquois would be tomahawked and scalped by the Hurons, then in retaliation a Huron village was stormed and burned by the Iroquois. Thus matters went on till the Spring of 1648, when a crisis was reached, and war with all its horrors burst with exterminating fury upon the doomed Huron nation.

In July the Indians determined to make their usual visit to the French settlements, which they had not dared to undertake the year previous. About two hundred and fifty warriors with five chiefs accordingly set forth and reached Three Rivers in safety. While preparing to visit the fort a party of Iroquois were discovered lurking in the forest. The Hurons at once gave battle, and the Iroquois, outnumbered by their enemies, fled. They were closely pursued, and many were killed or taken prisoners. After the trade at the fort was over the victorious Hurons returned to their country, highly elated with their success, and bearing in triumph the scalps of the defeated Iroquois. But, alas! the days of rejoicing were brief, for the spirit of the Iroquois was roused.

In the south-eastern part of the Huron country was the village of Teanaustayé, or St. Joseph. It was a fortified town, and contained upward of two thousand inhabitants. Here for four years father Daniels had labored with much success. On the fourth of July if you had entered the town you would have been struck by its "languid silence." Most of the warriors were absent in search of game or Iroquois. In the little Jesuit church father Daniels was just finishing the mass. Suddenly, like a thunder-clap, came the cry of terror, "The Iroquois! the Iroquois!" Soon the palisades were forced by the enemy, and the streets were filled with the hostile warriors. The air was rent with unearthly yells of the warwhoop. Father Daniels endeavored to rally the Hurons to the defense, promising heaven to the faithful; then he hastened from house to house, calling on all to be baptized and escape eternal destruction. The frantic crowd followed him back to the

church, begging him to save them, and, "immersing his handkerchief in a bowl of water, he shook it over them and baptized them by aspersion. . . . 'Brothers,' he exclaimed again and again as he shook the baptismal drops from his handkerchief, 'brothers, to-day we shall be in heaven.'"

Through the town the Iroquois were rushing in every direction, slaying men, women, and children indiscriminately. At last a party, mad with fury and still thirsty for blood, rushed to the church, where father Daniels stood calmly awaiting them. "When they saw him in turn, radiant in the vestments of his office, confronting them with a look kindled with the inspiration of martyrdom, they stopped and stared in amazement; then, recovering themselves, bent their bows and showered him with a volley of arrows that tore through his robes and his flesh. A gun-shot followed, the ball pierced his heart, and he fell dead, gasping the name of Jesus. They rushed upon him with yells of triumph, stripped him naked, gashed and hacked his lifeless body, and, scooping his blood in their hands, bathed their faces in it to make them brave. The town was in a blaze; when the flames reached the church they flung the priest into it, and both were consumed together. St. Joseph lay in ruins, and with a train of seven hundred prisoners the victorious Iroquois departed for other scenes of bloodshed. "Never had the Huron nation received such a blow."

In the Fall a thousand Iroquois took "the war-path for the Hurons," and after spending the Winter hunting, they gradually moved nearer and nearer their victims. On the sixteenth of March the priests at Sainte Marie, now the center of the Jesuit missions, saw flames ascending over the forest in the direction of St. Louis, only three miles distant. From lip to lip ran the cry, "The Iroquois! they are burning St. Louis!" and soon two Hurons from the scene of terror rushed into the village confirming the fears of dismayed Jesuits and Hurons. Brébeuf and Lalement were at St. Louis—what would be their fate?

We will not attempt to describe the terror, the torture, the bloodshed which attended the destruction of St. Louis, St. Ignace, and three neighboring mission-stations. Had the Hurons been inspired by their former undaunted courage, it seems probable that some of these horrors might have been averted. But their late reverses seemed to have strangely stupefied them, and almost without resistance they were cut down in every direction by the furious Iroquois. For a time the Hurons fought with their

accustomed ardor, but when the night closed down upon one of the fiercest Indian battles upon record, the Hurons seemed palsied with fright. It was a terrible night of suspense at Sainte Marie. The Hurons watched, the Jesuits prayed unceasingly. No foe appeared, and the next day passed in expectation and dismay. Two days after the joyful tidings was received that the Iroquois had retreated. As soon as this information was received a Jesuit, attended by an armed company, set out for the scene of disaster. Every-where the ground was strewn with bloody or half-burnt bodies.

Among the ashes of the burnt town, apart from the rest, they found what they had come to seek—the mutilated, half-consumed bodies of Brébeuf and Lalemant. Before the burning of the town the priests had been captured and bound to stakes for torture. Brébeuf was first led forth. "He seemed more concerned for his captive converts than for himself, and addressed them in a loud voice, exhorting them to suffer patiently, and promising heaven as their reward. The Iroquois, incensed, scorched him from head to foot to silence him, whereupon, in the tone of a master, he threatened them with everlasting flames for persecuting the worshipers of God. As he continued to speak, with voice and countenance unchanged, they cut away his lower lip and thrust a red-hot iron down his throat. He still held his tall form erect and defiant, with no sign or sound of pain, and they tried another means to overcome him. They led out Lalemant that Brébeuf might see him tortured. . . . Next they hung around Brébeuf's neck a collar made of hatchets heated red-hot, but the indomitable priest stood like a rock. A Huron in the crowd, who had been a convert of the mission, but now an Iroquois by adoption, called out with the malice of a renegade to pour hot water on their heads, since they had poured so much cold water on those of others. The kettle was accordingly slung, and the water boiled and poured slowly upon the heads of the two missionaries. 'We baptize you,' they cried, 'that you may be happy in heaven, for nobody can be saved without a good baptism.' Brébeuf would not flinch, and in a rage they cut strips of flesh from his limbs and devoured them before his eyes. Other renegade Hurons called out to him, 'You told us the more one suffers on earth the happier he is in heaven. We wish to make you happy; we torment you because we love you, and you ought to thank us for it.' After a succession of other revolting tortures they scalped him, when, seeing him nearly dead, they laid open his breast and came in a crowd to drink the

blood of so valiant an enemy, thinking to imbibe with it some portion of his courage. A chief then tore out his heart and devoured it. Thus died Jean de Brébeuf, the founder of the Huron mission, its truest hero and its greatest martyr." Lalemant, though far less robust than his companion, survived his torture through seventeen weary hours.

Tenderly the bodies of the missionaries were carried to Sainte Marie and buried in the cemetery there. But the skull of Brébeuf was kept. His friends sent a silver bust from France, in which it was placed, and this precious relic is still preserved with reverential care by the nuns of the Hotel-Dieu at Quebec.

The destruction of St. Louis and St. Ignace struck the death-knell of the Huron nation. They no longer thought of revenge or resistance, but only of flight. Towns were abandoned, and in many cases burned, lest they should fall into the hands of the Iroquois and afford them shelter. Sainte Marie had formerly been surrounded by a fortified town, but now these were destroyed either by the enemy or by the Hurons themselves, till the Jesuits found themselves almost alone, liable to immediate attacks from the Iroquois. They had come to convert the Hurons, but they were no longer there, and it became apparent that Sainte Marie must be abandoned—the toil and sacrifice of years must come to naught. It was decided that some of the priests should accompany the wandering Hurons, and that the remainder should endeavor to establish a mission-house upon the Isle St. Joseph. The latter arrangement was made at the earnest solicitation of the now humbled Hurons, who begged that the fathers would not desert them in the hour of their extremity. Accordingly, a small vessel was built and stocked with such stores as could readily be carried away; then the torch was applied, and they "saw consumed in an hour the results of nine or ten years of toil."

Arriving at Isle St. Joseph, situated in Matchedash Bay, and now called Charity, the French at once set to work to build a fort. Thither the outcast Hurons gathered from their scattered wandering through the forest till six or eight thousand claimed the protection of the fort. A terrible Winter followed. The Hurons were in every condition of misery. Many were sick and had no strength to work, and famine seemed inevitable. The Jesuits were unremitting in their endeavors to supply the demands made upon them. They sent men north to buy fish and collect acorns. Every day scores were dying, and there was still a continual fear of

the Iroquois. Thus the days passed, and when Spring came more than half the Indians had perished. The priests were no longer treated with scorn, but the Hurons flocked to mass, and, in fact, humbled by their misfortunes, almost all upon the island had become Christians.

At the opening of Spring the Iroquois were again upon the "war path." Wherever the poor Huron wandered a band of Iroquois were waiting for his scalp. Despair settled down upon the nation. The Jesuits were perplexed as to what course they should pursue, for Isle St. Joseph was already threatened, and the Hurons had resolved to abandon it. Two Huron chiefs came to the fathers and begged that they would save the remnant of their people and lead them to a place of safety under the protecting arms of the French fort at Quebec. Reluctant to leave the country watered by the tears and blood of their martyred brothers, the Jesuits pondered and prayed for forty hours. At last they decided to return to Quebec, bearing with them the remnant of a scattered tribe. Again the canoes were in readiness, and again leaving the scenes of toil and endurance, they departed with speed from the country of the Hurons forever.

But the journey was by no means unattended by misery and fear, and Iroquois bullets and tomahawks killed the fated Hurons by scores, while famine and sickness hurried away hundreds of others. Some preferred to continue to remain at Isle St. Joseph, but it was only to be attacked, and after a varied history of victories and reverses, all were ultimately captured or destroyed. Others joined the various tribes hostile to the Iroquois; but a relentless fate seemed to follow hard upon the Huron's path, and, homeless and friendless, wherever he went he was hunted down by the destroyer. Upon the Isle of Orleans, below Quebec, the dejected Hurons formed a settlement. After a time they rallied from their despondency only to be again invaded by their inveterate foes, and even from under the very guns of Quebec many were carried away captives by the Iroquois.

In 1656 the remnant of the colony was received into the fort of Quebec. Here they remained ten years, and then again they removed to St. Toi, three or four miles west. Here they remained for a few years, moving to other places near Quebec. Upon the St. Charles may be found a wild dell surrounded by deep forests, through which the sunlight falls to bask upon moss-grown rocks and underbrush. This place is called now Indian *Larette*, and here may be found, even to this day, a

feeble remnant of the fierce and proud Huron tribe. Engaged in the peaceful employments of weaving mats and baskets or makingoccasins, they show little of the warlike spirit of the past.

Thus ended the Huron mission, undertaken and conducted to the last with unflinching zeal by the Jesuits. With the failure of this mission their brightest hopes were dispelled, and many returned to France to await the trumpet sound which should recall them again to the battlefields. By degrees the whole of the Canadian missions became political stations. Perhaps, as our author concludes, it is as well for the genius of American liberty that the endeavors of the Jesuits proved futile—that the new experiment of freedom which was to be tried in the New World of America had not to encounter the monarchical ideas and customs of the Jesuits. The destruction of the Huron nation seemed a strange providence to them, indeed, inexplicable, but looking from the standpoints of liberty, God's plan seems plain and just.

"THE KING'S ENGLISH."

RAPID SPREAD OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

THE English language is spoken in England, Scotland, and Ireland, in the United States and Territories, in the British provinces, including Canada, in the West India Islands and Bermudas, and certain colonies of the Main, in the presidences of India, and many of the protected States, every day evincing a greater desire on the part of the natives to attain it as a means of promotion. It is largely used in ports and islands of China and the China seas, in the continually widening settlements of the Cape and of the western coast, including Liberia and Sierra Leone. It is destined to be the language of Australia, Van Dieman's Land, Zealand, the South Sea Islands, and the Sandwich Islands, and, perhaps, the whole Polynesian cluster. In no part of the earth is it on the wane; in many parts it is increasing with astonishing rapidity. With every new encroachment of Great Britain in the East or of America in the West, the English language is borne to fresh victories. No other tongue spoken by men is making such advances. The ancient progress of the Greek, and even the Latin, was, geographically, small compared with this. This expansion has been chiefly within the last one hundred years, and very rapid has it been with the last quarter of a century. The great classics of England are now daily read in countries which the authors

themselves never heard of, and by thousands who till recently had never heard of the *multum in parvo* sea-girt nation. Nothing more unlikely could have been predicted fourteen hundred years ago, when, as history says, Hengist and Horsa, Saxon buccaneers, came over to Britain. By how large a portion of mankind the English language shall be spoken two hundred years hence it would be wild to predict. But one thing is certain, at this moment it takes hold of the balance of power among the tongues. Whatever there is in it, of good and bad, tends to overspread the earth. Our literature and science are perpetually circumnavigating the globe. Let the lovers of "English undefiled" rejoice with trembling.

NUMBER OF WORDS.

One authority tells us that in the English language proper, apart from technical and scientific terms, there are 20,500 nouns, 40 pronouns, 9,200 adjectives, 8,000 verbs, 2,600 adverbs, 69 prepositions, 19 conjunctions, 68 interjections, and 2 articles—in all, about 40,000 words. Prof. Max Muller, in his admirable lecture on the Science of Language—call it, if you will, glossology or logology—puts the number of words in the English language at not less than 50,000, and further informs us that a rustic laborer uses only 300 of this myriad of words. An ordinary educated man is supposed to use from 3,000 to 4,000, while a great orator reaches 10,000. The Old Testament contains 5,642 different words, and the works of Shakspeare about 15,000; those of Milton about 8,000. According to Webster's Dictionary, some one informs us, there are 100,000 words in the English tongue.

There is quite a latitude of difference in the above several arithmetical calculations in reference to the multitudinous diversity of the tones of our "mother's tongue." Now, as we have never counted Webster, Worcester, Walker, Johnson, or the rest of our numerous lexicographers, we dare not take the chair of the umpire in the settlement of the relative claims to accuracy in the preceding figures.

What marvel that, amid such a multiplicity and diversity of terms, so few, even among men of culture, become adepts in a right use of the English language! Can we be surprised that the true signification and correct pronunciation of many words in our language have furnished matter for frequent controversy among the most profound linguists and lexicographers of this and of preceding generations? We are not sufficiently sanguine to indulge the hope that such controversy will be forever put to rest

by us in the presentation from our humble pen of some thoughts and facts on

PRONUNCIATION.

How frequently do we hear "taught him" transformed and deformed into "taught 'im!" "And yet" often does duty as "an jet." "Made use of" would hardly be recognized if spelt as it is sounded—"may juce of." "Blessed union" is flattened out into "blessy junion."

The five letters "w-o-u-n-d" have occasioned much controversy as to their correct pronunciation when conjoined. Webster says, "wound or woond," leaving each speaker to choose for himself. Walker condemns *woond* as a "capricious novelty," and it is thus regarded by many ripe scholars. There are at least two reasons why we should pronounce it *wound*, sounding ou like ow in cow: 1. It is easier to pronounce thus, especially in animated and emphatic speaking. 2. Analogy—bound, found, mound, pound, round, ground, *wound*.

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ears!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fears."

Sheridan agreed with Walker about the word wind, pronouncing it wynd, but differed with him in respect to gold, which he would persist in pronouncing goold. Sheridan tells us that Swift used to jeer those who pronounced wind with a short *i* by saying, "I have a great minn'd to finn'd why you pronounce it winn'd." A sharp critic retorted this upon Sheridan by saying, "If I may be so boold I should like to be toold why you pronounce it goold."

The pronunciation of the words "neither" and "either," as if "ni-ther" and "i-ther," which is not unfrequently heard from clergymen and other cultivated men, is not sanctioned either by analogy or good use. Out of seventeen lexicographers only two, and they of little account—Johnson and Coote—expressly authorize the corrupt pronunciation.

To show how entirely analogy fails to sustain the corrupt pronunciation, the following paragraph has been framed, in which is introduced various different connections in which the letters *e i* are met with: "*Being* disposed to walk, I would *feign* have visited my *neighbor*, but on approaching his *seigniory* I was alarmed by the *neighing* of his horse, and on lifting my *veil* was terrified to find the animal within *eighty* yards of me, approaching with a speed that seemed *freighted* with the direst consequences. I was in a *streight*—caught in a *seine*. My blood stood still in my *veins*, as I *conceived* my life in danger. Turning my head I was

pleased to see an Arabian *Sheik* near by, and doing him *obeisance* I begged that he would *deign* to come to my rescue. I was not *deceived* in my hopes. By a skillful *feint* he succeeded in *seizing* the *reins* attached to the fiery steed, and as he was a man of *weight* he checked him in his impetuous career, and my life was saved. For the favor thus *received* may he ever live in a *ceiled* dwelling!"

Every one of the words in the above paragraph printed in italics might as well have its *e i* "sounded as *i* in mine" as "neither" or "either." Where the authorities preponderate so greatly against any particular pronunciation there is certainly no reasonable excuse for its adoption.

The following, which appeared a few years ago in the New York Churchman, would seem to indicate that there is ample room, even inside the stunted limits of a pulpit, for improved pronunciation. A correspondent of that paper gives the following sample of "English unde-filed" (?) as it greeted him from a certain "reading-desk:"

"When I can read my little *cle-ah*
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every *fe-ah*
And wipe my weeping eyes."

"The above," says this correspondent, "is the style of elocution in which the first lines of Dr. Watts' celebrated hymn were recently read from the deeply recessed chancel of that beautiful church, the rector of which some time since so solemnly announced that the sufferings of the *poo-ah* increase with the approach of *Wint-ah*, and who from the pulpit is in the habit of extolling the wondrous efficacy of the *Gos-pill* for the *cu-ah* of all the ills of suffering humanity. This same accomplished minister, upon the same day upon which he delighted from the chancel his ravished hearers with the above poetic gem, electrified them with the following burst from the pulpit of eloquent and classic declamation:

'O, *sin-nah*,
The judgment is *ne-ah*!
Life is but a *va-pah*."

A writer in the New York Observer says: "I do not now remember any word that is more murdered by most readers than the little word *and*. A good reader will always give it its proper sound, not *und* nor *nd*; namely, 'Isaac und Jacob,' as some pronounce it. I was in the old Episcopal Church in Norfolk in the Spring of 1851. The clergyman read the lesson of the day, the 1st chapter of Genesis, in which the word firmament occurs several times; but he pronounced it *ferrmament*, which had such

an effect upon me that his sermon did me no good. In the Episcopal prayer-book, after the commandments, we pray God to direct, sanctify, and govern our hearts. A clergyman, formerly of our city, pronounced it *tuddy-rect*, when he should have given the *o* and the *i* their full and proper sound."

Our critic might have swollen these objectionable pulpitisms to a much greater extent. He might, perhaps, have told us of popular, talented, and educated clergymen whom he had heard say *bless-um* for *bless* him. This *um* sounds not only unscholarly, but even irreverent and offensive when spoken in the following and kindred connections: "Seek-um, and he will be found of thee." Sometimes we hear *e* sounded as *u*: thus, *comuth*, *leaduth*, *callud*. The same persons would probably pronounce *tain*, *tun*: as, *mountun*, *fountun*, etc.

What plea can certain of the clergy present in justification of the pronunciation of the *ed* in their Scriptural and liturgical readings? e. g., "And his disciples ask-*ed* him;" "That the Scriptures might be fulfill-*ed*;" "And I punish-*ed* them oft in the synagogues, and compell-*ed* them to blaspheme;" "And they were all amaz-*ed* and marvel-*ed* greatly." The answer from the practical advocate of such terminations will probably be, "The Scriptures should always be read more reverently than other books." We fail to perceive that such artifice adds reverence to the "Book of books." Such practice is contrary to conventional usage, whether at the judicial bench, the lecture-room, or the senate. We can see no good reason why the reading-desk should become so distasteful an exception.

UN-GRAMMATICAL AND UN-RHETORICAL.

Perhaps it would not be quite fair to affirm that it has now become fashionable to say and write, "Congress *are* in session." But it will be safe to aver that such a form of expression meets the eye and salutes the ear too frequently. In former times, when there was more unanimity than of late years in that august body, John Randolph, Senator Robbins, and the best scholars of that day, wrote, "Congress is in session." But now—as though the Senate and the House were two opposing and wrangling bodies—it seems proper to say, "Congress *are* in session." We live in an improving world, are citizens of a growing nation, and play on life's grand drama in a progressive age. Our future is, doubtless, pregnant with marvelous revelations. At no very distant period we may possibly listen to, or participate in the following confab: "Are Congress in session?" "It are."

"Are you a member of that are Congress?"
"I are."

In one of his lectures, Mr. Emerson makes the following disposal of what he designates "vicious Americanisms," which he hoped to see banished from our current literature. The word "graphic" is misused in such a phrase as "a graphic debate," as the epithet properly applies only to what is written. "Quite a number" is a solecism, "quite" being only an adverb. "Slim" is not synonymous with "bad," that being a detestable use of the word, although we find that Mr. Webster places "worthless" among its definitions. Such a phrase as, "he went there some," is improper, as "some" is never an adverb. To say that we have "perused the paper" is generally a misstatement, that verb implying the utmost thoroughness. To peruse the Bible would be highly commendable. "Balance" does not mean "remainder," and no one, therefore, has any right to talk about the balance of one's life, or the balance of the week.

There are but few philological absurdities equal to the abuse of the word *most*. Usually the misuse of the words consists in applying to them meanings that are not their own. But those who have misused them *most* have not succeeded in giving them a new meaning, but rather have they managed to divest them of all meaning. Could high authority invest this solecism with letters patent it would *most* assuredly obtain entrance into literary and scholastic circles the *most* aristocratic. Addison says, "I distinguished myself by a *most* profound silence." Horace Walpole says, "It is a *most* just idea." Burke says, "No; *most* certainly." Chesterfield: "He was a *most* complete orator." Lytton: "This was a *most* extraordinary virtue." Smollett: "He was an object of *most* perfect esteem." Goldsmith: "Discover a *most* extensive erudition." Washington Irving: "He gave it *most* liberally away." Prescott: "It is *most* assuredly not because," etc. Daniel Webster: "It would *most* seriously affect us." Edward Everett: "Such a system must *most* widely and *most* powerfully have the effect of," etc. This, truly, is a grand array of intellectual precedents. Numerous others might be added of equal weight.

In some of the preceding quotations it will be seen that the superlative expletive is applied to an adjective already superlative of itself, like "*most certainly*," "*most complete*," "*most perfect*." But, apart from that, this consideration applies to them all; namely, that *most*, in these connections, means absolutely nothing. A word which *has* a meaning can be replaced by some other word of similar meaning, or by a para-

phrase. Let the *most* critical of our readers take any of the sentences already quoted, and replace the word *most* by any other word in our language. Or, if he can not do that, will he define *most* as it there stands?

CRITICS AND CRITICISMS.

During the writing of the preceding we have not been forgetful or unmindful of the many severe things which have been said of critics and of their professional services. While but a youth at school we met with Lawrence Sterne's enraged onslaught upon this merciless genius: "Of all the cants which have been canted in this canting world, though the cant of hypocrisy may be the most disgusting, the cant of criticism is the most tormenting."

Swift talks like one who had often smarted under the snap of the reviewer's lash: "The long dispute among philosophers about a vacuum may be determined in the affirmative; that it is found in the critic's head. They are, at the best, but the drones of the learned world, who devour the honey and will not work themselves; and a writer need no more regard them than the moon does the barking of a senseless cur. For, in spite of their terrible roaring, you may, with half an eye, discover the ass under the lion's skin." Does not the "Dean" here exemplify the "roaring" he detested?

Addison regards the literary anatomist with more favor than did some of his contemporaries: "Criticism is a human and liberal art. It is the offspring of refined sense and good taste. It aims at acquiring a just discernment of the real merit of any thing said or written. It teaches us, in a word, to admire and to blame with judgment, and not to follow the crowd blindly."

Charles Simmons avers that "criticism is a *most* indispensable, paternal, and friendly duty; that it is sadly dispensed with."

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?"

GOD is ever good. Omnipotence may build a thousand worlds, and fill them with bounties; Omnipotence may powder mountains into dust, and burn the sea, and consume the sky, but Omnipotence can not do an unloving thing toward a believer. O! rest quite sure, Christian, a hard thing, an unloving thing from God toward one of his own people, is quite impossible. He is as kind to you when he casts you into prison as when he takes you into a palace; he is as good when he sends famine into your house as when he fills your barns with plenty. The only question is, Art thou his child?

THE CHILDREN'S REPOSITORY.

BABY MAUDE.

"SHURE, an' it's a bright-looking little crayther," was one of Biddy's exclamations, as she stood by the crib of Mrs. Hall's four-weeks-old baby, receiving instructions about dinner, taking a general survey of the sitting-room, and responding "yes 'm" to the various requests stated; for that morning she had been installed maid-of-all-work in the Hall family. "An' what might its name be?" she asked, turning to go out.

"Maude."

"An' is n't that a quare sort of a name? I niver heard the like of it, niver," and as Bridget's wondering countenance disappeared from the room, Mrs. Hall repeated her caution not to let the bread or the pudding burn.

"And is 'Maude' such a queer name?" asked Jimmy, who was sitting on the floor getting his kite ready for the March winds.

"And were n't no babies ever called 'Maude' but ours?" said little Susie.

"To be sure," replied Nettie, the oldest of the children, who rejoiced in just having entered her teens: "I have read it in stories two or three times, and, besides, it is on the tombstone of a little child in the cemetery; so it's not so very new or queer either."

"Have n't you ever seen the name in history, Nettie?" asked her mother.

"No, ma'am."

"O, mother, please tell us a historical story about 'Maude'; I expect you know ever so many!" said Jimmy eagerly, and he hitched up along side the crib to relieve his mother from giving it an occasional jog.

"Do n't you want the camphor, mother? and let me sew on the baby's dress and you tell us the story," and Nettie drew her chair up nearer the crib, and so did Susie.

Her mother began: "About seven hundred years ago Henry the First, son of William the Conqueror, was King of England; he had two children, Prince William and the Princess Maude, or Matilda she was sometimes called. The little Princess grew up good and fair, and beloved by all who knew her. Sometimes she was called 'Maude the Beautiful,' or 'Maude the Good,' and Henry regarded his daughter with a great deal of love and pride. He was very proud, too, of Prince William, and looked

forward to his future with unusual hope, for he was a promising boy, and, more than all, upon his brow was to be placed the crown of England. But he came to an untimely end. Shortly after his marriage he was returning from Normandy, which is in the north of France, attended by his bride and a large and royal company, when a heavy storm came up, and the boat in which he sailed, because the crew who managed it were all intoxicated, was overturned and all on board, excepting one man, were drowned; he swam to the shore and told the sad tale. The barge that bore King Henry passed the Channel in safety—so did all the others but just the one in which Prince William and his bride sailed. The King heard the terrible tidings, and he heard only these words, 'The Prince is drowned!' He seemed ever to hear them; for though he lived many years afterward, we are told that 'he never smiled again.'

'Before him passed the young and fair,
In pleasure's reckless train;
But seas dashed o'er his son's bright hair—
He never smiled again!'

"Poor Maude for a while was almost heart-broken; but a new light was shining upon her path which helped dispel the clouds. The young Emperor of Germany, Henry the Fifth, was her betrothed husband. A few months after her brother's death she was married and left England for her new German home.

"Now Princess Maude was the Empress Maude. Her fair face and good heart readily won her friends throughout the Empire. And as time passed on her sorrow wore away, as it always will, even for the dead, and Maude was again happy.

"The lives of royal men and women are never exempt from sorrow or death any more than ours, who may be ever so humble. One day a messenger came telling her that King Henry, her father, was dead. After a little time she took a journey to England to claim the throne which rightfully belonged to her, but her cousin Stephen had taken possession of it and by armed force retained it; so after a long and useless endeavor she went back to Germany. Another sorrow awaited her—the death of her husband.

"She also took another journey soon after to dethrone Stephen and declare herself Queen. Armies were raised for her defense and also to

support Stephen, battles followed, but the Empress Maude was unsuccessful. The next important event was her marriage to the Earl of Anjou, a Frenchman. Years afterward Henry the Second, eldest son of Maude and the Earl, held the scepter and wore the crown of England. The power and pleasure denied her was granted her son.

"Now, what do you think of Maude?"

"I think," said Nettie, "that kings and queens have as much trouble as any body."

"Well, our baby 'll not have all that trouble, I know," was Jimmy's opinion.

"And be just as pretty, too," and Susie kissed the little, soft, pink face half a dozen times, but very gently though.

"Now, Nettie, go out and help about the dinner, Susie sit by the crib, and Jimmy finish his lesson."

Baby Maude, of her own accord, lay very quiet and happy. Her mother, as she looked out over the coming years, with hope and anticipation, remembered that every life has its sorrows and also its joys.

THE BROKEN VASE.

IT was twilight in the large, handsome parlors of Mr. Weston. The boy sitting in the window reading some charmed story of other days, closed his book regretfully and rose to leave the room, when a door opened gently and a little girl entered walking slowly and with outstretched arms, as if feeling her way through the darkness. It was indeed darkness to her—a darkness through which no ray of light had ever glimmered, for little Agnes Weston had been blind from infancy; she could go to any part of the house by carefully groping her way, and it was seldom she ran against any article of furniture, or missed the particular door or room for which she was seeking. On this occasion, however, she seemed to be less fortunate, for as she reached the spot where Charlie stood, a loud crash terrified her, and brought Mrs. Weston in haste to the spot, where she found a vase of rare china shattered to atoms. Charlie had retreated a step or two, but Agnes stood the picture of sorrowful amazement, with the broken ornament at her feet; she did not even know what damage she had done, but felt that it was not slight.

Mrs. Weston had a particular regard for the vase, for it had been the parting gift of a young brother who had gone to sea, and died in foreign lands. She was also a high-tempered woman, though with a naturally kind heart, and

she seized Agnes by the shoulder and shook her severely, at the same time uttering reproaches.

"Careless child," she said angrily, "why did you not walk more carefully? and what were you doing, Charlie, not to seize it in time to prevent its fall? I am half tempted to punish you both. Go to your room, Agnes, and let me hope this will teach you to be more careful. You need not come down to-night again."

Poor little Agnes! Motherless child—for she was but the niece of Mrs. Weston, being the daughter of her husband's brother, and an orphan from her birth. It seemed too harsh a punishment for one so helpless and dependent; but no one saw the tears that dashed over her cheeks as she turned silently away without an effort to defend herself. No one, did I say? O yes, One saw her who pitied the poor orphan, and whose promise she had often heard read.

That night, when Charles was sitting with his mother in their comfortable, pleasant room, he suddenly asked:

"Why did you punish Agnes, mother?"

"A strange question to ask," replied his mother; "do I not punish you when you are careless and naughty?"

"Yes 'm," said Charlie, faintly, and then he hung his head, and played no more that night.

When he went up to bed he could plainly hear the sobs of Agnes, who lay on her little bed in the next room.

Never had he felt so cowardly as he did then; he undressed, and laid down in his white, soft trundle—significant of childhood and innocence—but to him then a very bed of thorns; he looked up at the bright twinkling stars, that seemed to know his secret, and wondered if his uncle Harry was there, and did he know—did he know—but if he did not, surely God did.

In a day or two Mrs. Weston had forgotten all about the vase, and taken Agnes into her favor again, but the child herself wondered if that good and gentle brother Harry, of whom she had heard her aunt speak so much, would like to have seen the bitter tears she shed on account of it, and she comforted herself with the thought that if he knew aught of it he knew *all*.

It was strange, but both Mr. and Mrs. Weston noticed, soon after this, a change in Charlie; he became fretful and impatient with his cousin, and indeed would scarcely play with her at all, when before they had been the best of friends, and she left alone in her bewildering darkness, with only the occasional companionship of her aunt or other friends, became sad and drooping too.

One day Mr. Weston came into tea with a very thoughtful countenance; he had that day received a letter from a relative of Agnes's father, who told him of the arrival of a celebrated oculist in that city, and requested him to bring the child there and have a trial made to restore her sight. It was a very important matter, and he talked it over with his wife in the absence of the children.

"It will do Charlie good, too," he said, "to take a trip to the city, and we will all accompany Agnes and do what we can for her in this trial, which, after all, may leave the poor child in as great darkness as ever."

"I hope not," said Mrs. Weston; "she is such a delicate, sensitive child, that I should fear the result if she was disappointed, and I could almost as easily part with Charlie as Agnes now."

And Mrs. Weston spoke truly, but, alas, she did not tell Agnes so. She did not know how the tender heart of the child hungered after loving words and caresses, such as she knew a mother could give.

"I have thought since," said Mrs. Weston, "that perhaps I was too harsh with Agnes, when she broke that vase poor Harry gave me. I am not sure that I should have found fault with her at all, since she could not see, but she had learned to go about the house so well, and knew just where the vase stood, that I thought her careless."

"Well, that is all past now," answered her husband, "but I wish it had been Charlie who did the damage and you had punished him."

There the matter was dropped. The next day Agnes was informed of her contemplated trial, and the weeks following were spent in preparation for the journey, and then they were gone—Agnes, patient, prayerful, ready for whatever was to happen; Charlie, perfectly incomprehensible sometimes, so cross as to draw on himself a reprimand, and again kindness and with a gentle, subdued air quite at variance with his former boyish spirit.

The day came on which the operation was to be performed. The oculist did not attempt to disguise from the friends of Agnes that it might result in disease, or even death, instead of sight, the blessing so eagerly longed for, and each bade a tearful good-by to the afflicted child. Mrs. Weston held her in such a fervent embrace, while her tears fell hot and fast, that Agnes could never after have doubted her love, and Mr. Weston was too much affected to speak; but when it came Charlie's turn to kiss his little cousin, he astonished and alarmed them all by a series of incoherent shrieks, amid which the

words "I did it," "I did it," were alone discernible.

When he grew a little calmer he said, "I broke the vase, Agnes," and then stood up as if to receive sentence.

"I know you did," she answered, meekly, "and I felt so sorry for you."

"Sorry for me!" reiterated Charlie, in amazement; "why, I was n't punished."

"O yes you were, Charlie," she said; "you know you were never so happy after, and God had seen it all, and you could n't forget that."

Charlie's parents stood by, grieved and surprised; but Charlie himself felt better, now that all knew it, and he parted from Agnes happier than he had been for a long time.

"How did it happen?" asked Mr. Weston, when they were alone.

"I was going to frighten her as she came in that night, and held my arms out, and knocked the vase down just as she got there, and I thought you would not mind so much if it was Agnes did it."

"It was a mean, cowardly act," said Mr. Weston, sternly.

And Charlie felt that it was.

Little Agnes did not die; nor, I am sorry to say, did she recover the entire use of her sight. For a long time a glimmer of light was all that was vouchsafed her; but after years of patient waiting and suffering she could see to read or sew for a few moments at a time; could discern the flowers, and grass, and blue skies, and was satisfied, knowing full well the gift denied here in its fullness would be hers in the land where no night cometh, and darkness is not.

Charlie was very kind to his cousin after that, and it seemed as if they were all drawn nearer to each other, for Mrs. Weston could not forget that Charlie had let Agnes suffer for his fault. He never alluded to it in any way after that day on which he confessed it, except once, when he said,

"I wondered how you felt, Agnes, when you staid all that evening alone in your room, and what you were doing to pass the time away."

"I was praying for you," she answered, simply.

"JESUS makes me quite happy." So said a dying girl in India. She was born and reared a heathen. The missionaries found her, taught her about Jesus, and she died saying, "Jesus makes me quite happy." This fact gives you an answer to those who ask, What's the good of raising money for the missionary society? It makes many heathen happy in Jesus.

THE PIGEON'S ADVICE.

"I SHALL never know this long lesson," said George Nelson. "I wish there were no such book, then I would n't have to get lessons from them."

"What 's the matter, George?" asked his grandma, who at that moment entered the room.

"O, this lesson, grandma! I'm sure I can't get it. Just look! both of these long columns, and I do n't know one word."

"Well, never mind that; you will soon know every word of it if you try right hard. And then, only think how much more you will know than you do now. I wonder if my white pigeon would n't help you to get your lesson?"

"Your pigeon, grandma! I did n't know you had any pigeons."

"No, I have n't now; but when I was a very little girl my brother had a pair of beautiful white pigeons presented to him. He told me I might call one of them mine. They were both very tame, and they would eat corn from our hands. What pleased us most was, that they seemed to know us both; for my brother's pigeon would go and take the corn out of his hand, while mine always came to me. Well, I was going to tell you how mine helped me to get my lesson."

"Did it really help you, grandma?"

"Yes; and I think it will help you just as it did me."

"I'm sure I wish it would; for this is a very hard lesson."

His grandma smiled as she continued:

"One morning I was sitting near the window trying to get my spelling lesson. It seemed so long, and the words looked so hard, I was sure I could not learn it. I sat there a long time, wishing I knew it, so that I could run out and play. The sun was shining bright, and it looked so pleasant out of doors. All at once I saw my pigeon fly up to its house, and then in a short time it flew down again to the street. I watched to see what it was doing. It picked up a piece of straw and flew up as it had done before, and then returned to get another. It did so for a long time."

"It was building its nest, was n't it, grandma?" asked George.

"Yes; sometimes it would fly up with a little piece of straw, and sometimes it picked up quite long pieces; and when it would get about half-way up to the window the straw would drop down, and then it would go right down after it and pick it up again. I saw it try to get one piece up three times, and the third time it reached the window safely. Just then my eyes

fell on my book. There was no lesson yet. How much my pigeon had done while I had been doing nothing, I thought to myself, and yet it took only one straw at a time. My lesson did not seem near so long as it did at first. In a few moments I knew the whole of it."

"My lesson looks easier already, grandma. I shall only have to learn one word at a time, and I'll soon know all of them."

George set to work in good earnest, and but a short time had passed till he had learned it perfectly.

"Now, George," said his grandma afterward, "do you think you will remember the pigeon's advice?"

"O, I am sure I shall," he replied, laughing, "and when I come to the longest words I'll do as the pigeon did when the straw fell—I'll try them again!"

PATTIE'S LAST PRAYER.

A BEAUTIFUL little bright-eyed girl was lying upon her bed, rapidly wasting away. It was evident that she would not last long unless there was some sudden and unexpected change. For several days she had been apparently unconscious and was growing worse and worse. She had been a child of prayer, and her lips had been taught to breathe nightly an offering to the child's Friend. The rosy cheek had turned pale, the little form was a mere skeleton, and her little hand had become as white as the sheet.

A mother sat by her, watching the pale and silent sufferer. It seemed as though God had already come and closed her little eyelids and shut out the world, that she might sleep her last sleep, and awake refreshed in heaven. All at once she opened that soft, blue eye, so long closed, looked into her mother's face with a sweet, confiding look, and said:

"Ma, ma, I forgot to say my prayers."

Summoning what strength she had left, she clasped her little white fingers together and audibly repeated her little prayer:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

The prayer finished, she never spoke again. Jesus heard those sweet words, and the little sufferer went where pain and death are no more.

Children, was not that a sweet death to die? The last sigh on earth was "mother," the next word was "Jesus." The last words she ever uttered were a prayer, the next a song of praise in heaven.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

CONCERNING THE HOUSE WE LIVE IN.—Wonders at home by familiarity cease to excite astonishment; but hence it happens that many know but little about the "house we live in"—the human body. We look upon the house from the outside, just as a whole or unit, never thinking of the many rooms, the curious passages, and the ingenious internal arrangements of the house, or of the wonderful structure of the man, the harmony and adaptation of all his parts.

In the human skeleton, about the time of maturity, are one hundred and sixty-five bones. The muscles are about five hundred in number. The length of the alimentary canal is about thirty-two feet. The amount of blood in an adult averages thirty pounds, or full one-fifth of the entire weight. The heart is six inches in length, and four inches in diameter, and beats seventy times per minute, 4,200 times per hour, 100,800 times per day, 35,772,000 times per year, 2,595,440,000 times in threescore and ten, and at each beat two and one-half ounces of blood are thrown out of it, and one hundred and seventy-five ounces per minute, six hundred and fifty-six pounds per hour, seven and three-fourths tons per day. All the blood in the body passes through the heart in three minutes. This little organ, by its ceaseless industry,

"In the allotted span
The Psalmist gave to man,"

lifts the enormous weight of 370,700,200 tons.

The lungs will contain about one gallon of air at their usual degree of inflation. We breathe on an average 1,200 times per hour, inhale 600 gallons of air, or 24,400 gallons per day. The aggregate surface of the air cells of the lungs exceeds 20,000 square inches, an area very nearly equal to the floor of a room twelve feet square.

The average weight of the brain of an adult male is three pounds and eight ounces, of a female two pounds and four ounces. The nerves are all connected with it, directly or by the spinal marrow. These nerves, together with their branches and minute ramifications, probably exceed 10,000,000 in number, forming a "body guard" outnumbering by far the greatest army ever marshaled.

The skin is composed of three layers, and varies from one-fourth to one-eighth of an inch in thickness. Its average area in an adult is estimated to be 2,000 square inches. The atmospheric pressure being about fourteen pounds to the square inch, a person of

medium size is subjected to a pressure of 40,000 pounds. Pretty tight hug.

Each square inch of skin contains 3,500 sweating tubes, or perspiratory pores, each of which may be linked to a little drain tile one-fourth of an inch long, making an aggregate length of the entire surface of the body of 101,166 feet, or a tile ditch for draining the body almost forty miles long.

Man is made marvelously. Who is eager to investigate the curious, to witness the wonderful works of Omnipotent Wisdom, let him not wander the wide world round to seek them, but examine himself. "The proper study of mankind is man,"

MARRIAGE MAXIMS.—A good wife is the greatest earthly blessing. A man is what his wife makes him. It is the mother who molds the character and destiny of the child.

Make marriage a matter of moral judgment.

Marry in your own religion.

Marry into a different blood and temperament from your own.

Marry into a family which you have long known.

Never talk at one another, either alone, or in company.

Never both manifest anger at once.

Never speak loud to one another, unless the house is on fire.

Never reflect on a past action, which was done with a good motive and with the best judgment at the time.

Let each one strive to yield oftenest to the wishes of the other.

Let self-abnegation be the daily aim and effort of each.

The very nearest approach to domestic felicity on earth is in the mutual cultivation of an absolute unselfishness.

Never find fault unless it is perfectly certain that a fault has been committed; and even then prelude it with a kiss, and lovingly.

Never taunt with a past mistake.

Neglect the whole world besides, rather than one another.

Never allow a request to be repeated.

"I forgot" is never an acceptable excuse.

Never make a remark at the expense of the other; it is a meanness.

Never part for a day without loving words to think

of during absence; besides, you may not meet again in life.

They who marry for physical characteristics, will fail of happiness; they who marry for traits of mind and heart, will never fail of perennial springs of domestic enjoyment.

They are safest who marry from the standpoint of sentiment rather than from that of feeling, passion, or mere love.

The beautiful in heart is a million times of more avail in securing domestic enjoyment, than the beautiful in person or manners.

Do not herald the sacrifices you make to each other's tastes, habits, or preferences.

Let all your mutual accommodations be spontaneous, whole-souled, and free as air.

A hesitating, tardy, or grum yielding to the wishes of the other always grates upon a loving heart, like Milton's "Gates on rusty hinges turning."

Whether present or absent, alone or in company, speak up for one another, cordially, earnestly, lovingly.

If one is angry, let the other part the lips, only to give a kiss.

Never deceive, for the heart once misled can never wholly trust again.

Consult one another in all that comes within the experience and observation and sphere of the other.

Give your warmest sympathies for each other's trials.

Never question the integrity, truthfulness, or religiousness of one another.

Encourage one another in all the depressing circumstances under which you may be placed.

By all that can actuate a good citizen, by all that can melt the heart of pity, by all that can move a parent's bosom, by every claim of a common humanity, see to it, that at least one party shall possess strong, robust, vigorous health of body and brain; else let it be a marriage of spirit with spirit; that only and no farther.—*Hall*.

SOCIAL INTERCOURSE.—There is a false necessity with which we continually surround ourselves—a restraint of conventional forms. Under this influence, men and women check their best impulses, and suppress their thoughts. Each longs for a free communication with other souls, but dares not give utterance to his yearnings. What hinders? The fear of what Mrs. Somebody will say, or the frown of some sect, or the anathema of some synod, or the fashion of some clique, or the laugh of some club, or the misrepresentation of some political party. Thou art afraid of thy neighbor, and knowest not that he is equally afraid of thee. He has bound thy hands, and thou hast fettered his feet. It were wiser for both to snap the imaginary band, and walk onward unshackled.

What is there of joyful freedom in our social intercourse? We wish to enjoy ourselves and take away all our freedom, while we destroy his own. If the host wishes to ride or walk, he dares not, lest it should seem impolite to the guests. So they remain

slaves, and feel it a relief to part company. A few individuals, mostly in foreign lands, arrange this matter with wiser wisdom.

If a visitor arrive, they say, I am very busy to-day; if you want to work, the men are raking hay in the field; if you want to romp, the children are at play in the court; if you want to read to me, I can be with you at such an hour. Go where you please, and while you are here do as you please.

At some houses in Florence large parties met without the slightest preparation. It is understood that on some particular week, a lady or gentleman always receive their friends. In one room are books and flowers; in another, pictures and engravings; in a third, music. Couples are esconced in some shaded alcove, or groups dotted about the rooms, in mirthful or serious conversation. No man is required to speak to his host, either on entering or departing. Lemonade and baskets of fruit stand here and there, on the side tables, that all may take who like; but eating, which constitutes so great a part of American entertainment, is a light and almost unnoticed incident at these festivals of intellect and taste. Wouldst thou like to see social freedom introduced here? Then do it. But the first step must be complete indifference to Mrs. Somebody's assertion that you are mean enough to offer only one kind of cake to your company, and put less shortening in the under-crust of your pie than in the upper. Let Mrs. Somebody talk according to her gifts, be thou assured that all living souls love freedom better than cakes or under-crust.

THE HUSBAND.—Ladies sometimes do not value their husbands as they ought. They not unfrequently learn the value of a good husband for the first time by the loss of him. Yet the husband is the very roof-tree of the house, the corner-stone of the edifice, the key-stone of the arch called home. He is the bread-winner of the family, its defense and its glory, the beginning and ending of the golden chain of life which surrounds it, its consoler, its lawgiver, and its king. And yet we see how frail is that life on which so much depends. How frail is the life of the husband and the father! When he is taken away who shall fill his place? When he is sick what gloomy clouds hover over the house! When he is dead what darkness, weeping agony! Then poverty, like the murderous assassin, breaks in at the window, starvation, like a famishing wolf, howls at the door. Widowhood is too often the associate of sackcloth and ashes. Orphanhood too often means desolation and woe.—*Rural New Yorker*.

FAULT-FINDING WITH YOUR CHILDREN.—It is at times necessary to censure and punish, but very much more may be done by encouraging children when they do well. Be, therefore, more careful to express your approbation of good conduct than your disapprobation of bad. Nothing can more discourage a child than a spirit of incessant fault-finding on the part of its parents; hardly any thing can exert a more injurious influence upon the disposition both of the parent and child. There are two great motives

influencing human action—hope and fear. Both of these are at times necessary. But who would not prefer to have her child influenced to good conduct by a desire of pleasing rather than by the fear of offending? If a mother never expresses her gratification when her children do well, and is always censuring them when she sees any thing amiss, they are discouraged and unhappy, their dispositions become hardened and soured by this ceaseless fretting, and at last, finding that whether they do well or ill, they are equally found fault with, they relinquish all efforts to please and become heedless of reproaches.

MAKE THE MOST OF HOME.—Let the *front* part of the house be thrown open and the most convenient, agreeable, and pleasant room in it be selected as the *family room*. Let its doors be ever open, and when the work of the kitchen is completed, let mother and daughters be found *there* with their appropriate work. Let it be consecrated to neatness, and purity, and truth. Let no hat ever be seen in that room on the head of its owner; let no *coatless* individual be permitted to enter it. If father's head is bald—and some there are in that predicament—his daughter will be proud to see his temples covered by the neat and graceful silken cap that her hands have fashioned for him. If the coat he wears by day is too heavy for the evening, calicoes are cheap, and so is cotton wadding. A few shillings placed in that daughter's hand insure him the most comfortable wrapper in the world; and if his boots are hard and the nails cut mother's carpet, a bushel of wheat once in three years will keep him in slippers of the easiest kind. Let that table which has always stood under the looking-glass, *against the wall*, be wheeled into the room, its leaves raised, and plenty of useful—not ornamental—books and periodicals be laid upon it. When evening comes bring on the lights, and plenty of them, for sons and daughters, all who can, will be most willing students. They will read, they will learn, they will discuss the subjects of their studies with each other, and parents will often be quite as much instructed as their children.

FRANKLIN'S WIFE.—To promote her husband's interests she attended in his little shop, where she bought rags, sewed pamphlets, folded newspapers, and sold the few articles in which he dealt, such as ink, papers, lamp-black, blanks, and other stationery. At the same time she was an excellent housekeeper, and, besides being economical herself, taught her somewhat careless, disorderly husband to be economical also. Sometimes Franklin was clothed from head to foot in garments which his wife had both woven and made, and for a long time she performed all the work of the house without the assistance of a servant.

Nevertheless, she knew how to be liberal at proper times. Franklin tells us that for some years after his marriage his breakfast was bread and milk, which they eat out of a two-penny earthen vessel with a pewter spoon; but one morning, on going down to breakfast, he found upon the table a beauti-

ful china bowl, from which his bread and milk was steaming, with a silver spoon by its side, which had cost a sum equal in our currency to ten dollars. When he expressed his astonishment at this unwonted splendor, Mrs. Franklin only remarked that she thought her husband deserved a silver spoon and china bowl as much as any of his neighbors.

Franklin prospered in his business till he became the most flourishing printer in America, which gave him the pleasure of relieving his wife from the cares of business and enabled him to provide for her a spacious and well-furnished abode. She adorned a high station as well as she had borne a lowly one, and presided at her husband's liberal table as gracefully as when he ate his breakfast of bread and milk from a two-penny bowl.—*Parton*.

NECESSARY RULES OF SLEEP.—There is no fact more clearly established in the physiology of man than this, that the brain expends its energies and itself during the hours of wakefulness, and that these are recuperated during sleep. If the recuperation does not equal the expenditure, the brain withers—this is insanity. Thus it is that in early history persons condemned to death by being prevented from sleeping always died raving maniacs: thus it is also that those who are starved to death become insane—the brain is not nourished and they can not sleep. The practical inferences are: 1. Those who think most, who do most brain work, require most sleep. 2. That time "saved" from necessary sleep is infallibly destructive to mind, body, and estate. Give yourself, your children, your servants, give all that are under you the fullest amount of sleep that they will take, by compelling them to go to bed at some regular hour, and to rise in the morning the moment they awake; and within a fortnight nature, with almost the regularity of the rising sun, will unloose the bonds of sleep the moment enough repose has been secured for the wants of the system. This is the only safe and sufficient rule, and as to the question how much sleep any one requires, each must be a rule for himself; great nature will never fail to write it out to the observer under the regulations just given.—*Dr. Forbes Winslow*.

DOMESTIC FAULTS.—Homes are more often darkened by the continual recurrence of small faults than by the actual presence of any decided vice. The Eastern traveler can combine his force and hunt down the tiger that prowls upon his path, but he can scarcely escape the musketoes that infest the air he breathes or the fleas that swarm the earth he treads. The drunkard has been known to renounce his darling vice, the slave to dress and extravagance her besetting sin, but the waspish temper, the irritating tone, rude, dogmatic manners, and the hundred nameless negligences that spoil the beauty of association have rarely done other than proceed till the action of disgust and gradual alienation has turned all the currents of affection from their course, leaving nothing but a barren track, over which the mere skeleton of companionship stalks along.

STRAY THOUGHTS.

"WHY ART THOU CAST DOWN?"—There are some persons of morbid imagination, who trouble themselves about sorrows that have no real existence. I have met with such persons. I knew a person who was always inclined to imagine himself poor, or about to be poor, when his circumstances were very comfortable, and when there was no human likelihood of his ever being brought to circumstances of necessity. A little consideration and reflection might have saved him from those troubles which through long habit were very distressing to him.

Some persons are making themselves unhappy because they have an idea that they have a disease of some kind or other. They tell you their imaginary symptoms, and ask if they are not wasting away, when, perhaps, they are looking perfectly well and vigorous; they are troubling themselves exclusively with the idea of being under the influence of disease when they are perfectly well.

There are some persons who go on for weeks and months making themselves unhappy, because they imagine somebody has been unkind to them, or thinks unkindly of them; they have misinterpreted a look or a word. There was no real cause for their sorrow, but they imagined those things. There are some persons whose temperament is always leading them to imagine something wrong. I think it would be wiser, before we bring that trouble to God in special prayer, asking for his special grace, to correct our own folly, to examine ourselves, and to get rid of those sorrows, as far as we possibly can, which are of a merely imaginary kind.

Then, again, many of our troubles have reference to what is future and may never become actual—not imaginary altogether, but sorrows that may come to pass hereafter, but also may not. You are unhappy because of something that may happen in the course of your life. An accident may occur; you may be cast down by some painful disease; some friend may forsake you or die. Why be cast down? "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." You will be cast down if the calamity comes, but why be cast down if the calamity has not come? and if it does not occur, you will have all the sorrow for nothing. Therefore, let us not be cast down about something that is still distant, and may never come to pass.

Then, again, when we ask ourselves, What is the matter? we may come to this conclusion, that that which troubles us is self-caused and should be self-ended. How many people bring themselves into difficulties which cause them great distress from their carelessness, improvidence, and extravagance! They spend more in their households, on their dress, and in giving entertainments, than they have means for.

Then there is, perhaps, trouble with their husbands or fathers; or, perhaps, there is difficulty with their tradespeople: bills come in, and there is the fear of exposure, and trouble arises from inability to pay the demand which is righteously due. Correct your own fault, and do not carry that to God, as though it was something he had sent, unless you at the same time do all you can to avoid the evil.

Why are we cast down? Perhaps some are treating us improperly; but it may be through our own improper conduct to them. We may have been acting, and we may be now acting, an injudicious part. We may be manifesting ill-temper; we may turn people from sweetness to bitterness, and thus cause them to act in an irritating and vexatious manner to us; and through our own improper behavior to them, we may, consequently, be in very great trouble. If we will examine the matter, we may get rid of our own troubles.

Why art thou cast down? It may be that people are not paying us proper respect: they are not showing us the honor, the deference, the submission, the kindness, and the attention which they ought to manifest. Perhaps we may have unreasonable expectations. Some people expect much more from others than they have a right to expect—more tenderness and deference than they have a right to demand. The cure for that is to curb our unreasonable expectations. Pursue the inquiry, and it will be found that some of the causes of our trouble are contemptible. Somebody has passed us in the street, and did not take any notice of us; or somebody has made arrangements for a party, and ought to have invited us. There are people who make themselves unhappy about things as preposterous and ridiculous as these; they feel themselves grievously afflicted, whereas, if they could examine themselves, they would often find that the answer to the question, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul?" would be such that they would be ashamed to repeat it, even in words, to themselves.—*Newman Hall.*

TALMUDIC PROVERBS.—Even when the gates of prayer are shut in heaven, those of tears are open.

When the righteous dies, it is the earth that loses. The lost jewel will always be a jewel, but the possessor who has lost it—well may he weep.

Life is a passing shadow, says the Scripture. Is it the shadow of a tower or a tree? A shadow that prevails for a while? No: it is the shadow of a bird in its flight; away flies the bird, and there is neither bird nor shadow.

Repent one day before thy death.

The reward of good works is like dates—sweet and ripening late.

Love your wife like yourself, honor her more than

yourself. Whosoever lives unmarried, lives without joy, without comfort, without blessing. If thy wife is small, bend down to her and whisper into her ear. He who forsakes the love of his youth, God's altar weeps for him. He who marries for money, his children shall be a curse to him.

The house that does not open to the poor shall open to a physician.

Let the honor of thy neighbor be to thee like thine own. Rather be thrown into a fiery furnace than bring any one to public shame.

Hospitality is the most Divine part of worship.

Iron breaks the stone, fire melts iron, water extinguishes fire, the clouds drink up the water, a storm drives away the clouds, man withstands the storm, fear unmans man, wine dispels fear, sleep drives away wine, and death sweeps all away—even sleep. But Solomon the wise says: Charity saves from death.

Four shall not enter paradise: the scoffer, the liar, the hypocrite, and the slanderer.

To slander is to murder.

When the thief has no opportunity of stealing, he considers himself an honest man.

If thy friends agree in calling thee an ass, go and get a halter around thee.

Thy friend has a friend, and thy friend's friend has a friend: be discreet.

The dog sticks to you on account of the crumbs in your pocket.

The camel wanted to have horns, and they took away his ears.

The soldiers fight, and the kings are the heroes.

The thief invokes God while he breaks into the house.

After the thief runs the thief; after the beggar, poverty.

When the ox is down, many are the butchers.

Descend a step in choosing a wife, mount a step in choosing a friend.

If there is any thing bad about you, say it yourself.

Were it not for the existence of passions, no one would build a house, marry a wife, beget children, or do any work.

The world could not well get on without perfumers and without tanners; but woe unto the tanners, well to the perfumers!

No man is to be made responsible for words which he utters in his grief.

One eats, another says grace.

He who is ashamed will not easily commit sin. There is a great difference between him who is ashamed before his own self and him who is only ashamed before others. It is a good sign in man to be capable of being ashamed.

One contrition in man's heart is better than many flagellations.—*London Quarterly Review*.

SECRET PRAYER.—How precious the hours of secret prayer and communion with God! Do we seek to find and improve them as we ought?

If you were to hasten from your homes to the work of the day without partaking of food, you

would expect to grow weary and feel sick and uncomfortable. If, then, in order to the successful prosecution of daily labor, it is necessary that attention should be given to the supply of the physical wants, should you not seek, in order to meet the temptations and duties of life, to be fed with bread that cometh down from heaven! Our Heavenly Father furnishes rich supplies of divine grace, that we may partake, and grow strong and fruitful.

Not only do we need this preparation of thoughtfulness and prayer at the beginning of the day, but all through its hours we should be holding communion with God. Prayer calls for religious thoughtfulness. Thinking requires effort. We shrink from this effort, and let the mind run hither and thither at its will. The consequence is, there is no growth in thought, and the soul is sunk in a listless torpor. This, then, becomes a most important question. How much earnest, prayerful thought do we exercise? Is it not frequently the case that, finding it easier to drift and dream, you seek to make your minister and others do this work for you?

Secret prayer demands activity of mind; and, if we desire to grow in grace, we must concentrate our attention, and cultivate the habit of looking to God in those moments amid the duties of life when our lips are motionless, and those about us read not the thoughts which are passing within.

It is unnecessary to go further than the prayer meetings of our Churches to find how many there are who let days and years drift by without being brought into new joys and experiences. They are always in the same place, except when some revival freshet lifts them up and bears them along for a while. If Christians were seeking the closet-hours, their minds would not slip by without the soul seizing upon glorious and tangible experiences.

By secret prayer faith grows strong, and we hold sweet communion with God. We come, as did the disciples, and tell Jesus all that is within our hearts, of joy or sorrow. In these hours we receive the Divine blessing and right preparation of mind for our work in the departments of life where we are called to act, and to live out our religion. Here we gain the supplies that send streams of influence flowing forth from our hearts to gladden and bless the home, the community, the Church.

INFLUENCE.—That influence is not the most powerful which is the most impetuous, nor is the desired object always effected. It is not in this way that great physical and moral changes take place. Imperceptible, gradual, and, at last, visibly mighty are the changes produced in the alembic of nature. The life of man is transiently brief, yet in its brevity we are made sensible that earth and its attractions were not designed for us alone. That principle in nature which pulls down also builds up, and matter that is not appropriated for building purposes is thrown into the balance for tearing down. Niagara, with its headlong rush of waters down the giddy height, may sweep all before it, but there are principles at work which will carry it away, and

silence its awful roar. Principles build up, principles tear down. We cover the acorn up in the ground, and soon the baby oak springs forth; in growth its building exceeds its waste, and it becomes a giant, among whose branches the winds of heaven seem but gentle-fanning zephyrs. But a time will come when the energies of its youth must give way to the decrepitudes of age, and time finds it prostrate on the plain, now as nourishment for the future tree. So it is with man. In his youth he rejoices in his energies, for the principles that build up are more than those which tear down. Soon they are reversed, and he passes off the stage of life to be succeeded by newer actors. Principles move the world; principles are influences which are continually building up and tearing down. Such influences as these nature uses to effect great physical and moral changes; and they are lasting, because they are not impetuous.

THE RESURRECTION.—Does it seem to you a thing impossible that God should recall to life the slumbering nations of the earth, the commingled dust of almost interminable ages, withered by the winds of heaven or wafted by ocean's restless currents? Yet by the mysterious arrangement of nature, God has been gathering the dust of which your body is composed from the four corners of the earth; and can not the same Almighty fiat call from earth's utmost bounds that dust which he had once made animate? At his bidding will not the great battle-fields of the world yield up their dead? Will not Egypt's embalmed dead burst their cerements and come forth from their catacombs to the judgment? Think you that the heroes who have grappled in the death-struggle for freedom in this our land will not live again, or that the graves and trenches of Antietam and Gettysburg, and of the hundred other battle-fields, will not respond to the sound of the trumpet of the archangel on the morning of the resurrection? "I beheld," saith St. John, "and lo, a great multitude which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the Lamb." Feeble and few our pulses, and short our days, yet we strive and toil to bedeck and beautify our bodies with the tinsels and baubles of fancy, and anon the spirit takes its flight, and the body is confined and consigned, deep in its kindred dust, there to await the resurrection to newness of life.—*C. Joy.*

"THE BELOVED PERSIS, WHO LABORED MUCH IN THE LORD."—It was not a soft and languid wishing for the good of her neighbors that occupied the leisure of this Christian lady. Nor was it merely such work as she could do with tender hands, in a drawing-room, and contribute to the stock of a benevolent bazar. She did not embroider a costly piece of silk, and then arrange a lottery, as the means of squeezing the money from frivolous or covetous hands, in behalf of a good cause. She did the thing herself. She went to the needy place, and laid herself along side the needy people, and pressed with all the might of a strong faith, and all the gentleness of a lovely character, to tear the lost from their sins, and win

them over to the Savior. The Word tells us as much. It is well translated "labored." It indicates effort that inflicts pain and entails weariness. It indicates, indeed, the severest toil, the toil which makes subsequent rest needful and sweet. The task was rough, though the hands that plied it were tender.

Ladies need not be afraid; work to which the love of Christ impels you will never mar the delicacy of true feminine refinement. I could name some things much in vogue at present which do rub too roughly the tender bloom of newly ripened womanly beauty; but personal contact with the poor, the ragged, the rude, even the wicked of her race, when she seeks them, as Christ did, in order to save, will throw a halo of heavenly light over the graces of art and nature, at once enhancing their beauty and securing their permanence. Christianity—the Christianity that flows from an inner life in Christ—is at once the best style of feminine attractiveness.

I think I see this beloved Persis marching through the lanes of the city, with the children casting themselves in her way, right and left, to catch a glimpse of her eye, or a touch of her hands. When the eye saw her, then it blessed her. She certainly was not effeminate, who toiled hard amid a degraded heathen population and toiled all alone; she was certainly not effeminate, but she was feminine. She was strong-minded, for she accomplished a great, difficult mission work alone; but she was refined and gentle, for she was, and was known to be, "the loved Persis."—*Rev. W. Arnot.*

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—Dickens wrote: "There is nothing—no, nothing beautiful and good, that dies and is forgotten. An infant, a prattling child, dying in its cradle, will live again in the better thoughts of those who loved it, play its part, though its body be burned to ashes or drowned in the deepest sea. There is not an angel added to the hosts of heaven but does its blessed work on earth in those that loved it here.

"Dead! O, if the good deeds of human creatures could be traced to their source, how beautiful could even death appear; for how much charity, mercy, purified affection would be seen to have their growth in dusty graves!"

GOOD-NIGHT.—How commonplace is this expression, and yet what volumes it may speak for all future time! We never listen to its passing that this thought does not force itself upon us, be the tone in which it is uttered never so gay. The lapse of a few fatal hours or minutes may surround and hedge it with horrors, that of all the million words which a lifetime has recorded these two little words alone shall seem to be remembered. Good-night! the little child has lisped as it passed to a brighter morn than ours; the lover with his gay dream of nuptial morrow; the wife and mother, all the fragile threads of household cares still in her fingers; the father with appealing eye of childhood all unanswered. Good-night! that seal upon days past and days to come—what hand so rash as to rend aside the veil that hides its morrow!

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED NETHERLANDS. By *John Lothrop Motley, D. C. L.* Vols. III and IV. 8vo. Pp. 599, 632. \$3.75, \$3.50. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

"The Rise of the Dutch Republic" and "The History of the United Netherlands" have already taken their places among accepted and standard histories. It is only necessary to announce the appearance of the successive volumes so that those who have already found the value and interest of the work may order the new volume, and those who have not yet secured these histories may be reminded of the literary treasures they are losing. The third volume carries the history from the assassination of Henry III, "that forlorn caricature of kingship and of manhood," to the proposals of peace from Spain to Elizabeth, and the Conferences at Gertruydenberg early in the year 1600. The fourth volume completes the author's design in this work, continuing the history to the "point of time when the Republic was formally admitted into the family of nations by the treaty of Twelve Years' Truce, and when its independence was virtually admitted by Spain." The author is now engaged on a history of the Thirty Years' War, with which the renewed conflict between the Dutch Commonwealth and the Spanish Monarchy was blended, and which will carry forward the narrative to the termination of the great European struggle by the peace of Westphalia. This will constitute a natural complement to the two great works now completed.

MILITARY HISTORY OF ULYSSES S. GRANT, from April, 1861, to April, 1865. By *Adam Badeau, Colonel and Aid-de-Camp to the General-in-Chief.* Vol. I. 8vo. Pp. 683. \$4. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.

This is a carefully written history of the military operations of General Grant from the drilling of a company of volunteers at Galena, Illinois, to the period when he was made Lieutenant-General, and assumed command of all the National armies. The "fortunes of war" are seldom more strikingly illustrated than in the following paragraph: "Fort Sumter fell on the 13th of April, 1861, and the President's call for troops was made on the 15th. On the 19th Grant was drilling a company of volunteers at Galena, and four days afterward went with it to Springfield, the capital of Illinois. From there he wrote to the Adjutant-General of the Army, offering his services to the Government in any capacity in which he could be of use. The letter was not deemed of sufficient importance to preserve. It stated that Grant had received a military education at the public expense, and now that the country was in danger he thought it his duty to place at the dis-

posal of the authorities whatever skill or experience he had acquired. He received no reply, but, remaining at Springfield, his military knowledge made him of service in the organization of the volunteer troops of the State, and at the end of five weeks the Governor, Richard Yates, offered him the Twenty-First Regiment of Illinois Infantry." This is the man who rose to the command of the whole army, became the conqueror of the rebellion, received the sword of the hero of the Southern army, was created General of the Army of the United States, and in grateful acknowledgment of his services is about to be raised to the Presidency of the Republic. The author of this volume has had the very best opportunities, both by personal observation and by access to persons and documents, for furnishing an accurate history, and he collocates his facts in an attractive manner and writes in a pleasing and interesting style. The volume is a valuable contribution to the history of the war.

LEAVES FROM THE JOURNAL OF OUR LIFE IN THE HIGHLANDS, from 1848 to 1861. To which are prefixed and added Extracts from the same Journal, giving an Account of Earlier Visits to Scotland and Towns in England and Ireland, and Yachting Excursions. Edited by *Arthur Helps.* 12mo. Pp. 287. \$1.75. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

This neat volume is another utterance of the home-life of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. The former volume gained the love of many hearts for the womanly queen and the queenly wife, and the present volume will gain still more for the woman, wife, mother, and friend who really seems to forget that she is a queen, and almost unconsciously in a method simple, touching, and tender, reveals to us a pure, true, and noble nature. There is a charm in this book, and it is found in its simplicity and naturalness, in the confiding tone in which the royal writer puts down her thoughts and impressions, in her easy, womanly, homelike way of saying and doing things. Every household in England and America into which this book enters will be made better by it, through its example of goodness and stainless honor in high places.

A SUGGESTIVE COMMENTARY ON ST. LUKE, with Critical and Homiletical Notes. By *Rev. W. H. Van Doren.* Vols. I and II. 12mo. Pp. 520, 558. \$3.50. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.

It is the design of the author to give the entire New Testament in this form, if the demand for the present volume shall indicate a sufficient want for such a work. The form is peculiar, and has many

advantages. For the necessities of certain classes it will prove a valuable method of making notes on the Scriptures. The notes are sentential, brief, expressive, and suggestive. They point out the direction which the mind of the reader or student should take in reflecting on any passage or incident in order to gain a full idea of its meaning. The copiousness, brevity, and suggestiveness of the notes indicate the extensive and careful study which the author has himself given to the Scriptures, and, though he only suggests the line of thought to the reader, he always suggests the right direction. He is a believer in the divinity of the Word, and thoroughly Calvinistic, and yet no one will be hurt by the mere "suggestions" of these volumes. Sunday school teachers and parents will find valuable help from the manifold and excellent suggestions of this commentary.

DAWN. 12mo. Pp. 404. \$1.75. Boston: Adams & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.

A very short name, and unaccompanied by any indication of authorship. The book is written in the interests of spiritualism. It is a story exhibiting the fancied wrongs of society, especially wrongs in the Church, in marriage, in the relations of men and women; in fact, the world in general is wrong, and the great remedy is to substitute the theater for the Church, spiritualism for religion, and something like the affinity of spirits for marriage. But among all these wrongs the "wrongest" thing we have seen lately is this book. In its four hundred pages we have scarcely found a single thing that is right, real, or healthful.

WOMAN'S WRONGS: A Counter-irritant. By Gail Hamilton. 12mo. Pp. 212. \$1.50. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Modern medicine dispenses as much as possible with the painful method of treatment by counter-irritants, yet in serious and complicated cases, endangering the life of the patient, the blister, the sinapism, and other external irritants are still used. Gail Hamilton seems to have found a case of this kind requiring heroic treatment, and she applies the irritants without pity and with a strong hand. Dr. Todd has written a book about "woman's rights," in which he says many very excellent and sensible things about woman's nature, capabilities, and highest and best interests, but in which he also opposes female suffrage and what he calls "the degradation of woman by taking her from her true womanly sphere and putting her in places and employments for which she was never intended." Dr. Todd is the patient and his book on woman's rights is the summary of the symptoms of the desperate disease which needs this desperate treatment. Except the rough, almost profane style in which Dr. Todd's book is reviewed, we like this volume from the racy, irrepressible Gail. It contains the best statement of the argument for female suffrage we have yet seen. After maintaining the right and expediency of female suffrage, she clearly announces herself much more in favor of limiting suffrage than of extending it, and would

rather take the vote out of the hands of some who now have it, and limit the franchise by the qualifications of a certain amount of education and a certain amount of property. But the best part of the book is that in which, with her usual force, clearness, and piquancy, she shows of how little advantage to woman, or to society either, the right of voting would be if she actually possessed it, and how entirely woman's place, work, value, and influence depend on what she is in herself, and what she qualifies herself to be and to do by education and the acquisition of skill. Like all the other productions of this author, this volume is full of good and bad, wise and unwise things; it contains many true, valuable, and beautiful thoughts; it also contains many that are weak, fallacious, and harmful.

DUFF'S BOOK-KEEPING, by Single and Double Entry. Practically Illustrating Merchant's, Manufacturer's, Private Banker's, Railroad, and National Bank Accounts. With a Copious Index. By P. Duff, Founder and Proprietor of Duff's Mercantile College, Pittsburg, Penn. Large 8vo. Pp. 400. \$3.75. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

This is the twentieth enlarged and revised edition of a work which has long been accepted as a standard in the art and science of book-keeping. It is very complete and clear in its treatment of every question of single and double entry, and in forms and examples of almost all kinds of business transactions, and the most approved methods of recording them. It is the most comprehensive and judiciously arranged system we have yet seen, and is so clear and full in its explanations that the whole science of accounts may here be learned without a teacher.

STORIES OF THE GORILLA COUNTRY. Narrated for Young People. By Paul Du Chaillu, author of "Discoveries in Equatorial Africa," etc. 12mo. Pp. 292. \$1.75. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

This book will prove intensely interesting to the young readers for whom it is prepared. Here are sights new and wonderful, tribes of men wild, savage, and superstitious; here are animals and plants found only in this singular country, and here are adventures with men and beasts such as will raise the hair on the head. Du Chaillu has done a good thing in condensing so much of his African experience into the style and compass of this volume for the young. It is copiously illustrated.

POEMS OF THE PRAIRIES. New Edition. By Leonard Brown. 16mo. Pp. 186. Des Moines: Red-head & Wells-lager.

This little volume we see has been stereotyped and printed at Riverside, Cambridge, which is a sufficient guarantee of the mechanical excellence of the book. It is not easy to judge of a whole book of poems on a great variety of topics, and which is "an attempt to embody the thought of a higher order of verse than the kind popular at the present

day." The author tells us he "wishes what he has written to stand upon its merits alone. If it is good it will in time be fully appreciated, and if not good the author will meet resignedly his then deserved doom—oblivion," and we think he will.

PICKWICK PAPERS, NICHOLAS NICKLEBY, DOMBY AND SON, and CHRISTMAS STORIES. *Paper, 35 cts. By Charles Dickens. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.*

These are additional installments of the cheap

paper edition of the works of Dickens now issuing from the press of the Appletons.

MARGARET'S ENGAGEMENT. THE BROTHER'S BET; or, *Within Six Weeks.* By *Emilie Flygare Carlen.* GUILD COURT. By *George Mac Donald.* ONE OF THE FAMILY. By the author of "*Carlyon's Year.*" BROWNLOWS. By *Mrs. Oliphant.* New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

These are Nos. 304, 305, 307, 308, and 310 of the Library of Select Novels.

MONTHLY RECORD.

ROMAN CATHOLICS.—The Roman Catholic Church in the United States consists of 43 dioceses, 3 vicariates-apostolic, 45 bishops—the diocese of Baltimore being the Metropolitan See. There are 3,795 churches, 2,217 clergymen, 49 ecclesiastical institutions, 26 colleges, 134 schools for girls, 66 asylums, 26 hospitals. The whole number of Roman Catholics in North and South America is supposed to be 45,000,000; in the United States there are probably about 4,000,000—much less than the immigration of Catholics with its natural increase. The second National Council of this Church was held in Baltimore, October, 1866; it professed anew the unconditional adhesion of the Church to the Papacy and its temporal power. The amount subscribed to the Papal loan in the United States to March 1st, was \$4,300,000. The power of Catholicism is here chiefly felt in the large towns, where foreigners congregate; its political influence is strong in a few localities.

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION OF YOUNG WOMEN.—An organization bearing this name has been formed in the city of Boston. It proposes to do for young women what the Association is doing for young men. It has already purchased two houses, which have been fitted up as a temporary refuge for young women who are seeking employment.

EPISCOPALIANS.—The Protestant Episcopal Church numbers 34 dioceses, 44 bishops, 3,461 priests and deacons, 2,305 parishes, 161,234 communicants, 161,819 Sunday school scholars. Its contributions in 1866 were over three millions of dollars. The Southern dioceses separated during the war, are now restored. The Board of Foreign Missions expended \$71,000; domestic missions, \$54,465. The receipts of the Evangelical Knowledge Society were \$40,998. Twenty-eight of the bishops of this Church have published a protest against ritualistic innovations.

FII ISLANDS.—One hundred thousand of the inhabitants of the Fiji Islands have been supplied with the Holy Scriptures, and are instructed in the Word of God. There are 17,000 Church members, and 1,000 native catechists, and 38 native missionaries, ordained, or on trial preparatory to ordination; 40,000 pupils are regularly instructed in the schools

of the mission. When a supply of Bibles in the language of Fiji recently arrived at these islands, the native Christians were greatly delighted in being permitted to handle the book.

LUTHERANS.—The Lutheran Church numbers in all 42 synods, 1,644 ministers, 2,915 congregations, 323,625 communicants. Of these there are connected with the General Synod 23 synods, 695 ministers, 1,255 congregations, and 100,450 communicants. The rest are embraced in other synods. There is a General Synod at the South. A new synod is projected on the basis of a more strict adherence to the symbols; a convention for this object was held at Reading, Penn., in December, 1866, attended by representatives from 15 synods, but no further action has yet been taken. The two Western Scandinavian Synods number 40,000 members. The emigration from Scandinavia alone last year was 29,000, chiefly Lutheran. There are 29 Lutheran periodicals in the United States—14 of which are in the German language—15 theological schools, and 17 colleges.

INFANT BAPTISM.—In response to the inquiry of a friend, who asks "whether or not the practice of infant baptism is dying out of the Methodist Church," the Christian Advocate gives the following figures collected from the official returns of the last five years: In 1863 there were 32,211 infants baptized; in 1864, 32,190; in 1865, 32,891; in 1866, 35,526; in 1867, 42,658. The number of infant baptisms returned last year was the largest ever reported, presenting also the largest annual increase.

JUDAISM GIVING WAY.—The Jewish Intelligencer gives the following interesting statistics, which will be read with interest: In London there are 30,000 Jews, of whom 2,000 have been baptized into the Church of Christ. In Berlin there are 18,000 Jews, of whom 4,000 have been converted, and in the University there are twenty-eight professors who are converted Jews. In Europe there are 3,431,700 Jews, of whom 20,000 are said to have been converted to Christianity. There are about one hundred clergymen of the Church of England who are converted Jews.

THE DIASPORA OF THE MORAVIANS.—This is the name for the Synod or governing body of the Moravian Church in America. True to its ancient history, this Church is now sending out members under the authority of the Diaspora to new and destitute places to preach and gather congregations. They are to visit places where Moravian families are settled. These missionaries have no salary, their traveling expenses only being paid.

CHURCH ATTENDANCE IN GERMANY.—The English Independent says that Hamburg, with its 200,000 inhabitants, sends no more than 5,000 to church on Sundays; Stettin, with 60,000, no more than 2,000; Berlin, with 630,000, no more than about 20,000. Personally, too, the clergy have little or no influence in any direction, save as far as their official position gives them power.

MISSIONS.—Though there were movements in Protestant Churches at a very early date toward missions among pagans and Turks, as early as the days of Luther, and a Protestant foreign mission was attempted in Brazil under the countenance of Calvin, in 1555; and the Leyden Church, in their emigration to Plymouth in 1620, had the conversion of the pagans distinctly in view; and the Danes, and Dutch, and Germans, later in that century, and the Moravians early in the next century, manifested a missionary spirit—notwithstanding all these, yet the spirit of foreign missions can hardly be said to have been thoroughly aroused in the Protestant Churches till toward the middle or close of the eighteenth century. The Moravians began their organized missionary movements about 1732, the Particular Baptists about 1791, and the London Missionary Society was organized in 1795, followed by the American Board in 1810. So that Protestant foreign missions have hardly been fairly inaugurated above three-quarters of a century. Yet in that time they have risen in efficiency and liberality till they have put a girdle of Christian influence round the earth, or, rather, have raised beacon-lights in nearly every dark region of the world, and are in a position now to say, Quadruple the force now at work in the pagan world would enable us to evangelize—preach the Gospel to—every nation and kindred under heaven accessible to religious teachers; and this is certainly something to say.—*Traveler.*

MISSIONARY STATIONS BROUGHT NEAR.—Wonderfully is the way preparing for the conversion of the world. Gowahati, one of our missionary stations in Assam, is on the banks of the Brahmaputra, "five hundred and fifty miles by telegraph wires from Calcutta." Mr. Stoddard says: "We are in lightning communication with Calcutta, London, Boston, and Chicago. A railroad has been surveyed through the entire length of this rich and beautiful valley. Thousands of coolies this moment are actively grading this road. Many years may pass before the iron horse is heard rattling and snorting through the province. But he can come, he *will* come sooner or later. Then what? Directly on to Western China, down the valley of some of those large rivers to the

sea-board. Who can deny that twenty years hence we may start from this point and travel by railway east through China, east by steamer over the Pacific, and still east by railroad to Chicago, all in less than *thirty days!* It can and will be done. It is truly wonderful! And so the march of civilization and Christianity is to become more rapid, and striking, and wonderful at every step, till He whose right it is to reign shall reign King of nations as he doth king of saints. It is a glorious privilege to live in this age; it is infinitely more glorious to *work* the works of God for this and coming ages."

THE BRITISH CLERGY AND TEMPERANCE.—We are gratified to note a rapid advance of the principle of total abstinence among the ministers of the various Protestant denominations in Great Britain. After long years of earnest toiling and patient waiting by the friends of the reform, the days of success are dawning. At a great New-Year's festival held in Exeter Hall, London, under the auspices of the National Temperance League of Great Britain, a carefully prepared report was read, showing that there are now 700 clergymen of the Church of England, 540 Congregational ministers, and 270 Wesleyan Methodist ministers who have adopted the habit of abstinence. The Wesleys have established a temperance magazine, edited by three of their able members. There are also 260 abstaining Baptists, 427 Primitive Methodists, 360 Welsh Calvinistic Methodists, 320 abstainers connected with the Church of Scotland, and in other denominations is an equally good array. The total number of ministers who are now professional abstainers is nearly 4,000.

PROLONGED LIFE.—Careful statistics kept in Switzerland show that while in the period between 1530 and 1600 the mean duration of life was twenty-one years and two months, and during the following century, twenty-five years and nine months; since the beginning of the present century it has increased to forty-five years and some months. This doubling of the period of human life within three centuries is greatly due to the more settled state of society and the advance in sanitary knowledge.

SEED SPRINGING UP.—A Chinese native preacher, on a recent visit to the Island of Nang-nik, having a population of ten thousand, was told that years ago a foreign ship anchored there, from which a man came and distributed a large number of Christian books to the people. As the result of this effort, the people warmly welcomed this native preacher, and voluntarily raised a sum of money to establish a school for him.

CHRISTIANITY IN BORNEO.—Nineteen years ago Bishop M'Dougall went as the first Christian missionary to Sarawak. Within that time a Christian Church of a thousand Dyak and Chinese members have been gathered under eight European and one Chinese clergymen and eight native catechists, and four churches have been built and consecrated to the service of Christ.

SPERM WHALES.—It is the general belief among whalers that the sperm whale is dying out, the number having decreased so much as to render it difficult to obtain a full cargo. The right whale, however, still maintains its own in the Pacific Ocean, only shifting its grounds to regions more and more remote. The northern fleet, from New Bedford, this year, numbers one hundred and two vessels, of which seventy-two are in the Arctic, twenty in the Ochotsk, and ten in the Kodiak ground. Nineteen of the fleet will probably return to San Francisco in the Fall to recruit, and eighty-three to Honolulu, from which latter point, should the average catch be taken, there will be shipped between 50,000 and 60,000 barrels of oil, and 1,000,000 pounds of whalebone.

INTERNAL REVENUE OFFICERS.—The number of officers of revenue is quite formidable: 240 assessors, 240 collectors, 3,100 deputy assessors, 778 assistant assessors, 219 revenue inspectors, 506 tobacco inspectors, 545 inspectors of distilled spirits, 88 inspectors of petroleum, and a very large number of deputy collectors and clerks not enumerated; so that it is probable that there are over 7,000 persons employed in this department, which gives it a political importance that must not be despised.

COTTON IN INDIA.—The Indian cotton culture is the subject of a late report of the Cotton Commissioners of India. They represent 611,722 acres as under cotton in the central provinces, and 1,891,780 in Bombay. In the former there is much the same acreage as last year, or six and a half per cent. of the cultivated land. In Bombay it is less, the area in 1866-67 having been 1,977,181 acres.

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.—Melbourne is one of the most prosperous towns of Australia. Twenty years ago it had a population of 8,000, which has grown to 128,000. In 1848 the province of Ortaga, one of nine provinces into which New Zealand is divided, had a population of 620, and in 1864 its population was 61,000. Twenty-three years ago the population of South Australia was 19,000, and in 1866 it was 170,000.

UNMARRIED WOMEN.—The number of women above the age of twenty who *must* remain single, in consequence of the actual disproportion of the sexes, in England and Wales, is between 300,000 and 400,000. The number of adult women who *actually are* single, is 1,537,000, of whom 1,230,000 are between twenty and forty years of age.

THE FRENCH CHURCH.—It appears by our advices from Rome that the Pope is about to create two, and perhaps four, new French cardinals. The number of French prelates who have held this princely dignity has usually been eight; at present there are only five. Pius IX evidently thinks that some graciously ecclesiastical favor is due to the French Catholics; and comprehending in his gratitude the French Emperor also, he proposes to select two of the Emperor's own party for the cardinals' hats he proposes to bestow.

These are Monseigneur Darboy, the liberal and

brilliant Archbishop of Paris, the Abbé Lucien Bonaparte, an own cousin of Napoleon, the son of the great Napoleon's next younger brother Lucien. Archbishop Darboy is the youngest and most progressive of French prelates; he is but fifty-four years of age, and has been Bishop but nine years. He is a great pet of the Emperor, and was nominated by him to the Metropolitan See; is intimate at the Tuilleries, and is supposed by many to guide the imperial policy in Church matters. In the late debate in the Senate on Roman affairs, he was much more liberal, as well as much more forcible, than were those extreme old Papists, Cardinals Bonnechese and Donnet. I say Papists, for it is a great mistake to suppose that all French Catholics are hearty in support of the Papacy. Many are for a French Independent National Catholic Church, quite free of Roman jurisdiction; and that way leans Archbishop Darboy.

Abbé Bonaparte is a quiet, scholarly, but ambitious priest, who is supposed to be the candidate of his cousin, the Emperor, for the Papal throne on the death of Pius IX. He is liberal and anti-Jesuit in Church politics, and is not without claims for the tiara outside of imperial influence. He is about as old as the Emperor, who is sixty; and although not overmuch in favor with the present powers of the Vatican, will doubtless become a cardinal, and then will certainly be a formidable candidate for the succession.

A RAP AT THE RITUALISTS.—The "Kalendar of the English Church," published by the Church Press Church, where the "English Church Union" has its head-quarters, gives the following amusing list of ecclesiastics:

The Holy Catholic Church.

I. Their Holinesses the Patriarchs.

1. Rome.—Pope Pius IX.
2. Constantinople.—Sophronicus.
3. Alexandria.—Artemius.
4. Antioch.—Hierotheos.
5. Jerusalem.—Cyril.

The Other Hierarchies are:

6. The Most Holy Governing Synod of all the Russians.
7. The Holy Synod of the Grecian Kingdom, Athens.
8. The Holy Synod of Cyprus.
9. The Holy Synod of Mount Sinai.

II. The Anglican Communion.

(Here follows a list of English prelates.)

CONCERNING SOUND.—The transmission of sound through solid metallic tubes is so perfect that conversation has been maintained in a low tone between the ends of one of the Paris water-pipes 3,120 feet long. The velocity of the transmission of sound is greater, by four to sixteen times, in metals than in air, and in wood, as computed by Chladni, from ten to sixteen times greater, which is not so commonly known. It has been found that the velocity is also proportioned to the loudness of the report, other things being equal. With 2,000 pounds of powder a report traveled 967 feet in a second; with 12,000 pounds, 1,210.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE GENERAL CONFERENCE.—In a few weeks the great quadrennial council of our Church will assemble to review the history of Methodism for the past four years, and to devise "rules and regulations" for the direction of the Church for the future. There are but few assemblies, ecclesiastical or political, in the United States of greater importance, and none that can wield a greater power for the kingdom of Christ. It represents 8,000 traveling ministers of the Gospel, assigns the position and service of 9,000 local preachers, and directs the Christian activities of more than a million of members. It is the representative of more than 11,000 churches, worth more than \$35,000,000, and of annual benevolent contributions reaching nearly \$1,000,000. It is a legislative body, the only one in the Methodist Episcopal Church. Its laws are binding on all her ministers, and, though with some liberty of application, they are accepted by all loyal Methodists as the laws of the Church. Much of its action is, however, only advisory, and commended to both preachers and members only as the judgment of this highest council of the Church. In the spirit in which it governs the Church, it greatly resembles the Government of our nation, making but few laws that it is not already known will be acceptable to the Church, and leaving them for enforcement to the loyalty and good judgment of both our preachers and people. Thus, though the government of the Methodist Episcopal Church is most systematic and comprehensive, there is no form of government in the world, either in Church or State, more flexible or accommodating, more conformed to the sentiments and desires of the governed, or in the application of which there is less friction, or in the molding of which the governed has larger influence.

In theory we are a clerically governed Church; in practice, the Church in her full character as a body of ministers and members governs herself. In one aspect of the important question of lay representation in our Conferences, it has appeared to us that it is simply a question whether the voice and influence of the laity, always powerfully felt in every interest of our Church, shall be hereafter expressed in a legal and authoritative form in conjunction with the voice of the ministry, or shall remain as hitherto, "a power behind the throne." In no Church in the world has the laity had a more powerful and acknowledged influence in determining the government than in ours. The voice of the people, however expressed, has always been accepted as one of the forces in the government of the Church. If our people now desire a new and more formal and authoritative method of expressing this voice, to accede to the desire would be only to organize the power always possessed by our people into new forms of expression. Hence our General Conference twice, and some of our

Annual Conferences repeatedly, have affirmed their readiness to accept the representative voice of the people authoritatively in the councils of the Church, whenever the people desire it.

The General Conference now about to assemble will have before it some of the gravest questions that have yet arisen in the progress of our history. Comparatively free from some great political and national questions which have agitated us for years in the past, the Church has had leisure to study more closely the working of her own economy; and out of this study have arisen many suggestions for the modification of our system, with a view to its better adaptation to the necessities of our times. There have been great changes rapidly taking place in our own country and throughout the world, giving to the Church a greatly enlarged territory in America, and creating new and more pressing claims for our great missionary operations abroad. The Church has grown into such magnitude, has become the inheritor of such wealth and intelligence, has been forced by the necessities of the times into such vast religious and benevolent enterprises, that it is but natural that the question should arise whether some modifications in the economy of the Church are not necessary to adapt her to these changed circumstances. With a hundred years of acknowledged successful history, as an accomplished fact, it is certain that her history for the next hundred is to be vastly different, for she enters upon it under greatly changed circumstances, both in herself and in the world about her.

These questions of modification touch her Episcopacy, the composition of her Conferences, the government of her missions, and the direction of her other great benevolent enterprises. We can not enter into the discussion of any of these questions, but will glance at some of the forms in which they are presenting themselves to both the ministers and the people.

1. *The Episcopacy.* The government of the Methodist Episcopal Church is episcopal, and yet peculiarly so. In our bishops we do not recognize a higher and distinct order of the ministry, but an office for the general superintendence of the spiritual and temporal interests of the Church. We consecrate them to this important office by a solemn and impressive service, significant not of a new order, but of the sacred and important trusts which the Church commits to them. The Episcopal office has become one of great importance and power in the Church, not because it is any thing different from what it was in the beginning, but because the Church herself has become a great and powerful body, and the interests which she must now commit to her bishops are multiplied in number and most important in their bearing on the Church and the world. Our

Episcopacy is supported by the proceeds of our great Book Concern, thus giving a measure of independence to the office, and relieving the Church of the burden of support. The questions that we find mooted with regard to the Episcopacy, are: 1. What are the relations to the Church of superannuated and ineffective bishops, and how is the fact of superannuation and inefficiency to be determined, and how shall ineffective bishops be supported? 2. Should not the support of our bishops and their traveling expenses be taken from the Book Concern and levied upon the Church? 3. How many bishops will be required to do the work of the general superintendency during the next quadrennium? 4. Should the territory of the Church be districted, and a bishop assigned to each district for the next four years? 5. Should our bishops visit our foreign missions, or would it not be wiser to place missionary bishops in all our important foreign mission fields? These are all important questions, are freely discussed in our weeklies, and will give opportunity for careful deliberation in the General Conference. Some of them, however, will occupy but little time or attention in the Conference.

2. *Lay Representation.* This has been a subject of discussion through nearly the whole history of our Church, arising at least as early as 1818, sometimes manifesting itself with great power, sometimes falling into a calm, and again arising with renewed force and significance. It is again before the Church in a form that demands some decisive action. It is a measure full of difficulties for both its friends and foes. That a large and powerful body of our members are earnestly in favor of introducing lay representation into at least the General Conference is evident to all. The vote of the Church in 1862, and indications abundantly manifest at present, make it equally evident that a large and powerful body of our members are as earnestly opposed to it. The General Conferences of 1860 and 1864 expressed their approval of the principle whenever the people should desire to avail themselves of it. In this approval nearly all the Annual Conferences have concurred. This approval was in good faith, and we think one fact is clear—that the ministry of the Church is prepared to accept lay representation whenever it shall be ascertained that the people desire it. This condition is not an evasion, a subterfuge on the part of the Conferences, or a scheme simply to postpone or embarrass the measure. It is an honest, profound conviction with many, that this radical change in the government of the Church ought not to be made without satisfactory evidence that the Church desires the change. This condition is further embarrassed by the fact that the Church has once spoken on the question, and, as far as she did speak, her voice was against it. It may be that the Church has changed her views since 1862; it may be that she has not. Many sincerely, honestly demand to know whether she has or not. But few, perhaps, would go so far as to demand action on the part of the General Conference in the absence of pretty satisfactory evidence that the Church desires it.

The state of the question, then, as it will come before the General Conference, is somewhat as follows: The General Conference is fairly and in good faith committed to the measure conditionally. If by petition or otherwise the friends of lay representation can make it evident that this condition is met, and the people now desire it, it will be the duty of the General Conference to proceed to inaugurate the measure. Nor do we think it would be wise or generous on the part of the Conference to demand an extravagant amount of evidence on this point. On the other hand, if nothing approaching a satisfactory indication of the mind of the Church can be presented to the General Conference, then the friends of the measure ought so far to respect the repeated action of the Conference as themselves to ask a resubmission of the question to the Church. Whether that resubmission should be in the form of a "plan" indicating the nature of the measure proposed, or of the simple principle, we think is open to be determined by the wisdom of the General Conference, and in determining in what form it should go to the people, we think it is due to the friends of the measure to have a deciding voice. For even alluding to the practical questions which are involved in the introduction of lay representation, should this be determined upon, such as the plan, how far it shall extend, the necessity of referring to the Annual Conferences, etc., we have not space. It is this subject that will give the most labor and anxiety to the General Conference. We have faith in the loyalty and wisdom of both the friends and opponents of this measure, and doubt not that the question will be so disposed of as to secure the peace and best interests of the Church.

3. We have left but little space to refer to the important questions that are presenting themselves with regard to the great benevolent organizations of the Church. The increasing number and magnitude of our benevolent enterprises are forcing upon the Church the necessity of revision and modification. Our missionary operations are reaching to the remotest parts of the world, and by their success are creating necessities which did not exist in their infancy. They need closer connection with the Church at home, and at the same time more freedom, and the power of more prompt and authoritative action in their own work. They need more frequent Episcopal visitation from this country, or permanent Episcopal supervision in themselves. Those of them that have attained the proportions of mission Conferences, should be emancipated from some of the disabilities that now attach to such Conferences, and should be represented in the General Conference. The number of our benevolent enterprises is forcing upon many the question, whether they should not be reduced to greater system, and whether some of them should not be consolidated. We see the difficulty and importance of all these questions, but can not discuss them here. God is with his Church, and if he has opened wide and effectual doors for the extension of his kingdom, he will also give grace and wisdom to his people to devise the wisest and best measures

for accomplishing both his and their purposes in the work of the Gospel. For this grace and wisdom let us devoutly pray in behalf of our next General Conference.

A NEW MAGAZINE.—We notice occasionally in some of our "Advocates" an article or paragraph suggesting the need of another magazine for the Methodist Episcopal Church, or in some instances the propriety of changing the name of the Ladies' Repository by dropping the word Ladies', and of transforming it into a general magazine for the family. Much might be said on both sides of both these suggestions. We can not now discuss them, but are convinced of the un wisdom of the first suggestion, and could give many reasons for hesitating in dropping the word "Ladies'" from our name, while we heartily concur in the idea of making of the Repository a magazine adapted to the wants of the whole family. One of our contemporaries of a sister denomination has spoken wisely on this subject, and we give its words here:

"The Methodist Episcopal Church has probably not directed its energies most wisely in all of its publishing interests. It has multiplied its papers too much. If the patronage of any three of its weekly issues were concentrated upon one, it would have a circulation large enough to enable it to take a rank second to that of no paper in the country. As it is, the Church prints excellent papers, but its resources, if directed with a wiser economy, would enable it to make much better ones. This, however, may not be said of its magazine publishing. The entire patronage of the Church is concentrated upon one—The Ladies' Repository. And this they have made a truly magnificent monthly. The Repository has recently been enlarged by the addition of sixteen pages to each number, making now eighty pages in all. It is printed in the most superb style, and each number contains two beautiful engravings. We believe it has reached a circulation of about thirty thousand copies. This, at the rate of three dollars and a half per copy, returns a handsome revenue out of which to make the magazine. The only bar to the widest circulation of the Repository is its rather strong denominational type. It must be admitted, however, that so large a family of persons whose instincts lead them in a common direction, are fairly excusable for providing for themselves a literature especially suited to their wishes."

THE REPOSITORY AND FASHION-PLATES.—The following letter appreciates our decision with regard to fashion-plates, and is an example of several that have spoken in the same manner:

"Will you permit me to tell you my feelings while reading the article on 'The Repository and Fashion-Plates?' When I commenced my heart took a strange fit of throbbing at the thought that a gaudy fashion-plate might obtrude itself upon the pure, inspiring pages of our valued magazine; the idea came flashing through my mind, 'Can we have no intellectual ark, where the spirit may find rest for her off-wearied wing, and that nobler refreshment for

which she pants, without a mercenary advertisement?' Where could you put it, that it would not be strangely, sadly out of place? But the tremor is over, and I need not tell you the deep, sweet satisfaction I felt at your decision.

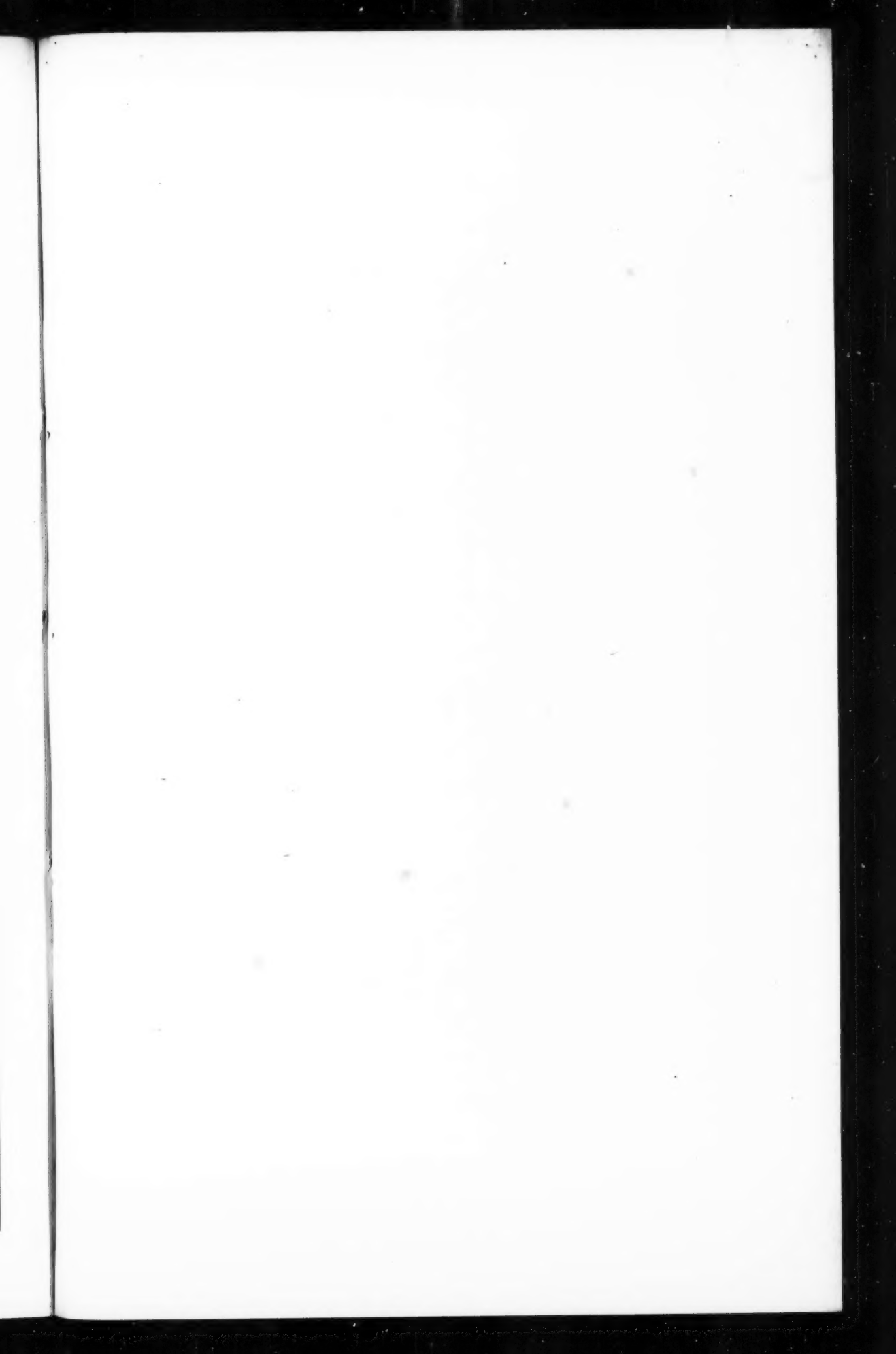
"Allow me also to offer another heart-felt tribute for the 'Experience of Margaret Fuller.' I rejoice to meet this kind of reading in the Repository. Thousands of sincere, sensitive young persons, who would shrink from the coarse rebuke, may be led to feel earnestly for the foundations upon which they have built. I should be glad to see a similar dissertation on the experience of 'Madame Roland.' What was the ruling power in her heart, or, in its great exponent, her life? Not selfishness, truly. Could she have lived under the influences of American institutions, especially religious influences, what shall we imagine her? In the hideous conciergerie, soothing, and inspiring fellow-prisoners that she could not see, but could reach only with the silvery tones of her voice, and on her way to the guillotine sustaining the broken spirit of an old man, and by inimitable sweetness and address saving him the sight of her bleeding head, what was the real spirit actuating to all this? But I shall say too much."

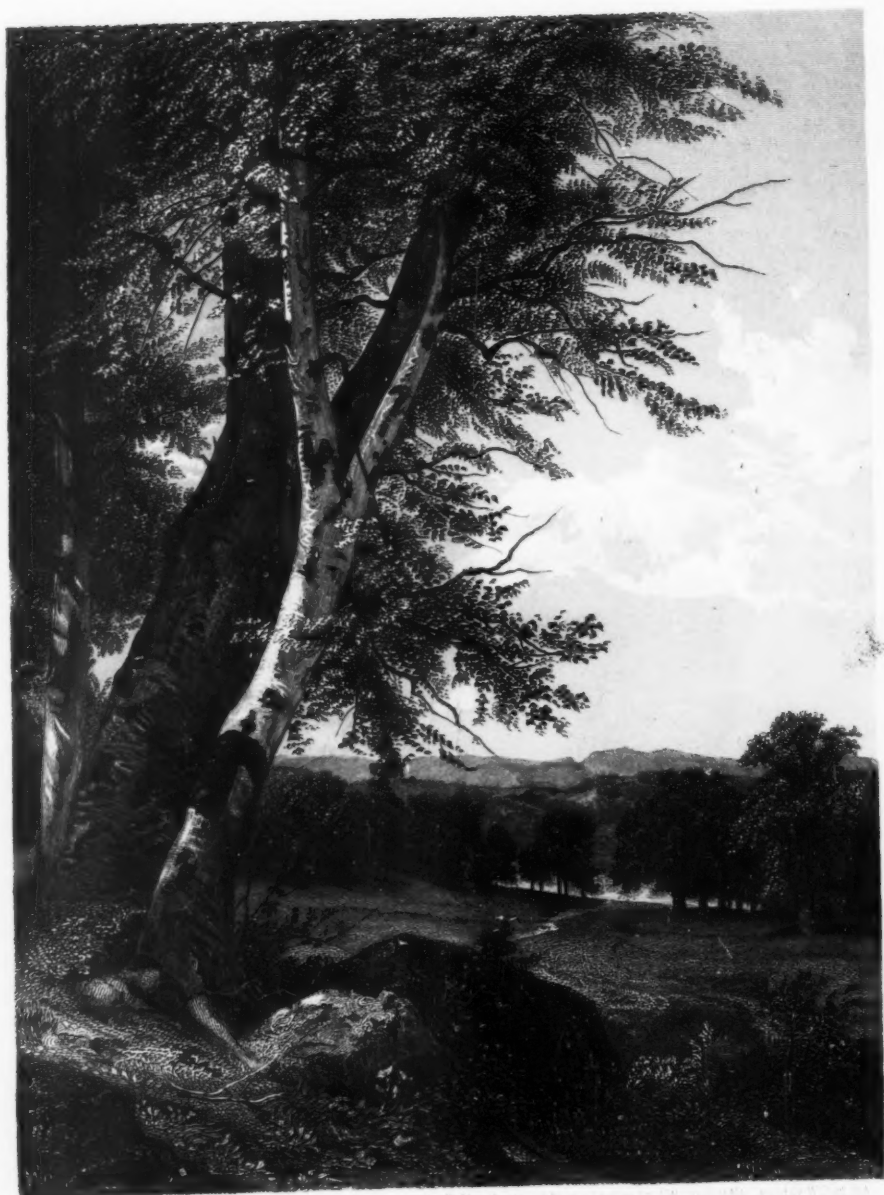
ART GALLERY.—Samuel P. Avery, late Agent for the American Art Department at the Paris Exposition, and who has rendered so much valuable service in securing illustrations for the Repository, has returned from Europe, and resumed his business as an art Agent. He has taken the commodious gallery at No. 82 Fifth Avenue, corner of Fourteenth-street, New York, where he will exhibit, and offer at private sale, the various works of art selected by him during his recent residence abroad. Among his selections will be found choice examples of the artists whose works are favorite with our collectors, as well as productions by others who are now, for the first time, introduced here.

OUR ENGRAVINGS.—Mr. Jones has given us a magnificent portrait of a most excellent woman, "Louisa, Queen of Prussia." It is taken from an authentic photograph from an original painting in Berlin. Read Mrs. Lacroix's excellent sketch of the Queen. "On the Magallawa," exhibiting the source of the Connecticut, is by Mr. Hinshelwood from a painting by O. G. Hanks. It is a gem, and speaks for itself.

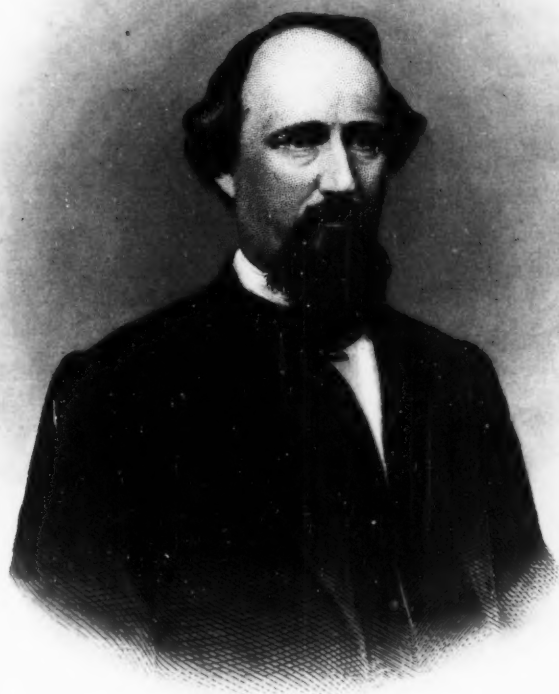
ARTICLES ACCEPTED.—Mr. Cady's Bad Habit; Out of Bondage; A Miracle of Grace; One Year; A Wife's Confession; Home; Song of the Golden Robin; Little Girls; Old Madeline; Twilight Pictures; A Dream of Repose; To a Violet; The Hills; Outside the Walls; Our Mother.

ARTICLES DECLINED.—Mountains and Mole Hills; A Word to the Girls; Only a Seamstress; Fable of the Flowers; Casting Anchor; Estranged; Home of the Weary Heart; A Fragment; Our Baby; Shadows and Sunbeams; The Old Homestead; Visible Beauty; Contentment; Little Foxes; No Children; Stumbling Blocks.





Source: *Journal of the American Statistical Association*, 1960, 55, 1, 1-11. Reprinted by permission of the American Statistical Association.



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1847